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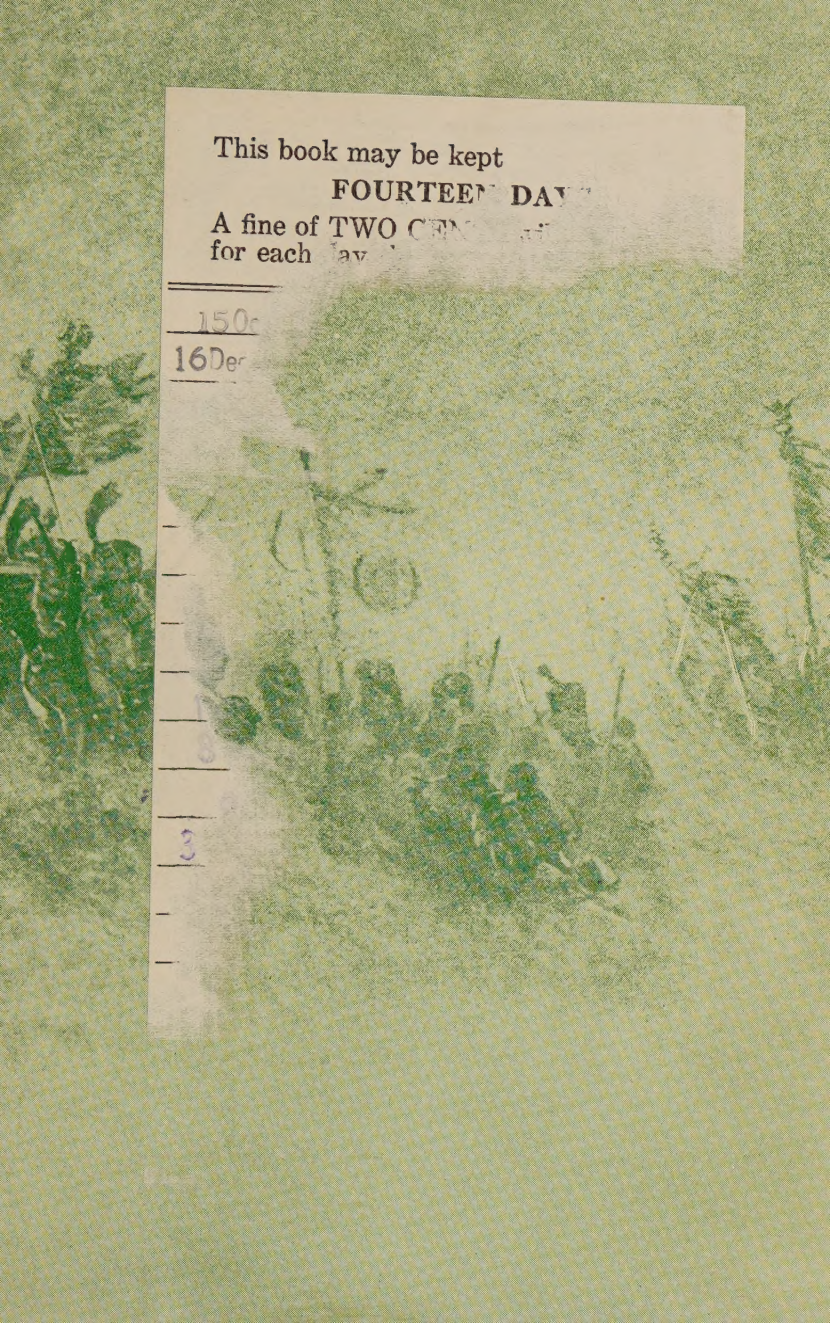

These Splendid Rulers

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These Splendid Rulers

THE GOLDEN AGES OF THE WORLD

with

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

"With the wind of God in her vesture, proclaiming the deathless, ever-soaring spirit of man."—Locke

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Introduction
to
These Splendid Rulers

THERE is an old story of John standing by the roadside watching a mob of half a hundred people running by. A moment later came his friend Peter, also running.

"Don't stop me!" cried Peter in response to a salutation.

"What's your hurry?" asked John.

"See those people running there?"

"Sure."

"Well, I'm their leader, and I've got to get ahead of them and lead 'em," and off he went in hot pursuit.

Peter was a good runner, and in a short time he caught up with the crowd, passed them, and ran on waving his hands to them. Just ahead was a fork in the road. Peter hesitated an instant and then turned to the right. For some unknown reason the crowd took the left fork. Peter, looking back, saw this and instantly cut across lots. When last seen he was still ahead, waving his hands and beckoning them to follow him.

Dr. Rainsford once preached a sermon in St. George's on the leadership of the Church. His contention was that if the Church did not stimulate its people—that is to say, lead them always onward—it would lose its power for good and become useless; that if on the other hand it kept too far ahead of its

people, they would lose inspiration and wander off into forbidden pastures.

This would suggest that a leader, or a church, must keep just far enough ahead to stimulate his or its crowd, and make them feel capable of reaching the goal. Doubtless, therefore, leaders are beneficial, as a rule, although Bernard Shaw maintains that we shall never be happy until we get rid of them. Perhaps it is a matter of education. If you are sufficiently civilized and educated, you can attend to your own leading. If you are ignorant and mentally stagnant, somebody must lead, or you will fall behind into something undesirable.

It is the pleasant—perhaps complacent—view of highly educated persons like the reader and the writer of this note that we must still lead somebody, that mankind is still helpless without our guiding hand; and we therefore run speedily ahead of such portions of it as we can gather together in order to save them from themselves, or the Devil, or something equally abhorrent. It is conceivable that the rest of humanity might not agree with the two of us in this contention, but we could probably all get together in the belief that in other and less perfect times leaders were in fact necessary.

Leaders and rulers are synonymous terms in certain instances, although there have been leaders who were not rulers, to say nothing of certain rulers who fell far short of being leaders.

It appears to me to be at least a remarkable coincidence, as I waste my time reading instead of leading, that most of the great rulers in history collected about them writers, painters and poets who kept constantly at work writing, painting and versifying about their particular patrons, or, in the clever slang of our American day, telling the world about them. As a result we read now the works of the great souls of other days who tell us in the classics of literature how great a man King Thisanthat was. Hence arises a terrible suspicion that there may have been great rulers whom we have never heard of, only because they did not see the wisdom of keeping these

super-press agents at hand and at work; and the other more terrible fear that King Thisanthat may have been a very ordinary person foisted upon us by a Tacitus or a Plutarch, or some other well paid genius.

Henley writes that

"I am the captain of my soul."

It looks as if he might be mistaken and that somebody else did the captaining in the past, or the present, or even the future; that precedent and custom derived from the past, fashion of to-day, or fear of the future directed his and our intangible machine known as the soul. Even at this late and enlightened hour all of us live, eat and sleep as somebody else directs. We go through the daily dozen because the doctor tells us to do so. We eat certain breakfast foods, or bran, or what not, clean our teeth with certain powders, smoke certain tobaccos, wear certain clothes because Messrs. Jones, Brown & Robinson, Inc., tell us to do so in the public prints and along the highways on beautifully illustrated signs twenty feet high. And if all these physical commodities are consumed because we are told to consume them, who shall say that we do not do our thinking because such great advertisers as the Bible, Kant, Hegel, Aristotle and Confucius have told us so to think?

It looks, therefore, as if rulers were necessary in the past; and there is a suspicion that they are still more or less in demand. For if nobody wanted them to-day, the crowd referred to at the beginning of this argument would always turn off into some other road and go on in its own sweet way whether any one went on ahead and beckoned them to follow or not. It is a wise axiom advanced long ago that no ruler and no leader would exist twenty-four hours, if the people did not want them. Italy has just found one, and Italy is delighted. France would be delighted, too, if she could find one.

As in the case of Peter, the ruler who is a leader is the one who can run faster and think quicker than his fellows. And whoever can do this for an appreciable length of time is

perhaps entitled to be a ruler as long as humanity wants such things.

There was a real Peter once in Russia, who followed his namesake of the story so well that the account told by the writers whom he collected about him is full of interest to us to-day. Peter was born in Russia, and by the chance of birth he became the ruler of something over a hundred million people. It remained to be seen whether he was also a leader. Doubtless he said to himself that he could not long be the one without being the other. Doubtless he said to himself that he must keep ahead of his people if he was to continue to rule. Something of importance must be done within a reasonable time, since to keep ahead of one hundred million people was a full-sized man's job.

Let us suppose that he considered what he must do in order to keep his big family guessing and following. In his case to go out and fight for more land was a waste of time, since his people had more land than they could use when he arrived on the scene. But they did not have a seaport, nor did they have a navy and a merchant marine. Thereupon Peter put on the clothes of a common workman and, thus disguised, went into Holland where he got a job as a carpenter in a Dutch shipyard—the best shipyard in the world at that time.

Day by day he watched and studied and thought. In the end he came back to Russia, put on his Emperor's robes again, and proceeded to build a city in an impossibly cold, out-of-the-way spot, which was, however, on the sea; and he took great care to name it after himself. It was a great idea, a great stroke of the leader type. It fascinated nearly every one of his hundred million people and put him at the head of this big, unwieldly crowd running along the great highway of time. Nothing could have been more ridiculous than to have put Petrograd so near the North Pole; nothing could have so intrigued the mob at that time as to have a seaport. The mob said it was great, and they called the man who did it Peter the Great.

This work that he did required courage, even in a ruler. It required vision, confidence and persistence as well—all of

which can be classed for the sake of argument under the general heading of brains.

It would appear, therefore, that leaders must either have brains presented to them or they must acquire them; so must rulers, though not always brains of the same quality. Savonarola was a great leader, but of little value as a ruler. Nero was a ruler, but a hopeless leader. Our own Woodrow Wilson was a leader, but his capacity as a ruler left much to be desired. Mussolini is certainly a great leader. It remains to be seen whether he is a great ruler. King David and George Washington were both of them great leaders and great rulers as well.

We cannot all be rulers and leaders, since, if the thing is to go on as at present, some of us must be the led and the ruled. Neither can we all have brains presented to us. But we all have to lead and rule something or somebody at one time or another, even if it be only a family, or a business, or a pair of oxen, or even ourselves. In any case it is interesting to study a little the methods used by great rulers and to see if we cannot acquire thereby a few brains.

Pericles was a rich citizen of Athens, belonging to an influential family. He might be compared to any multi-millionaire to-day who has inherited his wealth from two or three generations of an important family and who has added to it on his own account. It is amusing to note, from such records as exist in regard to him, that he studied carefully how to succeed at ruling. He made up his mind to say very little, to keep aloof, to avoid parties and dinners and Society, to keep silent while others talked and later on to say something solemn when every one else had advanced his ideas and become pretty much talked out. This struck Pericles as being a good way to cause the people of Athens to think and say that he was wise.

There must be something in it, since many another has followed the same policy. Even to-day our own Calvin Coolidge keeps pretty silent most of the time, thereby gaining daily in the estimation of the people. By this method he not only minimizes the danger of contradicting himself, but

avoids the danger of being criticized by somebody for what he has said. If he says nothing, there is nothing to be attacked. If what he says is generalization upon long accepted principles, then we can only attack his decisions. So with Pericles. He said little. Hence the people constantly waited for him to speak, and when he did speak they listened intently, nodded their heads solemnly and said it was the dictum of a wise man. Thus Pericles' battle was more than half won before it began.

Here, then, is an inside hint from Pericles and Coolidge to all of us, to talk less and do more. In General Leonard Wood's epigrammatical phraseology it is: "Do it. Don't talk about it." How many, many difficulties, arguments, rows, fights, battles, and wars would have been avoided, if we had all taken this leaf out of the book of Pericles. If the young husband would eat the historic leaden biscuit in silence, the proverbial young wife would never weep; and we should have no divorces—only happy children growing up with decent standards to guide them through life. If Sam didn't tell William's wife that he loved her, what a vacation for the courts!

Another hint can be culled from the Emperor Augustus Cæsar. When his relative, the well-known Julius, died suddenly by the hand of Brutus, he was a youngster of nineteen. He immediately set about killing off in one way or another all his rivals. That was a mistake as we see it, but the times were different from ours. Once at the head of things, however—once he began to rule—he lived the life of an ascetic while surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of those pompous days. He took care of his health; he avoided eating and drinking too much; his quarters were severe and unostentatious; he kept himself a good deal apart; and whatever may be said against him, he stuck to his job twenty-four hours of every day as long as he lived. That is a suggestion to me, who love to dine and sup with my friends, criticizing and gossiping about other people while we smoke the pipe of peace and drink whatever the law allows.

This constitutes another small modicum of brains that

any of us may acquire. It appears that those who have ruled best have been careful of their health, in order that such brains as they possess might be sound. Somebody once made a Latin epigram upon this which is too familiar to quote. A sick ruler is a weak reed for a nation to lean upon; when Father is drunk, Ma and the kids run to cover; if Jonathan is ill in the house, the oxen are not fed; and how can I rule myself properly, if I am sick in bed with a trained nurse?

Then there is the serious question of the controlling, ruling and directing of women. It is not so long ago that they were forbidden to go to school. Shortly before that they were kept shut up in the house. A little further back they were slaves. Yet the ruling of women has given man a great deal of trouble since Adam ate the apple. History seems to suggest, however—unless the super-press agents deceive us—that when a woman by chance gets into the ruler's chair, she keeps ahead of the crowd quite as well as, if not better than, man.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, was a young woman with all the frailties of any girl. She painted and powdered and dressed herself up in what must have been wonderful costumes, judging from the descriptions and the paintings of her that have come down to our day.

She sent out a lot of fine old pirates upon the high seas to pick up anything they could find to the advantage of England —and they brought back a good deal, including the scalp of the Spanish Armada. She told her Parliament and her Ministers what to do, and got rid of those who refused to play her game. Always, however, she knew what would please, attract, lead her crowd—that is to say, the English people. And incidentally in between times she encouraged her batch of super-press agents to such marvelous effect that, with Shakespeare at their head, they turned out a literature with which we to-day cannot compete in spite of our radios, moving pictures, telephones, telegraphs, railroads and bathrooms.

Here was a mere woman with such an eager, active mind that she not only kept ahead of her crowd until the day of

her death, but as a side show between wars and hangings, Parliaments and religious sects, she found time to help her people to give us and all the generations that shall follow us, the knowledge, the delight and the inspiration of the greatest literature that mankind has ever known. She kept ahead of her enemies by attacking them first, or by working one off against another. She kept ahead of her own people by fascinating them with her new moves in the Art of Government, and she kept and still keeps ahead of us with the Elizabethan Poets and Dramatists.

That is a good deal for one woman to do, and I, for my part, do not blame the modern girl for wanting to work out her own salvation, too, in her own way. After all, Susie, the stenographer, is only taking a leaf out of Elizabeth's magnificent Book of Life.

I am inclined to think that the most splendid rulers in that dim, far off past are those who by their alert genius encouraged men to paint and write and sculpture. After all, the wonder that was Greece and Rome has gone into the dust, but the statues remain to make us wonder. Florence, the City of Lorenzo the Magnificent, is now nothing more than a little town in a modern kingdom, but Lorenzo's vision and patronage have left to us the greatest paintings the world has ever known. Elizabeth's parliamentary and religious bickerings are dead long ago, but her Shakespeare and her Ben Jonson are very much alive to-day after three hundred years. Charlemagne did many splendid things, but the one that goes on forever is the starting of universities which now extend to the ends of the earth.

What an amusing travesty on the pomp and circumstances of thrones is this unforseen shower of glories that has come down to our times!

A little poem written to please a queen sings gaily down through the centuries forever, but the richest man on earth is gone as soon as he is dead.

HAMBLEN SEARS

These Splendid Rulers

Pericles

By PLUTARCH

PERICLES[1] was of the tribe Acamantis and the township Cholargus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the King of Persia's generals in the battle at Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes, who drove out the sons of Pisistratus, and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and, moreover, made a body of laws, and settled a model of government admirably tempered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

His mother, being near her time, fancied in a dream that she was brought to bed of a lion, and a few days after was delivered of Pericles, in other respects perfectly formed, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him. The poets of Athens called him *Schinocephalos,* or squill head, from *schinos,* a squill, or sea onion. One of the comic poets, Cratinus, in the Chirons, tells us that—

> Old Chronos once took queen Sedition to wife:
> Which two brought to life
> That tyrant far-famed,
> Whom the gods the supreme skull-compeller have named;

and, in the Nemesis, addresses him—

> Come, Jove, thou *head* of Gods.

And a second, Teleclides, says, that now, in embarrassment with political difficulties, he sits in the city—

> Fainting underneath the load
> Of his own head: and now abroad
> From his huge gallery of a pate
> Sends forth trouble to the state.

And a third, Eupolis, in the comedy called the Demi, in a series of questions about each of the demagogues, whom he makes in the play to come up from hell, upon Pericles being named last, exclaims—

> And here by way of summary, now we've done,
> Behold, in brief, the heads of all in one.

The master that taught him music, most authors are agreed, was Damon (whose name, they say, ought to be pronounced with the first syllable short). Though Aristotle tells us that he was thoroughly practiced in all accomplishments of this kind by Pythoclides. Damon, it is not unlikely, being a sophist, out of policy sheltered himself under the profession of music to conceal from people in general his skill in other things, and under this pretense attended Pericles, the young athlete of politics, so to say, as his training-master in these exercises. Damon's lyre, however, did not prove altogether a successful blind; he was banished the country by ostracism for ten years, as a dangerous intermeddler and a favorer of arbitrary power, and, by this means, gave the stage oc-

casion to play upon him. As, for instance, Plato, the comic poet, introduces a character who questions him—

> Tell me, if you please,
> Since you're the Chiron who taught Pericles.

Pericles, also, was a hearer of Zeno, the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner as Parmenides did, but had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument; as Timon of Phlius describes it—

> Also the two-edged tongue of mighty Zeno, who,
> Say what one would, could argue it untrue.

But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of sense, superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ; whom the men of those times called by the name of Nous, that is, mind, or intelligence, whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he had displayed for the science of nature, or because that he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration, and filling himself with this lofty and, as they call it, up-in-the-air sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob-eloquence, but, besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was

speaking could disturb, a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some vile and abandoned fellow in the open market place, where he was engaged in the dispatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dogging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light, and to go along with the man and see him safe home.

Nor were these the only advantages which Pericles derived from Anaxagoras' acquaintance; he seems also to have become, by his instructions, superior to that superstition with which an ignorant wonder at appearances, for example, in the heavens, possesses the minds of people unacquainted with their causes, eager for the supernatural, and excitable through an inexperience which the knowledge of natural causes removes, replacing wild and timid superstition by the good hope and assurance of an intelligent piety.

Pericles, while yet but a young man, stood in considerable apprehension of the people, as he was thought in face and figure to be very like the tyrant Pisistratus, and those of great age remarked upon the sweetness of his voice, and his volubility and rapidity in speaking, and were struck with amazement at the resemblance. Reflecting, too, that he had a considerable estate, and was descended of a noble family, and had friends of great influence, he was fearful all this might bring him to be banished as a dangerous person; and for this reason meddled not at all with state affairs, but in military service showed himself of a brave and intrepid nature. But when Aristides was now dead, and Themistocles driven out, and

Cimon was for the most part kept abroad by the expeditions he made in parts out of Greece, Pericles, seeing things in this posture, now advanced and took his side, not with the rich and few, but with the many and poor, contrary to his natural bent, which was far from democratical; but, most likely fearing he might fall under suspicion of aiming at arbitrary power, and seeing Cimon on the side of the aristocracy, and much beloved by the better and more distinguished people, he joined the party of the people, with a view at once both to secure himself and procure means against Cimon.

He immediately entered, also, on quite a new course of life and management of his time. For he was never seen to walk in any street but that which led to the market place and council hall, and he avoided invitations of friends to supper, and all friendly visiting and intercourse whatever; in all the time he had to do with the public, which was not a little, he was never known to have gone to any of his friends to a supper, except that once when his near kinsman Euryptolemus married, he remained present till the ceremony of the drink offering, and then immediately rose from the table and went his way. For these friendly meetings are very quick to defeat any assumed superiority, and in intimate familiarity an exterior of gravity is hard to maintain. Real excellence, indeed, is most recognized when most openly looked into; and in really good men, nothing which meets the eyes of external observers so truly deserves their admiration, as their daily common life does that of their nearer friends.

Pericles avoided any feeling of commonness, or any satiety on the part of the people, presented himself at intervals only, not speaking to every business, nor at all times coming into the assembly, but, as Critolaus says, reserving himself, like the Salaminian galley, for great

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occasions, while matters of lesser importance were dispatched by friends or other speakers under his direction. And of this number we are told Ephialtes made one, who broke the power of the council of Areopagus, giving the people, according to Plato's expression, so copious and so strong a draught of liberty, that growing wild and unruly, like an unmanageable horse, it, as the comic poets say—

> ——got beyond all keeping in,
> Champing at Eubœa, and among the islands leaping in.

The style of speaking most consonant to his form of life and the dignity of his views he found, so to say, in the tones of that instrument with which Anaxagoras had furnished him; of his teaching he continually availed himself, and deepened the colors of rhetoric with the dye of natural science. For having, in addition to his great natural genius, attained, by the study of nature, to use the words of the divine Plato, this height of intelligence, and this universal consummating power, and drawing hence whatever might be of advantage to him in the art of speaking, he showed himself far superior to all others. Upon which account, they say, he had his nickname given him, though some are of opinion he was named the Olympian from the public buildings with which he adorned the city; and others again, from his great power in public affairs, whether of war or peace. Nor is it unlikely that the confluence of many attributes may have conferred it on him. However, the comedies represented at the time, which, both in good earnest and in merriment, let fly many hard words at him, plainly show that he got that appellation especially from his speaking; they speak of his "thundering and lightning" when he harangued the people, and of his wielding a dreadful thunderbolt in his tongue.

He has left nothing in writing behind him, except some

decrees; and there are but very few of his sayings recorded; one, for example, is, that he said Ægina must, like a gathering in a man's eye, be removed from Piræus; and another, that he said he saw already war moving on its way towards them out of Peloponnesus. Again, when on a time Sophocles, who was his fellow-commissioner in the generalship, was going on board with him, and praised the beauty of a youth they met with in the way to the ship, "Sophocles," said he, "a general ought not only to have clean hands but also clean eyes." And Stesimbrotus tells us, that, in his encomium on those who fell in battle at Samos, he said they were become immortal, as the gods were. "For," said he, "we do not see them themselves, but only by the honors we pay them, and by the benefits they do us, attribute to them immortality; and the like attributes belong also to those that die in the service of their country."

Since Thucydides describes the rule of Pericles as an aristocratical government, that went by the name of a democracy, but was, indeed, the supremacy of a single great man, while many others say, on the contrary, that by him the common people were first encouraged and led to such evils as appropriations of subject territory, allowances for attending theaters, payments for performing public duties, and by these bad habits were, under the influence of his public measures, changed from a sober, thrifty people, that maintained themselves by their own labors, to lovers of expense, intemperance, and license, let us examine the cause of this change by the actual matters of fact.

At the first, as has been said, when he set himself against Cimon's great authority, he did caress the people. Finding himself come short of his competitor in wealth and money, by which advantages the other was enabled to take care of the poor, inviting every day some one or other of the

citizens that was in want to supper, and bestowing clothes on the aged people, and breaking down the hedges and inclosures of his grounds, that all that would might freely gather what fruit they pleased, Pericles, thus outdone in popular arts, by the advice of one Damonides of Œa, as Aristotle states, turned to the distribution of the public moneys; and in a short time having bought the people over, what with moneys allowed for shows and for service on juries, and what with other forms of pay and largess, he made use of them against the council of Areopagus, of which he himself was no member, as having never been appointed by lot either chief archon, or lawgiver, or king, or captain. For from of old these offices were conferred on persons by lot, and they who had acquitted themselves duly in the discharge of them were advanced to the court of Areopagus.

And so Pericles, having secured his power in interest with the populace, directed the exertions of his party against this council with such success, that most of these causes and matters which had been used to be tried there were, by the agency of Ephialtes, removed from its cognizance; Cimon, also, was banished by ostracism as a favorer of the Lacedæmonians and a hater of the people, though in wealth and noble birth he was among the first, and had won several most glorious victories over the barbarians, and had filled the city with money and spoils of war; as is recorded in the history of his life. So vast an authority had Pericles obtained among the people.

There was from the beginning a sort of concealed split, or seam, as it might be in a piece of iron, marking the different popular and aristocratical tendencies; but the open rivalry and contention of these two opponents made the gash deep, and severed the city into the two parties of the people and the few. And so Pericles, at that time, more than at any other, let loose the reins to the people,

and made his policy subservient to their pleasure, contriving continually to have some great public show or solemnity, some banquet, or some procession or other in the town to please them, coaxing his countrymen like children with such delights and pleasures as were not, however, unedifying. Besides that every year he sent out three-score galleys, on board of which there were numbers of the citizens, who were in pay eight months, learning at the same time and practicing the art of seamanship.

He sent, moreover, a thousand of them into the Chersonese as planters, to share the land among them by lot, and five hundred more into the isle of Naxos, and half that number to Andros, a thousand into Thrace to dwell among the Bisaltæ, and others into Italy, when the city Sybaris, which now was called Thurii, was to be repeopled. And this he did to ease and discharge the city of an idle, and, by reason of their idleness, a busy, meddling crowd of people; and at the same time to meet the necessities and restore the fortunes of the poor townsmen, and to intimidate, also, and check their allies from attempting any change, by posting such garrisons, as it were, in the midst of them.

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon and cavilled at in the popular assemblies, crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation and was ill-spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing, namely, that they took it away

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for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place, this Pericles had made unavailable, and how that "Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront, and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure, which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with precious stones and figures and temples, which cost a world of money."

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people, that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defense, and kept off the barbarians from attacking them; while in the meantime they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; "which money," said he, "is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it." And that it was good reason, that, now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and, for the present, while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty.

With their variety of workmanship and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into a state-pay; while at the same time she is both beautiful and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go

without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to that end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of work, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people that stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public moneys.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts or trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, molders, founders and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use, merchants and mariners and ship-masters by sea, and by land, cart-wrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution.

Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several suc-

cessions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say, too, that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of dispatching his work with such speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time." For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for the preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles's works are especially admired, as having been made quickly, to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them.

Phidias had the oversight of all the works, and was surveyor-general, though upon the various portions other great masters and workmen were employed. For Callicrates and Ictinus built the Parthenon; the chapel at Eleusis, where the mysteries were celebrated, was begun by Corœbus, who erected the pillars that stand upon the floor or pavement, and joined them to the architraves; and after his death Metagenes of Xypete added the frieze and the upper line of columns; Xenocles of Cholargus roofed or arched the lantern on top of the temple of Castor and Pollux; and the long wall, which Socrates says he himself heard Pericles propose to the people, was undertaken by Callicrates. This work Cratinus ridicules, as long in finishing—

> 'Tis long since Pericles, if words would do it,
> Talked up the wall; yet adds not one mite to it.

The Odeum, or music room, which in its interior was full of seats and ranges of pillars, and outside had its roof made to slope and descend from one single point at the top, was constructed, we are told, in imitation of the King of Persia's Pavilion; this likewise by Pericles's order; which Cratinus again, in his comedy called the Thracian Women, made an occasion of raillery—

> So, we see here,
> Jupiter Long-pate Pericles appear,
> Since ostracism time, he's laid aside his head,
> And wears the new Odeum in its stead.

Pericles, also eager for distinction, then first obtained the decree for a contest in musical skill to be held yearly at the Panathenæa, and he himself, being chosen judge, arranged the order and method in which the competitors should sing and play on the flute and on the harp. And both at that time, and at other times also, they sat in this music room to see and hear all such trials of skill.

The propylæa, or entrances to the Acropolis, were finished in five years' time, Mnesicles being the principal architect. A strange accident happened in the course of building, which showed that the goddess was not averse to the work, but was aiding and coöperating to bring it to perfection. One of the artificers, the quickest and the handiest workman among them all, with a slip of his foot fell down from a great height, and lay in a miserable condition, the physicians having no hope of his recovery.

When Pericles was worried about this, Minerva appeared to him at night in a dream, and ordered a course of treatment, which he applied, and in a short time and with great ease cured the man. And upon this occasion it was that he set up a brass statue of Minerva, surnamed

Health, in the citadel near the altar, which they say was there before. But it was Phidias who wrought the goddess's image in gold, and he has his name inscribed on the pedestal as the workman of it; and indeed the whole work in a manner was under his charge, and he had, as we have said already, the oversight over all the artists and workmen, through Pericles' friendship for him; and this, indeed, made him much envied, and his patron shamefully slandered with stories, as if Phidias were in the habit of receiving, for Pericles' use, freeborn women that came to see the works. The comic writers of the town, when they had got hold of this story, made much of it, and bespattered him with all the ribaldry they could invent, charging him falsely with the wife of Menippus, one who was his friend and served as lieutenant under him in the wars; and with the birds kept by Pyrilampes, an acquaintance of Pericles, who, they pretended, used to give presents of peacocks to Pericles' female friends. And how can one wonder at any number of strange assertions from men whose lives were devoted to mockery, and who were ready at any time to sacrifice the reputation of their superiors to vulgar envy and spite, as to some evil genius, when even Stesimbrotus the Thracian has dared to lay to the charge of Pericles a monstrous and fabulous piece of criminality with his son's wife? So very difficult a matter is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history, when, on the one hand, those who afterwards write it find long periods of time intercepting their view, and, on the other hand, the contemporary records of any actions and lives, partly through envy and ill-will, partly through favor and flattery, pervert and distort truth.

When the orators, who sided with Thucydides and his party, were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles, as one who squandered away the public

money, and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought that he had laid out much; and they saying, "Too much, a great deal," "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account, but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name." When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of a surprise to see the greatness of his spirit or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

At length, coming to a final contest with Thucydides which of the two should ostracize the other out of the country, and having gone through this peril, he threw his antagonist out, and broke up the confederacy that had been organized against him. So that now all schism and division being at an end, and the city brought to evenness and unity, he got all Athens and all affairs that pertained to the Athenians into his own hands, their tributes, their armies, and their galleys, the islands, the sea, and their wide-extended power, partly over other Greeks and partly over barbarians, and all that empire, which they possessed, founded and fortified upon subject nations and royal friendships and alliances.

After this he was no longer the same man he had been before, nor as tame and gentle and familiar as formerly with the populace, so as readily to yield to their pleasures and to comply with the desires of the multitude, as a steersman shifts with the winds.

Quitting that loose, remiss, and, in some cases, licentious court of the popular will, he turned those soft and flowery modulations to the austerity of aristocratical and regal rule; and employing this uprightly and undeviatingly for the country's best interests, he was able

generally to lead the people along, with their own wills and consents, by persuading and showing them what was to be done; and sometimes, too, urging and pressing them forward extremely against their will, he made them, whether they would or no, yield submission to what was for their advantage.

In which he did but like a skillful physician, who, in a complicated and chronic disease, as he sees occasion, at one while allows his patient the moderate use of such things as please him, at another while gives him keen pains and drugs to work the cure. For there arising and growing up, as was natural, all manner of distempered feelings among a people which had so vast a command and dominion, he alone, as a great master, knowing how to handle and deal fitly with each one of them, and, in an especial manner, making that use of hopes and fears, as his two chief rudders, with the one to check the career of their confidence at any time, with the other to raise them up and cheer them when under any discouragement, plainly showed by this, that rhetoric, or the art of speaking, is, in Plato's language, the government of the souls of men, and that her chief business is to address the affections and passions, which are as it were the strings and keys to the soul, and require a skillful and careful touch to be played on as they should be.

The source of this predominance was not barely his power of language, but the reputation of his life, and the confidence felt in his character; his manifest freedom from every kind of corruption, and superiority to all considerations of money. Notwithstanding he had made the city of Athens, which was great of itself, as great and rich as can be imagined, and though he were himself in power and interest more than equal to many kings and absolute rulers, who some of them also bequeathed by will their power to their children, he, for his part, did not make the

patrimony his father left him greater than it was by one drachma.

Thucydides, indeed, gives a plain statement of the greatness of his power; and the comic poets, in their spiteful manner, more than hint at it, styling his companions and friends the new Pisistratidæ, and calling on him to abjure any intention of usurpation, as one whose eminence was too great to be any longer proportionable to and compatible with a democracy or popular government. And Teleclides says the Athenians had surrendered up to him—

> The tribute of the cities, and with them, the cities too, to do with them as he pleases, and undo;
> To build up, if he likes, stone walls around a town; and again, if so he likes, to pull them down;
> Their treaties and alliances, power, empire, peace, and war, their wealth and their success forever more.

Nor was all this the luck of some happy occasion; nor was it the mere bloom and grace of a policy that flourished for a season; but having for forty years together maintained the first place among statesmen such as Ephialtes and Leocrates and Myronides and Cimon and Tolmides and Thucydides were, after the defeat and banishment of Thucydides, for no less than fifteen years longer, in the exercise of one continuous unintermitted command in the office, to which he was annually reëlected, of General, he preserved his integrity unspotted; though otherwise he was not altogether idle or careless in looking after his pecuniary advantage; his paternal estate, which of right belonged to him, he so ordered that it might neither through negligence be wasted or lessened, nor yet, being so full of business as he was, cost him any great trouble or time with taking care of it; and put it into such a way of management as he thought to be the most easy for

himself, and the most exact. All his yearly products and profits he sold together in a lump, and supplied his household needs afterwards by buying everything that he or his family wanted out of the market. Upon which account, his children, when they grew to age, were not well pleased with his management, and the women that lived with him were treated with little cost, and complained of his way of housekeeping, where everything was ordered and set down from day to day, and reduced to the greatest exactness; since there was not there, as is usual in a great family and a plentiful estate, anything to spare, or over and above; but all that went out or came in, all disbursements and all receipts, proceeded as it were by number and measure. His manager in all this was a single servant, Evangelus by name, a man either naturally gifted or instructed by Pericles so as to excel every one in this art of domestic economy.

All this, in truth, was very little in harmony with Anaxagoras' wisdom; if, indeed, it be true that he, by a kind of divine impulse and greatness of spirit, voluntarily quitted his house, and left his land to lie fallow and to be grazed by sheep like a common. But the life of a contemplative philosopher and that of an active statesman are, I presume, not the same thing; for the one merely employs, upon great and good objects of thought, an intelligence that requires no aid of instruments nor supply of any external materials whereas the other, who tempers and applies his virtue to human uses, may have occasion for affluence, not as a matter of necessity, but as a noble thing; which was Pericles' case, who relieved numerous poor citizens.

However, there is a story that Anaxagoras himself, while Pericles was taken up with public affairs, lay neglected, and that, now being grown old, he wrapped himself up with a resolution to die for want of food;

which being by chance brought to Pericles' ear, he was horror-struck, and instantly ran thither, and used all the arguments and entreaties he could to him, lamenting not so much Anaxagoras' condition as his own, should he lose such a counselor as he had found him to be; and that, upon this, Anaxagoras unfolded his robe, and showing himself, made answer: "Pericles," said he, "even those who have occasion for a lamp supply it with oil."

The Lacedæmonians beginning to show themselves troubled at the growth of the Athenian power, Pericles, on the other hand, to elevate the people's spirit yet more, and to raise them to the thought of great actions, proposed a decree, to summon all the Greeks in what part soever, whether of Europe or Asia, every city, little as well as great, to send their deputies to Athens to a general assembly, or convention, there to consult and advise concerning the Greek temples which the barbarians had burnt down, and the sacrifices which were due from them upon vows they had made to their gods for the safety of Greece when they fought against the barbarians; and also concerning the navigation of the sea, that they might henceforward pass to and fro and trade securely and be at peace among themselves.

Upon this errand there were twenty men, of such as were above fifty years of age, sent by commission; five to summon the Ionians and Dorians in Asia, and the islanders as far as Lesbos and Rhodes; five to visit all the places in the Hellespont and Thrace, up to Byzantium; and other five besides these to go to Bœotia and Phocis and Peloponnesus, and from hence to pass through the Locrians over to the neighboring continent as far as Acarnania and Ambracia; and the rest to take their course through Eubœa to the Œtæans and the Malian Gulf, and to the Achæans of Phthiotis and the Thessalians; all of them to treat with the people as they passed, and to per-

suade them to come and take their part in the debates for settling the peace and jointly regulating the affairs of Greece.

Nothing was effected, nor did the cities meet by their deputies, as was desired; the Lacedæmonians, as it is said, crossing the design underhand, and the attempt being disappointed and baffled first in Peloponnesus. I thought fit, however, to introduce the mention of it, to show the spirit of the men and the greatness of his thoughts.

In his military conduct, he gained a great reputation for wariness; he would not by his good-will engage in any fight which had much uncertainty or hazard; he did not envy the glory of generals whose rash adventures fortune favored with brilliant success, however they were admired by others; nor did he think them worthy his imitation, but always used to say to his citizens that, so far as lay in his power, they should continue immortal, and live for ever.

Of all his expeditions, that to the Chersonese gave most satisfaction and pleasure, having proved the safety of the Greeks who inhabited there. For not only by carrying along with him a thousand fresh citizens of Athens he gave new strength and vigor to the cities, but also by belting the neck of land, which joins the peninsula to the continent, with bulwarks and forts from sea to sea, he put a stop to the inroads of the Thracians, who lay all about the Chersonese, and closed the door against a continual and grievous war, with which that country had been long harassed, lying exposed to the encroachments and influx of barbarous neighbors, and groaning under the evils of a predatory population both upon and within its borders.

Nor was he less admired and talked of abroad for his sailing around the Peloponnesus, having set out from Pegæ, or The Fountains, the port of the Megara, with a hundred galleys. For he not only laid waste the sea-coast, as Tolmides had done before, but also, advancing

far up into the mainland with the soldiers he had on board, by the terror of his appearance drove many within their walls; and at Nemea, with main force, routed and raised a trophy over the Sicyonians, who stood their ground and joined battle with him. And having taken on board a supply of soldiers into the galleys out of Achaia, then in league with Athens, he crossed with the fleet to the opposite continent, and, sailing along by the mouth of the river Achelous, overran Acarnania and shut up the Œniadæ within their city walls, and having ravaged and wasted their country, weighed anchor for home with the double advantage of having shown himself formidable to his enemies, and at the same time safe and energetic to his fellow citizens; for there was not so much as any chance miscarriage that happened, the whole voyage through, to those who were under his charge.

Entering also the Euxine Sea with a large and finely equipped fleet, he obtained for the Greek cities any new arrangements they wanted, and entered into friendly relations with them; and to the barbarous nations, and kings and chiefs round about them, displayed the greatness of the power of the Athenians, their perfect ability and confidence to sail wherever they had a mind, and to bring the whole sea under their control. He left the Sinopians thirteen ships of war, with soldiers under the command of Lamachus, to assist them against Timesileus the tyrant; and when he and his accomplices had been thrown out, obtained a decree that six hundred of the Athenians that were willing should sail to Sinope and plant themselves there with the Sinopians, sharing among them the houses and land which the tyrant and his party had previously held.

But in other things he did not comply with the giddy impulses of the citizens, nor quit his own resolutions to follow their fancies, when, carried away with the thought

of their strength and great success, they were eager to interfere again in Egypt, and to disturb the King of Persia's maritime dominions. Nay, there were a good many who were, even then, possessed with that unblest and inauspicious passion for Sicily, which afterward the orators of Alcibiades' party blew up into a flame. There were some also who dreamt of Tuscany and Carthage, and not without plausible reason in their present large dominion and prosperous course of their affairs.

But Pericles curbed this passion for foreign conquest, and unsparingly pruned and cut down their ever busy fancies for a multitude of undertakings; and directed their power for the most part to securing and consolidating what they had already got, supposing it would be quite enough for them to do, if they could keep the Lacedæmonians in check; to whom he entertained all along a sense of opposition.

The Lacedæmonians, for their part, feeling sure that if they could once remove him, they might be at what terms they pleased with the Athenians, sent them word that they should expel the "Pollution" with which Pericles on the mother's side was tainted, as Thucydides tells us. But the issue proved quite contrary to what those who sent the message expected; instead of bringing Pericles under suspicion and reproach, they raised him into yet greater credit and esteem with the citizens, as a man whom their enemies most hated and feared. In the same way, also, before Archidamus, who was at the head of the Peloponnesians, made his invasion into Attica, he told the Athenians beforehand, that if Archidamus, while he laid waste the rest of the country, should forbear and spare his estate, either on the ground of friendship or right of hospitality that was betwixt them, or on purpose to give his enemies an occasion of traducing him; that then he did freely bestow upon the state all his land and

the buildings upon it for the public use. The Lacedæmonians, therefore, and their allies, with a great army, invaded the Athenian territories, under the conduct of King Archidamus, and laying waste the country, marched on as far as Acharnæ, and there pitched their camp, presuming that the Athenians would never endure that, but would come out and fight them for their country's and their honor's sake. But Pericles looked upon it as dangerous to engage in battle, to the risk of the city itself, against sixty thousand men-at-arms of Peloponnesians and Bœotians; for so many they were in number that made the inroad at first; and he endeavored to appease those who were desirous to fight, and were grieved and discontented to see how things went, and gave them good words, saying, that "trees, when they are lopped and cut, grow up again in a short time, but men, being once lost, cannot easily be recovered." He did not convene the people into an assembly, for fear lest they should force him to act against his judgment; but, like a skillful steersman or pilot of a ship, who, when a sudden squall comes on, out at sea, makes all his arrangements, sees that all is tight and fast, and then follows the dictates of his skill, and minds the business of the ship, taking no notice of the tears and entreaties of the seasick and fearful passengers, so he, having shut up the city gates, and placed guards at all posts for security, followed his own reason and judgment, little regarding those that cried out against him and were angry at his management, although there were a great many of his friends that urged him with requests, and many of his enemies threatened and accused him for doing as he did, and many made songs and lampoons upon him, which were sung about the town to his disgrace, reproaching him with the cowardly exercise of his office of general, and the tame abandonment of everything to the enemy's hands.

Cleon, also, already was among his assailants, making use of the feeling against him as a step to the leadership of the people, as appears in the anapæstic verses of Hermippus—

> Satyr-king, instead of swords,
> Will you always handle words?
> Very brave indeed we find them,
> But a Teles lurks behind them.
>
> Yet to gnash your teeth you're seen,
> When the little dagger keen,
> Whetted every day anew,
> Of sharp Cleon touches you.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and, sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind, that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnese, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first fore-

told they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease, or plague, seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered and afflicted in their souls, as well as in their bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles, and, like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or, as it were, their father. They had been possessed, by his enemies, with the belief that the occasion of the plague was the crowding of the country people together into the town, forced as they were now, in the heat of the summer weather, to dwell many of them together even as they could, in small tenements and stifling hovels, and to be tied to a lazy course of life within doors, whereas before they lived in a pure, open, and free air. The cause and author of all this, said they, is he who on account of the war has poured a multitude of people from the country in upon us within the walls, and uses all these men that he has here upon no employ or service, but keeps them pent up like cattle, to be overrun with infection from one another, affording them neither shift of quarters nor any refreshment.

With the design to remedy these evils, and do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out, giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now the vessels having their complement of men, and Pericles being gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all, for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the

man's face, and screening him with it so that he could not see, asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt, or the sign of any great hurt in this, and he answering No, "Why," said he, "and what does that differ from this, only that what has caused that darkness there is something greater than a cloak?

This is a story which philosophers tell their scholars.

Pericles, however, after putting out to sea, seems not to have done any other exploit befitting such preparations, and when he had laid siege to the holy city Epidaurus, which gave him some hope to surrender, miscarried in his design by reason of the sickness. For it not only seized upon the Athenians, but upon all others, too, that held any sort of communication with the army.

Finding after this the Athenians ill-affected and highly displeased with him, he tried and endeavored what he could to appease and reëncourage them. But he could not pacify or allay their anger, nor persuade or prevail with them any way, till they freely passed their votes upon him, resumed their power, took away his command from him, and fined him in a sum of money; which by their account that say least, was fifteen talents, while they who reckon most, name fifty. The name prefixed to the accusation was Cleon, as Idomeneus tells us; Simmias, according to Theophrastus; and Heraclides Ponticus gives it as Lacratidas.

After this, public troubles were soon to leave him unmolested; the people, so to say, discharged their passion in their stroke, and lost their stings in the wound. But his domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintance having died in the plague time, and those of his family having long since been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him. For the eldest of his lawfully begotten sons, Xanthippus by name, being naturally prodigal, and marrying a young and ex-

pensive wife, the daughter of Tisander, son of Epilycus, was highly offended at his father's economy in making him but a scanty allowance, by little and little at a time. He sent, therefore, to a friend one day and borrowed some money of him in his father Pericles' name, pretending it was by his order. The man coming afterward to demand the debt, Pericles was so far from yielding to pay it, that he entered an action against him.

Upon which the young man, Xanthippus, thought himself so ill-used that he openly reviled his father; telling first, by way of ridicule, stories about his conversations at home, and the discourses he had with the sophists and scholars that came to his house. As, for instance, how one who was a practicer of the five games of skill, having with a dart or javelin unawares against his will struck and killed Epitimus the Pharsalian, his father spent a whole day with Protagoras in a serious dispute, whether the javelin, or the man that threw it, or the masters of the games who appointed these sports, were, according to the strictest and best reason, to be accounted the cause of this mischance.

Besides this, Stesimbrotus tells us that it was Xanthippus himself who spread abroad among the people the infamous story concerning his own wife; and in general that this difference of the young man's with his father, and the breach betwixt them, continued never to be healed or made up till his death. For Xanthippus died in the plague time of the sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of state.

However, he did not shrink upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of

any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining legitimate son. Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still, as far as he could, to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul, when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in all his life before.

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and orators for business of state, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them, and to reassume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning; but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad to show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untowardly treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs once more; and, being chosen general, requested that the statute concerning base-born children, which he himself had formerly caused to be made, might be suspended; that so the name and race of his family might not, for absolute want of a lawful heir to succeed, be wholly lost and extinguished. The case of the statute was thus: Pericles, when long ago at the height of his power in the state, having then, as has been said, children lawfully begotten, proposed a law that those only should be reputed true citizens of Athens who were born of such parents as were both Athenians.

After this, the King of Egypt having sent to the people, by way of present, forty thousand bushels of wheat, which were to be shared out among the citizens,

a great many actions and suits about legitimacy occurred, by virtue of that edict; cases which, till that time, had not been known nor taken notice of; and several persons suffered by false accusations. There were little less than five thousand who were convicted and sold for slaves; those who, enduring the test, remained in the government and passed muster for true Athenians were found upon the poll to be fourteen thousand and forty persons in number.

It looked strange, that a law, which had been carried so far against so many people, should be canceled again by the same man that made it; yet the present calamity and distress which Pericles labored under in his family broke through all objections, and prevailed with the Athenians to pity him, as one whose losses and misfortunes had sufficiently punished his former arrogance and haughtiness. His sufferings deserved, they thought, their pity, and even indignation, and his request was such as became a man to ask and men to grant; they gave him permission to enroll his son in the register of his fraternity, giving him his own name. This son afterward, after having defeated the Peloponnesians at Arginusæ, was, with his fellow generals, put to death by the people.

About the time when his son was enrolled, it should seem the plague seized Pericles, not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alterations, leisurely, by little and little, wasting the strength of his body, and undermining the noble faculties of his soul. So that Theophrastus, in his Morals, when discussing whether men's characters change with their circumstances, and their moral habits, disturbed by the ailings of their bodies, start aside from the rules of virtue, has left it upon record, that Pericles, when he was sick, showed one of his friends that came to visit him an amulet or charm that

the women had hung about his neck; as much as to say, that he was very sick indeed when he would admit of such a foolery as that was.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and, speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. "For," said he, "No Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained; but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors that, in the exercise of such immense power, he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him.

And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance; so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished, in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with

our conceptions of the divine beings, to whom, as the natural authors of all good and of nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place, indeed, where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light as though such were a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet, in the meanwhile, affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which no way become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will, perhaps, seem a subject fitter for some other consideration, and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who, while he lived, resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after his quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety; so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

Augustus Caesar

By WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON

A FORTNIGHT after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, a delicate and sickly looking youth, the dictator's grandnephew and adopted heir, appeared in Rome, at the critical moment when the murder of Cæsar had spread terror and confusion, and when Antony had roused the Roman people to indignation against the conspirators. Landing from Appollonia, an adventurer, Caius Octavius [2]—for it is of him we speak—had not long arrived in Rome when he became a hero; gained statesmen and officers to his interest, and divided with Antony, the consul, the favor of the people; and entered on that marvelous career which, after long years of civil war, and tyranny, and bloodshed, ended in the dissolution of the republic itself, and in his being hailed by the grateful senate and people of Rome, Augustus, Emperor, and Father of his country.

It was in that memorable year—the six hundred and nineteenth of the city—in which Cicero's administration as consul ended, and in which Rome was preserved from destruction, and liberty thought to be more firmly established than ever, that Caius Octavius was born. The family of Atia, his mother (the niece of Julius Cæsar), had given many senators to Rome; but, although the Octavii were a wealthy family of Velitræ, his father seems to have been the first who obtained admission to the senate. His mother bestowed great pains on the education of the

youthful Octavius, and is said to have transmitted to him much of her purity of diction and grace of manners. His own natural gifts seemed to promise fruits worthy of her care; but no one could have supposed, when at the age of eighteen he entered on public life, that he was destined to connect his name with every event of importance in the annals of the world for the next fifty-eight years, and to transform the Republic into the Empire of Rome.

Of course it would not be possible to give in an article like the present the story of a reign so eventful as that of Augustus—a reign which merits more attention than any other in the Roman history, or to trace in succession the various incidents which, during that long period, changed the destiny of nations and the aspect of the world. We do not here profess to write his life or analyze his character; nor can we attempt to depict more than some artistic and literary aspects of a court that was adorned by the illustrious band of friends who made "the Augustan era" Rome's culminating point in art, and poetry, and splendor. It was under the encouragement of Augustus that the lyric Horace wrote his matchless poems and the tasteful Virgil studied and polished his immortal compositions; in his reign Tibullus was writing his refined elegies and Ovid his flowing numbers; Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the historian, had come to Rome; Strabo was writing some of his works; and Livy was concluding his history.

The mother of Octavius seems to have dreaded his accepting Julius Cæsar's adoption of him as a son, as if she foresaw, that, in order to become the avenger and successor of Cæsar, he would grasp the consular office, and engage in a proscription of the best and noblest of his countrymen. If the imperial power of the great man whose name he now assumed was really at this period the object of the young Cæsar's ambition, he must have

seen that his youth and want of military experience, not to mention the power of Antony and the strength of the friends of liberty, forbade all hope of his immediate attainment of imperial authority, and warned him at all events, to bide his time. He had the prudence to assume—as the nephew of another great soldier and emperor in our own times has assumed—the appearance of fidelity to a republic, and for a time he seemed to be guided by the counsels of Cicero, whose patriotism was well known to be inflexible.

We who find instruction and delight in the works of that illustrious man, and justly appreciate the moral grandeur of his character, do not wonder at the influence he possessed in public affairs, and can estimate the importance of his friendship to the young Octavius. Cicero had twice saved Rome, the Senate, and the Commonwealth; the integrity of his patriotism was only equaled by the splendor of his eloquence and learning; and the sweetness of temper and charm of manners that gave him such power over all who approached him were adorned by purity of life and instinctive love of virtue.

Octavius was placed in a situation of the greatest difficulty amid the intrigues of party that followed on the events of the Ides of March; but he acted with an art and prudence that neutralized the hostility of Antony, and baffled the oldest statesmen of Rome. Cæsar's name was still a charm to the soldiery and to all whom he had promoted; his cause was espoused by all who were adventurers; and the commonalty and populace, eager for novelty, were accordingly ranged on the side of the youthful soldier, who styled himself "Son of the Deified" and "Avenger of Cæsar," while most of the patricians and men of the equestrian dignity stood by the old principles of the Commonwealth. Those writers who have taken an unfavorable view of his character, represent that at this

juncture he dissembled his real aim, seeing his best chance for future empire in sharing power with others until he could grasp the whole. Be this as it may, Octavius Cæsar, notwithstanding that he had been mortally opposed to Antony, joined him and Lepidus in the ominous "Triumvirate for regulating the Commonwealth," from whose usurpation such "woes unnumbered" sprung.

Then began the terrible proscription, in which each triumvir sacrificed even his own friends to the vengeance of his colleagues. A veritable Reign of Terror brooded over Rome, in which the soldiery were to become the instruments of public ruin. The best blood of her citizens was sacrificed in the long and cruel struggle that ensued.

But the proscription had not a more noble victim than Cicero.

Octavius, as his apologists still affirm, strongly endeavored to preserve him, but his death was held a necessary sacrifice to the common interest of the three, for his virtue warned them that he never could be the friend of tyrants, and his authority was such that an enemy could not be suffered to retain it. As we are not now writing the history of this short but sanguinary tyranny, it will suffice to say, that, while proscription and plunder were occupying the triumvirate at Rome, the successes of Brutus and Cassius—the Agamemnon and Achilles of the Roman legions—in Thrace, obliged Octavius Cæsar and his colleagues to encounter the champions of the republic in the field. He was doomed to witness the defeat of Julius Cæsar's veterans in their naval encounter with the forces of Sextus Pompey, the scene of which was the bay between Messina and Reggio that became memorable in English naval history for the defeat of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Byng.

Octavius then proceeded to join Antony among the barren hills of Macedon. The strength of the Roman repub-

lic was there collected under Brutus and Cassius; the representatives of patricians who had been sacrificed for their patriotism had joined the camp; and the Oriental allies of the old Commonwealth were under arms in its defense, each bringing their national weapons—there were slingers from Minorca, light horsemen from Numidia, and archers from Crete.

The issue to be decided at Philippi was, whether the laws should resume their majesty, the senate its reverence, and the people their power; but, after the second battle on that memorable field, Antony and Octavius Cæsar found themselves masters of the empire. Octavius had very narrowly escaped after his defeat on the first encounter, for he had to spend three nights hid in a morass in a worse condition than Charles the Second's in the oak after the battle of Worcester. Antony, on his return from Pharsalia, carried beyond all bounds of decorum by the flow of fortune, appeared at Rome in a chariot drawn by lions—the first spectacle of the kind Romans had ever seen; and the subjection of those fierce animals to the yoke, was looked upon (as Pliny says) as an omen of breaking the spirit of the Roman people. Antony and Octavius Cæsar, after their victory over Brutus, shared the empire, Antony taking for his portion the rich eastern province from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, and leaving Italy, Gaul, and Spain to his great rival.

Octavius Cæsar was now free to listen to the advice of counselors older and wiser than himself; and, while his natural sagacity (as Tytler has remarked) enabled him to discern the character that was best fitted to gain the popular regard, his genius and versatility of temper enabled him to assume it. To his credit, he soon began to repose unlimited confidence in Mæcenas; and there is no doubt that his success, his reformation, and his future greatness, were essentially due to the counsels of that

wise and faithful minister. Mæcenas, who boasted the lineage of the old Tuscan kings, was a man of noble and enlightened mind, and had sincerely at heart the welfare of the Roman people. Aiming at the salvation of Octavius Cæsar, and of Rome by his means, Mæcenas at first disguised the statesman in the man of pleasure, and he succeeded so well, that his good counsels directed public affairs, and dictated salutary legislation, as soon as the city was delivered from the confiscations and the military violence that followed the return of the victorious legions.

Those confiscations led to an incident which has an interest for every age, inasmuch as they were the occasion of Virgil being made known to Octavius Cæsar. A centurion had seized his patrimony; and Pollio and Gallus —themselves poets as well as statesman—anxious to protect genius in the person of the young poet of Mantua, took him to Mæcenas, then governor of Rome. Mæcenas presented him to Octavius, who reinstated him in his paternal fields upon the Mincio, little conscious that his protection of Virgil was destined to procure for the world immortal works of genius, and to surround his own name with its most unfading honors. So, too, although Virgil's friend Pollio took a prominent part in the public affairs of his day, was a patriot, an orator, a poet, and a lover of learning, it is as the protector of Virgil and Horace that he has acquired his more lasting fame. To him Virgil addressed his well-known Birthday Ode; and Horace, some years afterwards, commemorates him, as oracle of the senate and supporter of the state, and (in the first Ode of the Second Book) presents him shining with the honors of the Dalmatian triumph.

Virgil was about seven years older than Octavius Cæsar, and was at this time in his thirtieth year. At Naples, which, having been a Grecian colony, retained much of the manners and language of its Athenian founders, he

seems to have acquired that taste for the polished literature of Greece of which his works afford continual examples; but after the restoration of his patrimony he resided chiefly at the capital, in favor not only with Mæcenas but with Octavius himself, and enjoying the friendship of the learned men who then surrounded the great minister. It would seem that Virgil produced his celebrated Eclogues soon after the restoration of his paternal fields. He is said to have applied himself to pastoral composition at the suggestion of Pollio, and to have taken the Sicilian poetry of Theocritus for his example. At all events, we may imagine how welcome rural images and pictures of the days of innocence must have been to statesman and officers wearied by scenes of military usurpation and the storms of civil war.

Poetry and literature had not then become popular, and indeed are said to have stolen on the Romans against their will. Their frugal, conquering, and laborious life had been almost as incompatible with literature as with luxury. But, even before "the Augustan era," the stage, and the encouragement given by eminent men to learning, greatly influenced the public taste; and from the time of the second war with Carthage the martial Romans are said to have owned the nobler influence of the Muses. At the time, however, of Virgil's introduction to the heir of Cæsar, and for several years afterwards, the two greatest Roman poets (Cinna and Calidius, who are mentioned by Catullus and Cicero) were men whose names are now scarcely known to scholars, and even in his lifetime Virgil's fame quite outshone that of his predecessors.

Soon after he had acquired the friendship of Mæcenas, Virgil and his friend Varius showed the minister some early poems of another favorite of the muse and coheir of fame—the youthful Horace. His learning, wit, and manners so recommended him to Mæcenas, that ere many

months had passed Horace, then aged about twenty-six, became his familiar friend, and his introduction to Octavius Cæsar, who was about two years younger than himself, soon followed. Most important were its results. Horace had been made a military tribune by Brutus, and was present at the battle of Philippi, but was more inclined to court the Muses' favor than that of Mars. Fortunately for posterity, he escaped shipwreck on his return from the East, and by the aid of Mæcenas obtained a pardon for having borne arms under Brutus. Although a zealous friend, he loved ease and literary leisure, and being of convivial disposition, fond of good company, and possessed of great amenity of temper and powers of pleasing, his society was much valued, and he soon acquired the esteem of the greatest men in Rome, including Octavius himself. In a letter written to Horace, in commendation of one of his writings, Cæsar expresses his wish that he had been introduced in the dialogue, so that he might appear in it to futurity. "Are you afraid," he asks the poet, "it should injure you with posterity if it should appear that you had lived with me in some familiarity?"

It would seem that at the time when Horace first came to court, Octavius, deeming his power secure, indulged in a life of vicious excess and luxury. His celebrated banquet of the deities of Olympus was certainly of itself enough to alarm his wiser friends. This was the licentious feast in which the greater gods and goddesses were audaciously represented by living revelers: Jove was there with his thunderbolt, Saturn with his scythe, and, more appropriately, Bacchus with his grapes; the "winged son of Maia" with his wand, and Mars with his shield and spear, while the young Cæsar himself played the part of the bright Apollo, his tutelary god. Six ladies personated, respectively, Juno with her scepter, Cybele with her tur-

ret crown, and Ceres with her sheaf; there, too, was Venus, and Pallas with her helmet and spear, and Diana with her crescent diadem and her sylvan bow.

But Octavius could relish less voluptuous diversions. He was a great lover of the legitimate pleasures of the stage; the public games, moreover, which he instituted in honor of Apollo, as well as the shows with which he regaled the people in the days of his imperial power, may be taken to indicate a politic, if not judicious, regard for public amusements. His celebration of the games of Venus Genetrix, in Julius Cæsar's honor, in the forty-third year before Christ, has been made memorable by the emperor himself, who, as recorded by Pliny, says it was during that celebration that the bright comet appeared "which was commonly believed to be a sign that the soul of Cæsar was admitted among the gods."

Mæcenas sought also to reform the political character of Octavius, and seems to have thought that his design would be best accomplished by the instrumentality of men of letters, who, without appearing to administer reproofs, might artfully lead him to prefer the power of clemency and justice to military force, and might inculcate moral lessons without the form of admonition. For these noble objects the courtly Horace was encouraged to write many of his immortal odes. His poetry was of a kind then unknown to Rome, and, while it evinces his tender, ardent, and amorous disposition, it also shows that he was a keen observer of men, a patriot, and a lover of wisdom, as well as a maker of verse. With admirable address, and a happy discernment of character, Horace conveyed instruction while achieving masterpieces of lyric composition; and, in what he wrote after Octavius Cæsar became emperor, he contrived, while invoking Clio and her sister muses, appropriately to enforce maxims of clemency and

beneficence in the language of courtly compliment and affectionate congratulation.

But while Antony, his formidible rival, divided with Cæsar the power of the state, holding as he did the eastern provinces with the most tremendous military force the world then knew, and Sextus Pompey, the champion of the old republic, was all-powerful at sea, Octavius had sterner monitors than Mæcenas and Horace to call him from sensual pleasures. The republic had been paralyzed rather than destroyed at Philippi, and the large body of Roman nobles who, under proscription and banishment, had taken refuge in Sicily, flocked to Pompey's side. Sicily, the granary of Rome, was in his hands, and the supplies of corn being therefore stopped, famine amongst the people at home increased the danger of Cæsar's position. If the policy of Mæcenas had not allied Octavius and Antony by family ties, it seems probable that a conjunction between that soldier of fortune and Pompey would have been fatal to Cæsar.

But his sister, the beautiful and accomplished Octavia —a woman as much distinguished by virtue and good sense as by her dignified and winning manners—had been married to Antony, and the sunniest days of his life were those he passed at Athens, happy in her love. Civil war, however, called Octavius from his feasting and diversions, and Antony from his Eastern luxury, and again covered the sea with the hostile fleets of the triumvirs and their hereditary foe. But the peace they agreed on at Miseno, while it gave to the cause of the Roman republic its final deathblow, brought a truce to the calamities that had for nine years afflicted Italy; Pompey sailed back to Sicily, and Antony to Greece, and the long proscribed and banished patricians followed Octavius Cæsar to Rome.

After the return of these noble Romans, Cæsar became surrounded by a court, but its chief ornaments were

the learned men whom he encouraged to associate there. In every great family at that time, a learned native of Greece commonly resided, and brought her polished arts to soften the martial and political education of the Roman youth. Octavius had himself been bred under Athenodorus the Rhetorician, a native of Pergamos, who is said to have been one of the best and wisest men of the age, and Octavius, who could recognize virtue if he did not then practice it, treated him with particular honor. It was not only in rhetoric that he was the preceptor of his pupil, but he taught that without honor there could be no happiness; and it was he who, when aged and retiring to his native country, gave his pupil the memorable advice, whenever he should find anger rising, to repeat the letters of the alphabet (!) before speaking or writing. Here, too, might be seen Areius the Platonist, a native of Alexandria, whose refinement fitted him for courtly life; and—more illustrious than these distinguished foreigners —the noble Roman, Publius Valerius Messala Corvinus, of whom Cicero (whose disciple he was) gives a fine character, who is commended by Quintilian, and is immortalized by Horace as the most eloquent lawyer in Rome. The poet (in the twenty-first Ode of his Third Book) mentions him with peculiar distinction, and calls for his choicest wine to be poured out in "gratiam Corvini."

Tibullus also was his close companion and eulogist. He was a general favorite, and one of the most accomplished of the band of friends who graced the young Cæsar's court. Having been in arms with Brutus, Messala had, of course, come under proscription by the triumvirate, but he was afterwards excepted by edict. He seems to have been particularly remarkable for correctness of style as an orator, and for a dignified manner of speaking.

To these accomplishments he added great attainments in other liberal arts, and, while honoring the severe studies of philosophy, was himself an eminent patron of the wits and poets of the time. The favor shown by Octavius Cæsar to all learned men and votaries of the Muses, has been attributed by some writers to his having artfully sought to mask his own designs against Roman liberty under an apparent devotion to liberal arts and learning; but, whatever his motives may at first have been, the reputation of this great emperor chiefly rests on the protection he gave to learning and its votaries; and such a luster has genius thrown over his reign that we always speak of it as the Augustan age, and regard it as the most brilliant period of the Roman state.

But, amidst all this splendor of literature and art, the home of Octavus was not without the more genial rays of female grace and beauty. Among the ladies who attended Octavia, his sister, at the ceremony of her nuptials with Antony, was Livia, the young and nobly born wife of Tiberius Nero. Tall, graceful, and lovely, with a look that inspired respect no less than love, she surpassed in the eyes of Octavius all women he had ever seen, and he determined to make her his wife. Tiberius, dreading the power which could have made Livia a widow, complied, and divorced her, but did not long survive her marriage to his unscrupulous rival. The marriage contract was immediately followed by that remarkable occurrence which was interpreted as an omen of her future greatness. As Livia was sitting in the garden, an eagle, soaring above, dropped a white hen, unhurt, into her lap, and in its mouth was found a sprig of laurel, with berries. The auspices, being consulted, ordered the bird to be carefully cherished and the laurel spray to be planted, and this was done in Cæsar's villa on the Tiber, which was situated about nine miles from Rome, on the Flaminian Way, where the white

hen's race so multiplied that the place acquired, says Blackwell, the name of the Poultry; and the sprig of bay so flourished that Octavius, at his first public triumph, took from this tree his crown and the branch he held in his hand.

But ere long the eyes of the Roman people were turned to Alexandria, then the capital of the East, where Antony —the greatest soldier of his day, the idol of his vast army, and the master of the richest provinces of the Roman empire—had become enslaved by Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and, far away from Octavia, his matchless consort, was leading a life of extravagant luxury and dishonor. Octavia heard with silent sorrow of Antony's excesses in Egypt, but nobly sought to moderate the resentment which her brother, who highly honored her, displayed. In the hope of reclaiming Antony to his country and herself, Octavia, furnished by Cæsar with a guard of two thousand of his best soldiers, with costly presents, and warlike stores for Antony's service, sailed for Alexandria. But, blinded by debauchery, he avoided an interview with his wife. She returned to Rome, and devoted herself to the education not only of her own children, but of the two sons of Antony by Fulvia, in her liftetime Octavius Cæsar's enemy—conduct the magnanimity of which filled Italy with admiration.

Antony, meanwhile, as if forgetful of the Roman state itself, and of his legitimate issue, parcelled out of the Eastern empire among his children by Cleopatra, and held gorgeous festivals in her honor, diverting from the people of Rome the spoils and honors that had been purchased by Roman blood. He assumed the habit and symbols of Bacchus, and, crowned by ivy and the vine, rode through Alexandria in a chariot drawn by tigers. His excesses only proved to Octavius—his sober and subtle rival—that the time was come for ending their partnership of

power, which, inaugurated in bloodshed, now threatened fresh calamities to Rome.

The approaching rupture made Cæsar more intent on gaining the affection of the senators and the good will of the people; and at length, in the seven hundred and twentieth year of the city, about eight years after the battle of Philippi, he led his army to fresh military glory in a campaign against the wild and warlike people of Dalmatia; but, prudently postponing the "triumph" awarded to him for this Illyrian campaign, devoted his share of the spoils to adorn Rome with the quadruple colonnade in the Campus Martius—a stately monument of his magnificence and love of art. This vast building contained temples, courts, libraries, and schools, adorned by Grecian masters with statues and paintings (landscape painting, according to Pliny, was first cultivated in the time of Octavius Cæsar); and in honor of his exemplary sister he called it from her name "the Octavian Portico."

But the wrongs of Octavia were to be, ere long, signally avenged, and the conflict was approaching in which Antony, and with him the very name of the Republic, was destined to fall.

By the wisdom of Mæcenas and the bravery of Agrippa, Octavius Cæsar had become master of the Western world after the naval defeat of Pompey in Sicily, which took place about two years before the Illyrian victories. Wiser from the perils he had encountered, he had learned the instability of power founded solely on an army and not consolidated by the affection of a people. Wisdom, moderation, and humanity had now for a long time seemed to actuate all his conduct. He promoted and employed patriots who at Philippi had been in arms against him. He sent Messala to command in Gaul and humble those fierce mountaineer Savoyards the Salassi, by whose defeat he acquired and colonized the pass from Italy into

France and Spain, which was afterwards, in his honor, called Augusta Prætoria—a name which, corrupted into d'Aosta, still denominates that celebrated pass of the Alps through Piedmont. To the brave and thoughtful Strabo, whose fidelity and affection to Brutus had recommended him to the esteem of Messala, Cæsar generously gave a naval command, and he became so eminent that his figure was engraved and worn in rings, like the effigies of the greatest Romans. So, too, Publius Sextius, and other friends of liberty, were invited to honors of the state.

At length the news came to Rome that Antony, postponing his intended invasion of Parthia, was advancing with sixteen legions to the seacoast, and might land in Italy before the end of summer. The taxes which Cæsar was obliged to impose did not increase his popularity at home, but Antony, on the other hand, had lost the affection of every Roman by divorcing the virtuous Octavia in order to espouse the Egyptian enchantress—an act doubly unpardonable in Roman eyes, since she was a foreign princess and a declared enemy to Rome. With the manners and maxims of the Romans he laid aside the dress of his country; and, since Cleopatra assumed the attributes of Isis, Antony was represented by her side with those that characterized the Egyptian god. War being declared against Cleopatra, the armies began to move early in the spring, and the seas were covered with the gathering fleets. Antony's preparations befitted the man who held the lion's share of the Roman Empire, and commanded the wealth of Asia and the forces of tributary kings. Octavius Cæsar, on the other hand, led the might of Italy, and was accompanied by the senate and people of Rome. Guided by the fatal counsels of Cleopatra, Antony risked all upon a naval engagement although the advantage in such an encounter was on the side of his adversary, and off

Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe

the engagement memorable as the battle of Actium was fought. The conflict had raged for some hours, when Cleopatra, to secure her own safety, led the Egyptian part of the squadron from the bay, and the faithless and deluded Antony, following her, abandoned his fleet to the conqueror. Antony's enormous army, shut up on one side of the bay, forsaken by their chief officers and threatened by famine, soon afterwards surrendered. From this victory—achieved in the seven hundred and twenty-third year of the city—the final fall of the Republic and the rise of the Roman Empire are dated.

Octavius Cæsar did not hasten to pursue his defeated enemy, but wisely divided the force of Antony's army, gained great applause by pardoning some noble Romans who had been in arms against him, and, leaving Mæcenas to exercise supreme power as "Prefect of Italy," went to Athens to visit that ancient seat of art and learning. The fleets of Greece were gone, but historians and philosophers, the distributors of fame, still resorted to Athens, and gave it an eminence beyond that of the most powerful cities of the Roman empire. He was about to advance through Asia, when the danger of a military revolt recalled him to Rome; but having pacified the angry and murmuring army, he again advanced to complete the destruction of Antony, still leaving Mæcenas entrusted with the government of Italy and Rome. The events that followed this campaign of Cæsar in the East are too well known to need description. He was encamped before Alexandria when Antony rashly stabbed himself, and, being carried to the mausoleum in which Cleopatra had taken refuge, died there in her arms; and the artful queen, finding she could not move the conqueror to pity or to love, likewise destroyed herself rather than adorn his

triumph at Rome. And so, within a year from the battle of Actium, Cæsar became undisputed master of the whole Roman Empire. Towards Antony's family and most of his followers he signalized the clemency of which he had shortly before given a memorable example in the treatment of Herod.

Enriched with the treasures of the Ptolemys and the ransom paid for Egypt, which thenceforth became a Roman province, Octavius Cæsar returned to Rome arbiter of the fortunes of the world, and received all the trophies that the Roman people and subject nations could bestow. Temples were dedicated in his honor, and he was hailed as the guardian of the state. Magnificent triumphs were decreed to him, and Rome saw the cavalcade of her robed magistrates and senators, the tributary chiefs, the spoils of vanquished nations, the sea-green standard of Agrippa, the emblems of consular state, and the long procession of martial legions and cohorts gracing the triumphal car of her hero—then only thirty-five years of age.

Of the treasure brought from Egypt, some idea is given by the fact, that, amongst the formidible army of one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers, a sum equivalent to more than three-quarters of a million in our money was distributed, while the country places which the men were judiciously sent to colonize were largely subsidized; that a sum perhaps as large was distributed amongst the impoverished citizens; and that jewels worth even a larger sum, besides the incredible quantity of eight tons of gold, were deposited in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The famous Alexandrian obelisks which Cæsar brought to Rome formed a more enduring trophy of his Egyptian spoliations.

It was to rebuke the magnificence and luxury which he feared would follow the peace enjoyed by the empire after

these events that Horace wrote the ode "Persicos odi, puer," in which he deprecates the Persian luxury in entertainments, and exhorts to the old simplicity in living. The admonition, however, was not needed by Cæsar himself, for his own table was furnished with a Spartan simplicity.

Whether, as Tacitus has said, Octavius Cæsar found that the government of one person was the only remedy for the misfortunes of his country, worn out by discords and irreconcilable enmities, or whether, as his enemies alleged, the ambition of reigning was his only motive, he curbed his ambition, and artfully resolved to make the continuance of his power appear dependent on the request of the senate and people. He showed a high degree of moderation and respect for popular rights, maintained the ancient elective forms of the constitution, and professed his own functions to be merely a temporary administration for the public good. But it is probable, that, if the spirit of the old republic had not been extinct, Mæcenas would not have advised him that there could be no safety for him save upon a throne, and Octavius himself would hardly have contemplated such a change. When we look at his position shortly after his acquisition of undivided power, he seems, indeed, to have preserved (as some historian has remarked) only a specter of liberty—a phantom that walked the Forum yearly, and frequented the senate in its shape. Meantime, he set himself to restore the dignity of that august assembly (which now numbered more than a thousand members) by clearing it of unworthy and unqualified persons, many of whom had bought their elevation during the civil wars. While the reformation of this great body was in progress, Octavius Cæsar never went to the senate house without wearing a hauberk of mail under his usual robe, or unattended by ten strong and trusty senators as a bodyguard.

All his conduct now tended to the public welfare, and

was distinguished by acts of prudence, wisdom, and generosity. He was a prince in all that concerned the public good, and seemed to have become a stoic in things that related to his own household and private luxury. When the senate and people voted money for statues in his honor, he devoted it to civic embellishment, and caused his silver statue (said to be the first silver statue raised) to be melted for the decoration of the temple of Apollo Palatine. With the New Year's gifts of his friends he placed statues in the squares of Rome; and in the year when the Asiatic provinces suffered by earthquakes he paid their tribute into the public treasury out of his own money. He acted as if he wished to make the Romans sensible how much a well-regulated monarchy was preferable to a turbulent liberty, and how essential his government was to the public happiness. He had become not only the avenger, but the imitator, of Julius Cæsar. When that great representative of the national spirit of Rome had become master of Italy, moderation and wisdom marked his rule, and works of legislative and social reform employed his liberal and capacious mind, and in these things also his adopted son emulated his example.

It was therefore natural that Octavius Cæsar should receive, as he did, from the grateful senate of Rome the title of IMPERATOR and appellation of AUGUSTUS, which the senate, to do him the greater honor, afterwards perpetuated by giving it to the month heretofore called Sextilis in the Roman calendar.

In the buildings of Rome before "the Augustan era" public health and convenience seem to have been disregarded; nor does any great scheme of metropolitan improvement appear to have been attempted until Octavius acquired imperial power. Had a reformed provincial municipality or a metropolitan vestry of the present day directed affairs of taste and public health in Rome, its

buildings could hardly have been in a worse state than he beheld them. It is always said to have been his boast that he found the city of brick and left it of marble; but, many as were the temples he rebuilt in honor of his country's gods, he was not less sedulous to build for the poor citizens doomed to inhabit the lower parts of the city. In Augustan Rome, the heights of the Cœlian and Esquiline hills were for the most part occupied by the villas and gardens of patrician families. The villa of Augustus was called the Palatium—a name then peculiar to this mansion of the Palatine hill, but afterwards given to all royal abodes. The Palatine temple, which he afterwards built, was a famous monument of his magnificence, and he annexed to it such a library as procured for him the applause of all men of learning. In the place of a crowd of unsightly and unwholesome dwellings between the Forum and the Quirinal, he built his own new stately Forum; and, though his public buildings displaced large masses of the poorer citizens, they found more healthy abodes in the new suburban regions, the honor of enlarging Rome having been awarded to him for the victories over the Germans. The grandeur of the city under Augustus appeared not only in its increased extent and splendid buildings, but also in the stupendous aqueducts and underground works which still excite our wonder.

Amidst all this sumptuousness of art, there was epicurean luxury in living, and the wealthy Romans of the time seem to have resembled those people of Agrigentum, who, as Plato said, "built as if they were to live for ever, and feasted as if they were always about to die." The luxurious manner in which the patrician families lived in the reign of Augustus had a remarkable contrast in his own frugal simplicity. His taste was simple in this respect, as well as in dress, in which he is said to have been plain even to negligence. It might be said of

Augustus, as Tacitus says of Agricola, "To soften prejudices, he resolved to shade the luster of his name in the mild retreat of humble virtues." With this view he resigned himself to the calm enjoyments of a domestic life. Plain in his apparel, easy of access, and never attended by more than one or two friends, he was remarkable for nothing but the simplicity of his appearance; insomuch that they who knew no criterion of merit but external show and grandeur, as often as they saw Agricola were still to seek for the great and illustrious character. His modesty was an art which a few only could understand.

The poets of the court of Augustus contrast the palaces and the splendor of the city in their day with its rude beginnings. Still more striking was the extension of the Empire of Rome: a state that had been a hamlet of shepherds and refuge of the Alban colonists was become the mother of nations and mistress of the world. Her dominion stretched from the Euphrates to the Atlantic; from the land of the rising sun to the shores that "saw the burnished waters blaze" in his setting beams; from Tanais and the Danube on the north to the Lybian deserts on the south; and, ere a few more years had passed, it may be said to have been bounded only by the seas. "Who would think," well may Ovid exclaim, "that this little spot was fated to hold so wide an empire!"

In the seven hundred and thirtieth year of the city Augustus returned from Spain, where, to secure his conquests, new colonies were settled, which became great cities (Cæsarea Augusta, for example, retains in the modern name of Saragoza a faint trace of the patronage under which it rose), and other towns that had fallen into decay were restored. For Augustus, like Romulus and the mythic heroes whom the Greeks, and afterwards the Romans, had chosen for their tutelary deities, built cities

and settled colonies (Suetonius says he established twenty-eight colonies in Italy); and Horace takes care to mention the great and useful exploits in this respect of Hercules, and Bacchus, and Castor, and Romulus, as if to give a higher idea of the glory of Augustus, whose statue the Romans even in his lifetime placed with the statues of those heroes.

The death of the noble young Marcellus, Octavia's beloved son, to whom, three years before, the emperor had given Julia, his daughter, in marriage, and who was his hope and intended heir, happened in the year after Augustus returned from Spain, soon after Marcellus had completed his twentieth year; and the affecting lines,

> Ostendunt terris hanc tantum fata neque, ultra
> Esse sinent, &c.,

which Virgil wrote in allusion to this event, showed that he could invoke the muse to soothe the domestic grief as well as to celebrate the public glory of his patron.

To perpetuate the name of the noble young Marcellus, the emperor afterwards gave it to the vast theater, the remains of which attest the magnificence of the Romans.

While Augustus was adorning the city at home and extending the empire abroad, Virgil—who was soon to be hailed prince of the Roman epic poets, as his illustrious friend had been hailed prince of the Roman people—was still engaged on his great poem, in which, although the adventures of Æneas are its chief subject, the glories of Rome and the fortunes of the Julian house, into which Augustus had been adopted, are skillfully interwoven. Virgil has given the Æneid an historical coloring, and connected the fortunes of Rome and of his great patron with the illustrious names of Troy.

Virgil, who seems, like Horace, to have been fond of rural pleasures and country pursuits—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,—

had retired to Greece to finish his poem among the "Edens of the eastern wave," and was at Athens in the seven hundred and thirty-fifth year of the city, when he met Augustus on his return from the East. He appears to have been prevailed on by the emperor to return with him to Italy; but he lived only to reach Brundisium (the Adriatic terminus of the Appian Way), where he died in the autumn of that year, in the fifty-first year of his age, having appointed Augustus and Mæcenas his heirs; and it appears that for the preservation of the Æneid the world is indebted to the emperor, at whose instance Varius is said to have now revised it.

On the death of his nephew Marcellus, Augustus bestowed his chief favor on his long and faithful ally the brave and triumphant Agrippa, whom he now married to Julia, the widow of Marcellus, then in her eighteenth year—a fatal gift indeed, so far as regarded his domestic happiness, but one that more closely allied him with his imperial friend. He accomplished the reduction of Spain and of the revolted provinces of Asia; was made, on returning from his campaign, the colleague of Augustus in the office of tribune—the most powerful of all magistracies; and would probably have acquired imperial power if death had not in less than ten years put an end to his growing honors. The emperor placed in the tomb he destined for himself the remains of him who had been his Mentor through life. But not all the favor of Cæsar, or the military achievements of Agrippa, or his commanding figure in the public affairs of his time, make us regard him with so much interest, as the share he had in the architectural adornment of Rome and the building of the Pantheon—the noblest heathen temple remaining in the world—which he finished in the year that saw Cæsar hailed Augustus and Emperor of Rome.

We have mentioned the meeting of Virgil and Augustus in the East, which took place, as all will remember, on the return of the emperor from the campaign that ended in the submission of the Parthians without a sword having been drawn. It was when Augustus was in Thessaly that Horace invoked the mild counsels of Calliope and the Muses to refresh great Cæsar's mind:

> Vos Cæsarem altum, militiâ simul
> Fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
> Finire quærentem labores,
> Pierio recreatis antro:
> Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
> Gaudetis, almæ, &c.

And the poet made the Parthian submission the subject of the magnificent ode, beginning

> Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem
> Regnare: præsens divus habebitur
> Augustus, adjectis Britannis
> Imperio, gravibusque Persis.

While at Samos, Augustus received the ambassadors of the Indian kings, who brought, amongst other presents, some tigers—animals which the Romans had never seen—besides such other wild creatures as would have sufficed to set up a zoölogical menagerie. On his return to Rome, the emperor gave a new proof of his moderation, for the only honor he would accept was an altar which the senate and people dedicated to "Fortune Returned"; nor did he allow himself much repose among the polished and learned companions who graced his court, for he soon started on his campaign in France. The man to whom the splendor of Rome was due, and whose fame now filled the world, had become remarkable for the simplicity of his taste, the self-denying frugality of his table, and his dislike of ostentatious parade and luxury. He equally dis-

liked all affectation and redundancy in speaking and writing; his own style was chaste and perspicuous, and marked by a correct taste—proofs how greatly he had profited by the society of the accomplished men who surrounded him. His negligence in regard to dress has been mentioned: in personal appearance, however, the emperor is described by Suetonius to have been what might be called a handsome man. He was of middle stature, but symmetrical form, and his countenance was expressive of mildness and serenity. His eyes were sparkling and piercing, and they glittered with brightness when he was animated, insomuch that the superstitious people, eager to deify him, thought their luster a mark of the divine descent that had been invented for him.

Augustus had been absent in Gaul for about three years, when Horace, in one of the most cordial, natural, and beautiful of his odes, affectionately, and with undoubted truth, expressed the love and veneration of the Romans towards him, and their impatient desire for his return:

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu;
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

* * * *

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas;
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ;
Culpam pœna premit comes, &c.

So, too, in "The Praises of Augustus," which conclude the odes, the poet says no more than the historians confirm, when he tells us that law and example had abolished

licentiousness and vice, and praises Cæsar, not only for defending the empire by his arms, but reforming its laws by his wisdom. Could Augustus have desired more immortal fame for the good deeds of his later reign than has been given to them by Horace? *Apropos* to the campaign in Gaul, the reader will recollect that the colony of Augustodunum (Autun), which the emperor founded, became the seat of letters and the Athens of Gaul, and continued to flourish in the time of Constantine. The Gauls, indeed, seem to have acquired a regard for the institutions of the Romans, together with their arts and learning.

At length the universal gratitude of the people awarded to Augustus the crowning glory of his life. The illustrious Messala, addressing him in full senate; said: "Cæsar Augustus! the senate and Roman people with one voice salute you FATHER OF YOUR COUNTRY." To which the emperor, affected even to tears, replied: "Having now attained the utmost height of my wishes, what more can I ask of the immortal gods than that you may retain towards me to the last moment of my life the sentiments you now express?" It was on this occasion that Augustus for the fourth time accepted the empire. History does not present so striking a contrast as we find between the mild and beneficent splendor of his imperial reign, and the dark shadows of licentiousness, cruelty, and bloodshed that stained his triumvirate. To what extent this transformation of the character of Augustus was due to the influence and the wise counsels of Mæcenas and his illustrious friends, it would not be possible to discuss in our present limits. But, great as their influence undoubtedly was, the conduct of Augustus, when he had adopted the maxims of virtue and greatness, and resolved to become the parent of his country and people, affords another proof of the power of the human mind to become

what it contemplates, and to act in unison with its object.

Independently of the imperial power, he had continued to exert the immense authority of a tribune, and the office of "prefect of the laws and manners," in which he showed zeal for the glory of the state and the happiness of the people. By adding the dignity of high-priest, on the death of Lepidus, the emperor accumulated in himself the sacred, the military, and the civil power, and it was in virtue of this office that he suppressed all books of oracles and divination. To the spiritualists of these latter days he would certainly have shown no mercy.

His victories and administrative policy had restored peace to the world, stability of government, and good administration of the laws, shortly before the era of that crowning event in human annals—the birth of the PRINCE OF PEACE, to whom, ere two centuries elapsed, regions that were inaccessible even to the Romans were subdued. Augustus was not destined to know the God of Love, who came in the time of this mortal life to redeem and visit the world in great humility: could it have been his privilege, who in his later years so nobly cast away the works of darkness to put on as a Christian the armor of light, how Christendom through all the ages would have held his name in saintly honor!

Amid the splendor of his public life, Augustus had now to mourn the loss of his beloved sister—whose life for the twelve years she survived her son Marcellus were years of mourning; of Horace, his attached and honored friend; and shortly afterwards of Mæcenas, his faithful minister, to whose encouragement we doubtless owe no small part of the works of Horace as well as Virgil. Mæcenas and Horace, in their lives united by a mutual friendship, were not divided in their death, both being interred in the Esquiliæ, to which the celebrated gardens of Mæcenas reached. The latter years of the emperor's life were

clouded by domestic ills. His daughter Julia, on the death of Agrippa, took for her third spouse Tiberius, the son of Livia by her first husband. After losing both his grandsons Caius and Lucius, the emperor adopted Tiberius, whom he promoted to the highest military commands, and bestowed on him, after his successful campaign against the Germans, the government of the provinces of the empire and the command of the armies. Augustus thenceforth sought retirement from his public cares. His conquests in Spain had been his last military exploits, and he afterwards avoided war with as much care as the Roman generals of old had been used to seek it. At length, in the seventy-sixth year of his age and the forty-fourth of his reign, when he had seen peace restored to his country, her laws reformed, her commerce extended, her colonies flourishing, her people prosperous and grateful and offering him divine honors, arts and learning carried to a height unknown before, Rome boasting a splendor worthy the capital of the world, and an empire founded that was to endure for generations, Augustus died, and his last words were from the heart: "Livia! remember our happy union. Farewell!"

Charlemagne

By EGINHARD

OF all the wars that Charlemagne[3] waged that in Aquitania, begun, but not finished, by his father, was the first that he undertook, because it seemed easy of accomplishment. His brother was still alive, and was called upon for assistance, and, though he failed to provide the help that he promised, Charles prosecuted the enterprise that he had undertaken with the utmost energy, and would not desist or slacken in his task before, by perseverance and continous effort, he had completely reached the end after which he strove. For he forced Hunold, who after the death of Waifar had attempted to occupy Aquitania and renew the almost finished war, to abandon Aquitania and retire into Gascony. Even there he did not allow him to remain, but crossed the Garonne, and sent ambassadors to Lupus, Duke of the Gascons, ordering him to surrender the fugitive, and threatening him with war unless he did so at once. Lupus, more wisely, not only surrendered Hunold but also submitted himself and the province over which he presided to the power of Charles.

When the Aquitanian trouble was settled and the war finished, when, too, his partner in the kingdom had withdrawn from the world's affairs, he undertook a war against the Lombards, being moved thereto by the entreaties and the prayers of Hadrian, Bishop of the City of Rome. Now, this war, too, had been undertaken by his

father at the supplication of Pope Stephen, under circumstances of great difficulty, inasmuch as certain of the chiefs of the Franks, whose advice he was accustomed to ask, so strongly resisted his wishes that they openly declared that they would leave their King to return home. But now Charles undertook the war against King Haistulf, and most swiftly brought it to an end. For, though his reasons for undertaking the war were similar to, and, indeed, the same as those of his father, he plainly fought it out with a very different energy, and brought it to a different end. For Pepin, after a siege of a few days at Pavia, forced King Haistulf to give hostages, and restore to the Romans the towns and fortresses that he had taken from them, and to give a solemn promise that he would not attempt to regain what he had surrendered. But King Charles, when once he had begun the war, did not stop until he had received the surrender of King Desiderius, whom he had worn down after a long siege; until he had forced his son Adalgis, in whom the hopes of his people seemed to be centered, to fly not only from his kingdom but from Italy; until he had restored to the Romans all that had been taken from them; until he had crushed Hruodgausus, Præfect of the Duchy of Friuli, who was attempting a revolution; until, in fine, he had brought all Italy under his rule, and placed his son Pepin as king over the conquered country. I should describe here the difficulties of the passage of the Alps and the vast toil with which the Franks found their way through the pathless mountain ridges, the rocks that soared to heaven, and the sharply pointed cliffs, if it were not that my purpose in the present work is rather to describe Charles' manner of life than to chronicle the events of the wars that he waged. The sum of this war was the conquest of Italy, the transportation and perpetual exile of King Desiderius, the expulsion of his son Adalgis from Italy, power taken

from the kings of the Lombards and restored to Hadrian, the Ruler of the Roman Church.

When this war was ended the Saxon war, which seemed dropped for a time, was taken up again. Never was there a war more prolonged nor more cruel than this, nor one that required greater efforts on the part of the Frankish peoples. For the Saxons, like most of the races that inhabit Germany, are by nature fierce, devoted to the worship of demons and hostile to our religion, and they think it no dishonor to confound and transgress the laws of God and man. There were reasons, too, which might at any time cause a disturbance of the peace. For our boundaries and theirs touch almost everywhere on the open plain, except where in a few places large forests or ranges of mountains are interposed to separate the territories of the two nations by a definite frontier; so that on both sides murder, robbery, and arson were of constant occurrence. The Franks were so irritated by these things that they thought it was time no longer to be satisfied with retaliation but to declare open war against them.

So war was declared, and was fought for thirty years continuously with the greatest fierceness on both sides, but with heavier loss to the Saxons than the Franks. The end might have been reached sooner had it not been for the perfidy of the Saxons. It is hard to say how often they admitted themselves beaten and surrendered as suppliants to King Charles; how often they promised to obey his orders, gave without delay the required hostages, and received the ambassadors that were sent to them. Sometimes they were so cowed and broken that they promised to abandon the worship of devils and willingly to submit themselves to the Christian religion. But though sometimes ready to bow to his commands they were always eager to break their promise, so that it is impossible to say which course seemed to come more natural to them.

for from the beginning of the war there was scarcely a year in which they did not both promise and fail to perform.

But the high courage of the King and the constancy of his mind, which remained unshaken by prosperity and adversity, could not be conquered by their changes nor forced by weariness to desist from his undertakings. He never allowed those who offended in this way to go unpunished, but either led an army himself, or sent one under the command of his counts, to chastise their perfidy and inflict a suitable penalty. So that at last, when all who had resisted had been defeated and brought under his power, he took ten thousand of the inhabitants of both banks of the Elbe, with their wives and children, and planted them in many groups in various parts of Germany and Gaul. And at last the war, protracted through so many years, was finished on conditions proposed by the King and accepted by them; they were to abandon the worship of devils, to turn from their national ceremonies, to receive the sacraments of the Christian faith and religion, and then, joined to the Franks, to make one people with them.

In this war, despite its prolongation through so many years, he did not himself meet the enemy in battle more than twice—once near the mountain called Osning, in the district of Detmold, and again at the river Hasa—and both these battles were fought in one month, with an interval of only a few days. In these two battles the enemy were so beaten and cowed that they never again ventured to challenge the King nor to resist his attack unless they were protected by some advantage of ground.

In this war many men of noble birth and high office fell on the side both of the Franks and Saxons. But at last it came to an end in the thirty-third year, though in the meanwhile so many and such serious wars broke

out against the Franks in all parts of the world, and were carried on with such skill by the King, that an observer may reasonably doubt whether his endurance of toil or his good fortune deserves the greater admiration. For the war in Italy began two years before the Saxon war, and though it was prosecuted without intermission no enterprise in any part of the world was dropped, nor was there anywhere a truce in any struggle, however difficult. For this King, the wisest and most high-minded of all who in that age ruled over the nations of the world, never refused to undertake or prosecute any enterprise because of the labor involved, nor withdrew from it through fear of its danger. He understood the true character of each task that he undertook or carried through, and thus was neither broken by adversity nor misled by the false flatteries of good fortune.

Whilst the war with the Saxons was being prosecuted constantly and almost continuously he placed garrisons at suitable places on the frontier, and attacked Spain with the largest military expedition that he could collect. He crossed the Pyrenees, received the surrender of all the towns and fortresses that he attacked, and returned with his army safe and sound, except for a reverse which he experienced through the treason of the Gascons on his return through the passes of the Pyrenees. For while his army was marching in a long line, suiting their formation to the character of the ground and the defiles, the Gascons placed an ambuscade on the top of the mountain —where the density and extent of the woods in the neighborhood rendered it highly suitable for such a purpose— and then rushing down into the valley beneath threw into disorder the last part of the baggage train and also the rearguard which acted as a protection to those in advance. In the battle which followed the Gascons slew their opponents to the last man. Then they seized upon the bag-

gage, and under cover of the night, which was already falling, they scattered with the utmost rapidity in different directions. The Gascons were assisted in this feat by the lightness of their armor and the character of the ground where the affair took place. In this battle Eggihard, the surveyor of the royal table; Anselm, the Count of the Palace; and Roland, Præfect of the Breton frontier, were killed along with very many others. Nor could this assault be punished at once, for when the deed had been done the enemy so completely disappeared that they left behind them not so much as a rumor of their whereabouts.

He conquered the Bretons, too, who dwelt in the extreme west of France by the shores of the ocean. They had been disobedient, and he, therefore, sent against them an expedition, by which they were compelled to give hostages and promise that they would henceforth obey his orders.

Then later he himself entered Italy with an army, and, passing through Rome, came to Capua, a city of Campania. There he pitched his camp, and threatened the men of Beneventum with war unless they surrendered. But Aragis, Duke of that people, prevented this war by sending his sons Rumold and Grimold to meet the King with a large sum of money. He asked the King to receive his children as hostages, and promised that he and his people would obey all the commands of the King, except only that he would not come himself into the King's presence. Charles, considering rather the advantage of the people than their Duke's obstinacy, received the hostages who were offered him, and as a great favor consented to forego a personal interview. He kept the younger of the two children as a hostage and sent back the elder one to his father. Then he sent ambassadors to require and receive oaths of fidelity from the Beneventans and from Aragis, and so came back to Rome. There he spent some days

in the veneration of the holy places, and then returned to Gaul.

Then the Bavarian war broke out suddenly, and was swiftly ended. It was caused by the pride and folly of Tassilo, Duke of Bavaria; for upon the instigation of his wife, who thought that she might revenge through her husband the banishment of her father Desiderius, King of the Lombards, he made an alliance with the Huns, the eastern neighbors of the Bavarians, and not only refused obedience to King Charles but even dared to challenge him in war. The high courage of the King could not bear his overweening insolence, and he forthwith called a general levy for an attack on Bavaria, and came in person with a great army to the river Lech, which separates Bavaria from Germany. He pitched his camp upon the banks of the river, and determined to make trial of the mind of the Duke before he entered the province. But Duke Tassilo saw no profit either for himself or his people in stubbornness, and threw himself upon the King's mercy. He gave the hostages who were demanded, his own son Theodo among the number, and further promised upon oath that no one should ever persuade him again to fall away from his allegiance to the King. And thus a war which seemed likely to grow into a very great one came to a most swift ending. But Tassilo was subsequently summoned into the King's presence, and was not allowed to return, and the province that he ruled was for the future committed to the administration not of dukes but of counts.

When these troubles had been settled he waged war against the Slavs, whom we are accustomed to call Wilzi, but who properly—that is, in their own tongue—are called Welatabi. Here the Saxons fought along with the other allied nations who followed the King's standards, though their loyalty was feigned and far from sincere. The cause

of the war was that the Wilzi were constantly invading and attacking the Abodriti, the former allies of the Franks, and refused to obey the King's commands to desist from their attacks. There is a gulf stretching from the western sea towards the East, of undiscovered length, but nowhere more than a hundred miles in breadth, and often much narrower. Many nations occupy the shores of this sea. The Danes and the Swedes, whom we call the Northmen, hold its northern shore and all the islands in it. The Slavs and the Aisti and various other nations inhabit the eastern shore, amongst whom the chief are those Welatabi against whom then the King waged war. He so broke and subdued them in a single campaign, conducted by himself, that they thought it no longer wise to refuse to obey his commands.

The greatest of all his wars, next to the Saxon war, followed this one—that, namely, which he undertook against the Huns and the Avars. He prosecuted this with more vigor than the rest and with a far greater military preparation. However, he conducted in person only one expedition into Pannonia, the province then occupied by the Avars; the management of the rest he left to his son Pepin, and the governors of the provinces, and in some cases to his counts and lieutenants. These carried on the war with the greatest energy, and finished it after eight years of fighting. How many battles were fought there and how much blood was shed is still shown by the deserted and uninhabited condition of Pannonia, and the district in which stood the palace of the Kagan is so desolate that there is not so much as a trace of human habitation.

All the nobles of the Huns were killed in this terrific war, all their glory passed away; their money and all the treasures that they had collected for so long were carried away. Nor can the memory of man recall any

war waged against the Franks by which they were so much enriched and their wealth so increased. Up to this time they were regarded almost as a poor people, but now so much gold and silver were found in the palace, such precious spoils were seized by them in their battles, that it might fairly be held that the Franks had righteously taken from the Huns what they unrighteously had taken from other nations.

Only two of the nobles of the Franks were killed who had fought in this war. Eric, the Duke of Friuli, was caught in an ambuscade laid by the townsmen of Tharsatica, a maritime town of Liburnia. And Gerold, the Governor of Bavaria, when he was marshaling his army to fight with the Huns in Pannonia, was killed by an unknown hand, along with two others, who accompanied him as he rode along the line encouraging the soldiers by name. For the rest, the war was almost bloodless so far as the Franks were concerned, and most fortunate in its results although so difficult and protracted.

After this the Saxon war ended in a settlement as lasting as the struggle had been protracted. The wars with Bohemia and Luneburg which followed were soon over; both of them were swiftly settled under the command of the younger Charles.

The last war of all that Charles undertook was against those Northmen, who are called Danes, who first came as pirates, and then ravaged the coasts of Gaul and Germany with a greater naval force. Their King, Godofrid, was puffed up with the vain confidence that he would make himself master of all Germany. He looked upon Frisia and Saxony as his own provinces. He had already reduced his neighbors the Abodriti to obedience, and had forced them to pay him tribute. Now he boasted that he would soon come to Aix, the seat of the King's Court, with a mighty force. His boast, however idle, found some

to believe it; it was thought that he would certainly have made some such attempt if he had not been prevented by a sudden death. For he was killed by one of his own followers, and so ended both his life and the war that he had begun.

These, then, are the wars which this mighty King waged during the course of forty-seven years—for his reign extended over that period—in different parts of the world with the utmost skill and success. By these wars he so nobly increased the kingdom of the Franks, which was great and strong when he inherited it from his father Pépin, that the additions he made almost doubled it. For before his time the power of the Frankish kingdom extended only over that part of Gaul which is bounded by the Rhine, the Loire, and the Balearic Sea; and that part of Germany which is inhabited by the so-called eastern Franks, and which is bounded by Saxony, the Danube, the Rhine, and the river Saal, which stream separates the Thuringians and the Sorabs; and, further, over the Alamanni and the Bavarians. But Charles, by the wars that have been mentioned, conquered and made tributary the following countries:—First, Aquitania and Gascony, and the whole Pyrenean range, and the country of Spain as far as the Ebro, which, rising in Navarre and passing through the most fertile territory of Spain, falls into the Balearic Sea, beneath the walls of the city of Tortosa; next, all Italy from Augusta Prætoria as far as lower Calabria, where are the frontiers of the Greeks and Beneventans, a thousand miles and more in length; next, Saxony, which is a considerable portion of Germany, and is reckoned to be twice as broad and about as long as that part of Germany which is inhabited by the Franks; then both provinces of Pannonia and Dacia, on one side of the river Danube, and Histria and Liburnia and Dalmatia, with the exception of the maritime cities which he left

to the Emperor of Constantinople on account of their friendship and the treaty made between them; lastly, all the barbarous and fierce nations lying between the Rhine, the Vistula, the Ocean, and the Danube, who speak much the same language, but in character and dress are very unlike. The chief of these last are the Welatabi, the Sorabi, the Abodriti, and the Bohemians; against these he waged war, but the others, and by far the larger number, surrendered without a struggle.

The friendship, too, which he established with certain kings and peoples increased the glory of his reign.

Aldefonsus, King of Gallæcia and Asturica, was joined in so close an alliance with him that whenever he sent letters or ambassadors to Charles he gave instructions that he should be called "the man" of the Frankish King.

Further, his rich gifts had so attached the kings of the Scots to his favor that they always called him their lord and themselves his submissive servants. Letters are still in existence sent by them to Charles in which those feelings towards him are clearly shown.

With Aaron, the King of the Persians, who ruled over all the East, with the exception of India, he entertained so harmonious a friendship that the Persian King valued his favor before the friendship of all the kings and princes in the world, and held that it alone deserved to be cultivated with presents and titles. When, therefore, the ambassadors of Charles, whom he had sent with offerings to the most holy sepulcher of our Lord and Saviour and to the place of His resurrection, came to the Persian King and proclaimed the kindly feelings of their master, he not only granted them all they asked but also allowed that sacred place of our salvation to be reckoned as part of the possessions of the Frankish King. He further sent ambassadors of his own along with those of Charles upon the return journey, and forwarded immense

presents to Charles—robes and spices, and the other rich products of the East—and a few years earlier he had sent him at his request an elephant, which was then the only one he had.

The Emperors of Constantinople, Nicephorus, Michael, and Leo, too, made overtures of friendship and alliance with him, and sent many ambassadors. At first Charles was regarded with much suspicion by them, because he had taken the imperial title, and thus seemed to aim at taking from them their empire; but in the end a very definite treaty was made between them, and every occasion of quarrel on either side thereby avoided. For the Romans and the Greeks always suspected the Frankish power; hence there is a well-known Greek proverb: "the Frank is a good friend but a bad neighbor."

Though he was so successful in widening the boundaries of his foreign kingdom and subduing the foreign nations he, nevertheless, put on foot many works for the decoration and convenience of his kingdom, and carried some to completion. The great church dedicated to Mary, the holy Mother of God, at Aix, and the bridge, five hundred feet in length, over the great river Rhine near Mainz, may fairly be regarded as the chief of his works. But the bridge was burnt down a year before his death, and though he had determined to rebuild it of stone instead of wood it was not restored, because his death so speedily followed. He began also to build palaces of splendid workmanship—one not far from the city of Mainz, near a town called Ingelheim; another at Nimeguen, on the river Waal, which flows along the south of the Batavian island. And he gave special orders to the bishops and priests who had charge of sacred buildings that any throughout his realm which had fallen into ruin through age should be restored, and he instructed his agents to see that his orders were carried out.

He built a fleet, too, for the war against the Northmen, constructing ships for this purpose near those rivers which flow out of Gaul and Germany into the northern ocean. And because the Northmen laid waste the coasts of Gaul and Germany by their constant attacks he planted forts and garrisons in all harbors and at the mouths of all navigable rivers, and prevented in this way the passage of the enemy. He took the same measures in the South, on the shore of Narbonne and Septimania, and also along all the coasts of Italy as far as Rome, to hold in check the Moors, who had lately begun to make piratical excursions. And by reason of these precautions Italy suffered no serious harm from the Moors, nor Gaul and Germany from the Northmen, in the days of Charles; except that Centumcellæ, a city of Etruria, was betrayed into the hands of the Moors and plundered, and in Frisia certain islands lying close to Germany were ravaged by the Northmen.

I have shown, then, how Charles protected and expanded his kingdom and also what splendor he gave to it. I shall now go on to speak of his mental endowments, of his steadiness of purpose under whatever circumstances of prosperity or adversity, and of all that concerns his private and domestic life.

As long as, after the death of his father, he shared the kingdom with his brother he bore so patiently the quarreling and restlessness of the latter as never even to be provoked to wrath by him. Then, having married at his mother's bidding the daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, he divorced her, for some unknown reason, a year later. He took in marriage Hildigard, of the Suabian race, a woman of the highest nobility, and by her he had three sons—viz.: Charles and Pepin and Ludovicus, and three daughters—Hrotrud and Bertha and Gisla. He had also three other daughters—Theoderada

and Hiltrud and Hruodhaid. Two of these were the children of his wife Fastrada, a woman of the eastern Franks or Germans; the third was the daughter of a concubine, whose name has escaped my memory. On the death of Fastrada he married Liutgard, of the Alemannic race, by whom he had no children. After her death he had four concubines—namely, Madelgarda, who bore him a daughter of the name of Ruothild; Gersuinda of Saxon origin, by whom he had a daughter of the name of Adolthrud; Regina, who bore him Drogot and Hugo; and Adallinda, who was the mother of Theoderic.

His mother Bertrada lived with him to old age in great honor. He treated her with the utmost reverence, so that no quarrel of any kind ever arose between them—except in the matter of the divorce of the daughter of King Desiderius, whom he had married at her bidding. Bertrada died after the death of Hildigard, having lived to see three grandsons and as many granddaughters in her son's house. Charles had his mother buried with great honor in the same great church of St. Denys in which his father lay.

He had only one sister, Gisla, who from childhood was dedicated to the religious life. He treated her with the same affectionate respect as his mother. She died a few years before Charles' own death in the monastery in which she had passed her life.

In educating his children he determined to train them, both sons and daughters, in those liberal studies to which he himself paid great attention. Further, he made his sons, as soon as their age permitted it, learn to ride like true Franks, and practice the use of arms and hunting. He ordered his daughters to learn wool work and devote attention to the spindle and distaff, for the avoidance of idleness and lethargy, and to be trained to the adoption of high principles.

He lost two sons and one daughter before his death—namely, Charles, his eldest; Pepin, whom he made King of Italy; and Hruotrud, his eldest daughter, who had been betrothed to Constantine, the Emperor of the Greeks. Pépin left one son, Bernard, and five daughters—Adalheid, Atula, Gundrada, Berthaid, and Theoderada. In his treatment of them Charles gave the strongest proof of his family affection, for upon the death of his son he appointed his grandson Bernard to succeed him, and had his granddaughters brought up with his own daughters.

He bore the deaths of his two sons and of his daughters with less patience than might have been expected from his usual stoutness of heart, for his domestic affection, a quality for which he was as remarkable as for courage, forced him to shed tears. Morever, when the death of Hadrian, the Roman Pontiff, whom he reckoned as the chief of his friends, was announced to him, he wept for him, as though he had lost a brother or a very dear son. For he showed a very fine disposition in his friendships: he embraced them readily and maintained them faithfully, and he treated with the utmost respect all whom he had admitted into the circle of his friends.

He had such care of the upbringing of his sons and daughters that he never dined without them when he was at home, and never traveled without them. His sons rode along with him, and his daughters followed in the rear. Some of his guards, chosen for this very purpose, watched the end of the line of march where his daughters traveled. They were very beautiful, and much beloved by their father, and, therefore, it is strange that he would give them in marriage to no one, either among his own people or of a foreign state. But up to his death he kept them all at home, saying that he could not forego their society. And hence the good fortune that followed him in all other respects was here broken by the touch of scandal

and failure. He shut his eyes, however, to everything, and acted as though no suspicion of anything amiss had reached him, or as if the rumor of it had been discredited.

He had by a concubine a son called Pepin—whom I purposely did not mention along with the others—handsome, indeed, but deformed. When Charles, after the beginning of the war against the Huns, was wintering in Bavaria, this Pepin pretended illness, and formed a conspiracy against his father with some of the leaders of the Franks, who had seduced him by a vain promise of the kingdom. When the design had been detected and the conspirators punished Pepin was tonsured and sent to the monastery of Prumia, there to practice the religious life, to which in the end he was of his own will inclined.

Another dangerous conspiracy had been formed against him in Germany at an earlier date. The plotters were some of them blinded and some of them maimed, and all subsequently transported into exile. Not more than three lost their lives, and these resisted capture with drawn swords, and in defending themselves killed some of their opponents. Hence, as they could not be restrained in any other way, they were cut down.

The cruelty of Queen Fastrada is believed to be the cause and origin of these conspiracies. Both were caused by the belief that, upon the persuasion of his cruel wife, he had swerved widely from his natural kindness and customary leniency. Otherwise his whole life long he so won the love and favor of all men both at home and abroad that never was the slightest charge of unjust severity brought against him by any one.

He had a great love for foreigners, and took such pains to entertain them that their numbers were justly reckoned to be a burden not only to the palace but to the kingdom at large. But, with his usual loftiness of spirit, he took little note of such charges, for he found in the

reputation of generosity and in the good fame that followed such actions a compensation even for grave inconveniences.

His body was large and strong; his stature tall but not ungainly, for the measure of his height was seven times the length of his own feet. The top of his head was round; his eyes were very large and piercing. His nose was rather larger than is usual; he had beautiful white hair; and his expression was brisk and cheerful; so that, whether sitting or standing, his appearance was dignified and impressive. Although his neck was rather thick and short and he was somewhat corpulent this was not noticed owing to the good proportions of the rest of his body.

His step was firm, the whole carriage of his body manly; his voice was clear, but hardly so strong as you would have expected. He had good health, but for four years before his death was frequently attacked by fevers, and at last was lame of one foot. Even then he followed his own opinion rather than the advice of his doctors, whom he almost hated, because they advised him to give up the roast meat to which he was accustomed, and eat boiled instead. He constantly took exercise both by riding and hunting. This was a national habit; for there is hardly any race on the earth that can be placed on equality with the Franks in this respect. He took delight in the vapor of naturally hot waters, and constantly practiced swimming, in which he was so proficient that no one could be fairly regarded as his superior.

Partly for this reason he built his palace at Aix, and lived there continuously during the last years of his life up to the time of his death. He used to invite not only his sons to the bath but also his nobles and friends, and at times even a great number of his followers and bodyguards.

He wore the national—that is to say, the Frankish

dress. His shirts and drawers were of linen, then came a tunic with a silken fringe, and hose. His legs were cross-gartered and his feet inclosed in shoes. In winter-time he defended his shoulders and chest with a jerkin made of the skins of otters and ermine. He was clad in a blue cloak, and always wore a sword, with the hilt and belt of either gold or silver. Occasionally, too, he used a jeweled sword, but this was only on the great festivals or when he received ambassadors from foreign nations. He disliked foreign garments, however beautiful, and would never consent to wear them, except once at Rome on the request of Pope Hadrian, and once again upon the entreaty of his successor, Pope Leo, when he wore a long tunic and cloak, and put on shoes made after the Roman fashion. On festal days he walked in procession in a garment of gold cloth, with jeweled boots and a golden girdle to his cloak, and distinguished further by a diadem of gold and precious stones. But on other days his dress differed little from that of the common people.

He was temperate in eating and drinking, but especially so in drinking; for he had a fierce hatred of drunkenness in any man, and especially in himself or in his friends. He could not abstain so easily from food, and used often to complain that fasting was injurious to his health. He rarely gave large banquets, and only on the high festivals, but then he invited a large number of guests. His daily meal was served in four courses only, exclusive of the roast, which the hunters used to bring in on spits, and which he ate with more pleasure than any other food. During the meal there was either singing or a reader for him to listen to. Histories and the great deeds of men of old were read to him. He took delight also in the books of Saint Augustine, and especially in those which are entitled the City of God. He was so temperate in the use of wine and drink of any kind

that he rarely drank oftener than thrice during dinner.

In summer, after his midday meal, he took some fruit and a single draught, and then, taking off his clothes and boots, just as he was accustomed to do at night, he would rest for two or three hours. At night he slept so lightly that he would wake, and even rise, four or five times during the night.

When he was putting on his boots and clothes he not only admitted his friends, but if the Count of the Palace told him there was any dispute which could not be settled without his decision he would have the litigants at once brought in, and hear the case, and pronounce on it just as if he were sitting on the tribunal. He would, moreover, at the same time transact any business that had to be done that day or give any orders to his servants.

In speech he was fluent and ready, and could express with the greatest clearness whatever he wished. He was not merely content with his native tongue but took the trouble to learn foreign languages. He learnt Latin so well that he could speak it as well as his native tongue; but he could understand Greek better than he could speak it. His fluency of speech was so great that he even seemed sometimes a little garrulous.

He paid the greatest attention to the liberal arts, and showed the greatest respect and bestowed high honors upon those who taught them. For his lessons in grammar he listened to the instruction of Deacon Peter of Pisa, an old man; but for all other subjects Albinus, called Alcuin, also a deacon, was his teacher—a man from Britain, of the Saxon race, and the most learned man of his time. Charles spent much time and labor in learning rhetoric and dialectic, and especially astronomy, from Alcuin. He learnt, too, the art of reckoning, and with close application scrutinized most carefully the course of

the stars. He tried also to learn to write, and for this purpose used to carry with him and keep under the pillow of his couch tablets and writing-sheets that he might in his spare moments accustom himself to the formation of letters. But he made little advance in this strange task, which was begun too late in life.

He paid the most devout and pious regard to the Christian religion, in which he had been brought up from infancy. And, therefore, he built the great and most beautiful church at Aix, and decorated it with gold and silver and candelabras and with wicket gates and doors of solid brass. And, since he could not procure marble columns elsewhere for the building of it, he had them brought from Rome and Ravenna. As long as his health permitted it he used diligently to attend the church both in the morning and evening, and during the night, and at the time of the Sacrifice. He took the greatest care to have all the services of the church performed with the utmost dignity, and constantly warned the keepers of the building not to allow anything improper or dirty either to be brought into or to remain in the building. He provided so great a quantity of gold and silver vessels, and so large a supply of priestly vestments, that at the religious services not even the door-keepers, who form the lowest ecclesiastical order, had to officiate in their ordinary dress. He carefully reformed the manner of reading and singing; for he was thoroughly instructed in both, though he never read publicly himself, nor sang except in a low voice, and with the rest of the congregation.

He was most devout in relieving the poor and in those free gifts which the Greeks call alms. For he gave it his attention not only in his own country and in his own kingdom, but he also used to send money across the sea to Syria, to Egypt, to Africa—to Jerusalem, Alexandria,

and Carthage—in compassion for the poverty of any Christians whose miserable condition in those countries came to his ears. It was for this reason chiefly that he cultivated the friendship of kings beyond the sea, hoping thereby to win for the Christians living beneath their sway some succor and relief.

Beyond all other sacred and venerable places he loved the church of the holy Apostle Peter at Rome, and he poured into its treasury great wealth in silver and gold and precious stones. He sent innumerable gifts to the Pope; and during the whole course of his reign he strove with all his might (and, indeed, no object was nearer to his heart than this) to restore to the city of Rome her ancient authority, and not merely to defend the church of Saint Peter but to decorate and enrich it out of his resources above all other churches. But although he valued Rome so much, still, during all the forty-seven years that he reigned, he only went there four times to pay his vows and offer up his prayers.

But such were not the only objects of his last visit; for the Romans had grievously outraged Pope Leo, had torn out his eyes and cut off his tongue, and thus forced him to throw himself upon the protection of the King. He, therefore came to Rome to restore the condition of the church, which was terribly disturbed, and spent the whole of the winter there. It was then that he received the title of Emperor and Augustus, which he so disliked at first that he affirmed that he would not have entered the church on that day—though it was the chief festival of the church—if he could have foreseen the design of the Pope. But when he had taken the title he bore very quietly the hostility that it caused and the indignation of the Roman emperors. He conquered their ill-feeling by his magnanimity, in which, doubtless, he far excelled

them, and sent frequent embassies to them, and called them his brothers.

When he had taken the imperial title he noticed many defects in the legal systems of his people; for the Franks have two legal systems, differing in many points very widely from one another, and he, therefore, determined to add what was lacking, to reconcile the differences, and to amend anything that was wrong or wrongly expressed. He completed nothing of all his designs beyond adding a few capitularies, and those unfinished. But he gave orders that the laws and rules of all nations comprised within his dominions which were not already written out should be collected and committed to writing.

He also wrote out the barbarous and ancient songs, in which the acts of the kings and their wars were sung, and committed them to memory. He also began a grammar of his native language.

He gave the months names in his own tongue, for before his time they were called by the Franks partly by Latin and partly by barbarous names. He also gave names to the twelve winds, whereas before not more than four, and perhaps not so many, had names of their own. Of the months, he called January Winter-month, February Mud-month, March Spring-month, April Easter-month, May Joy-month, June Plow-month, July Hay-month, August Harvest-month, September Wind-month, October Vintage-month, November Autumn-month, December Holy-month. The following are the names which he gave to the winds:—The Subsolanus (east) he called East Wind; the Eurus (east by south) East-South Wind; the Euroauster (south by east) South-East Wind; the Auster (south) South Wind; the Austro-Afric (south by west) South-West Wind; the Afric (west by south) West-South Wind; the Zephyr (west) West Wind; the Corus (west by north) West-North Wind; the Circius (north

by west) North-West Wind; the Septentrion (north) North Wind; the Aquilon (north by east) North-East Wind; the Vulturnus (east by north) East-North Wind.

At the very end of his life, when already he was feeling the pressure of old age and sickness, he summoned his own son Lewis, King of Aquitania, the only surviving son of Hildigard, and then solemnly called together the Frankish nobles of his whole kingdom; and then, with the consent of all, made Lewis partner in the whole kingdom and heir to the imperial title. After that, putting the diadem on his head, he ordered them to salute him "Imperator" and Augustus. This decision of his was received by all present with the greatest favor, for it seemed to them a divine inspiration for the welfare of the realm. It added to his dignity at home and increased the terror of his name abroad.

He then sent his son back to Aquitania, and himself, though broken with old age, proceeded to hunt, as his custom was, not far from the palace of Aix, and after spending the rest of the autumn in this pursuit he came back to Aix about the beginning of November. Whilst he was spending the winter there he was attacked by a sharp fever, and took to his bed. Then, following his usual habit, he determined to abstain from food, thinking that by such self-discipline he would be able either to cure or alleviate the disease. But the fever was complicated by a pain in the side which the Greeks call pleurisy; and, as Charles still persisted in fasting, and only very rarely drank something to sustain his strength, seven days after he had taken to his bed he received holy communion, and died, in the seventy-second year of his life and in the forty-seventh year of his reign, on the fifth day before the Kalends of February, at the third hour of the day.

His body was washed and treated with the usual cere-

monies, and then, amidst the greatest grief of the whole people, taken to the church and buried. At first there was some doubt as to where he should rest, since he had given no instructions during his lifetime. But at length all were agreed that he could be buried nowhere more honorably than in the great church which he had built at his own expense in the same town, for the love of our Lord God Jesus Christ and the honor of His holy and ever-virgin Mother. There he was buried on the same day on which he died. A gilded arch was raised above the tomb, with his statue, and an inscription. The inscription ran as follows:—

"Beneath this tomb lies the body of Charles, the great and orthodox Emperor, who nobly expanded the kingdom of the Franks and reigned prosperously for forty-seven years. He departed this life, more than seventy years of age, in the eight hundred and fourteenth year of our Lord, in the seventh indiction, on the fifth day before the Kalends of February."

There were many prodigies to show that his end drew near, and he as well as others understood the meaning of their warnings. During all the three last years of his life there were constant eclipses of sun and moon, and a black colored spot appeared in the sun for the space of seven days. The gallery which he had built, of great size and strength, between the palace and the church, suddenly, on Ascension Day, fell in ruins down even to the foundations. Also, the wooden bridge over the Rhine near Mainz, which he had built with wonderful skill, and the labor of ten years, so that it seemed as though it would last for ever, was accidentally set on fire, and in three hours burnt so far that not a plank remained except those that were covered by the water.

Further, when he was making his last expedition in Saxony against Godofrid, King of the Danes, as he was moving out of camp and beginning his march before sunrise, he suddenly saw a meteor rush across the heavens with a great blaze and pass from right to left through the clear sky. Whilst all were wondering what this sign meant, suddenly the horse that he was riding fell head foremost, and threw him so violently to the ground that the girdle of his cloak was broken, and his sword belt slipped from it. When his attendants ran up to help him they found him disarmed and disrobed. His javelin, too, which he was holding in his hand at the time of his fall, fell twenty paces and more away from him. Moreover, the palace at Aix was frequently shaken, and in houses where he lived there was a constant creaking in the fretted ceilings. The church in which he was afterwards buried was struck by lightning, and the golden apple that adorned the summit of the roof was thrown down by a thunder stroke, and fell upon the Bishop's house, which adjoined the church. In the same church an inscription was written on the edge of the circular space which ran round the inside of the church between the upper and lower arches, saying by whom the sacred edifice had been built. And in the last line occurred the words: "Carolus Princeps." Some noticed that in the very year in which Charles died, and a few months before his death, the letters of the word "princeps" were so destroyed as to be quite invisible. But he either refused to notice or despised all these omens as though they had no connection at all with anything that concerned him.

He had determined to draw out wills in order to make his daughters and the sons whom his concubines had borne to him heirs to some part of his property; but he took up this design too late, and could not carry it

out. But some three years before he died he divided his treasures, his money and his robes, and all his other moveable property, in presence of his friends and ministers, and appealed to them to ratify and maintain by their support this division after his death. He also stated in a document how he wished to have the property which he had divided disposed of. The text and purport of the document ran as follows:—

In the name of the Lord God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is the description and division which was made by the most glorious and pious lord Charles, the august Emperor, in the eight hundred and eleventh year from the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ; in the forty-third year of his reign in Frankland; in the thirty-sixth year of his reign in Italy; in the eleventh year of his Empire and in the fourth indiction: which division he made for wise and religious reasons of his treasures and of the money which on that day was found in the treasury. Wherein his great aim was: in the first place to ensure that the distribution of alms, which Christians religiously make from their possessions, should be duly and properly made on his account from his wealth; and also that his heirs may clearly know without any possibility of doubt what ought to belong to them, and may therefore (without contest or dissension) divide his goods among themselves in their proper proportion. Therefore with this intention and object he first divided into three parts all his property and moveable goods; which, whether consisting of gold, silver, jewels, or royal apparel, could be found on the afore-mentioned day in his treasury. Then, by a further distribution, he divided two of those three parts into twenty-one parts, and kept the third part undivided.

The distribution of the two parts into twenty-one is

to be carried on in the following way. As there are known to be twenty-one metropolitan cities in his realm, one of those twenty-one parts is to be handed over to each metropolitan city by his heirs and friends for the purpose of almsgiving. The Archbishop who at the time of his death is ruling the metropolitan sees shall receive that part for his church and divide it among his suffragans; one-third going to his own church and two-thirds being divided among his suffragans.

Each of these divisions—which, as already mentioned, are made out of the first two-thirds, and are twenty-one in number, according to the number of the metropolitan sees—is separated from the rest and put away by itself in a repository of its own with the title of the city attached to which it is to be given. The names of the metropolitan sees, to which this alms or largess is to be given, are Rome, Ravenna, Milan, Fréjus, Grado, Cologne, Mainz, Juvavum which is also called Salsburg, Trèves, Sens, Besançon, Lyons, Rouen, Rheims, Arles, Vienne, Darantasia, Embrun, Bordeaux, Tours, Bourges.

The following disposition shall be made of the one part hitherto left undivided. When the first two parts have been distributed into the before-mentioned divisions, and have been put away under seal, this third part shall be employed for daily uses, as not being alienated by any bond or promise of the owner; and it shall be so used as long as he himself remains in the flesh or judges its employment to be necessary to him. But after his death or his voluntary retirement from the affairs of the world that part shall be divided into four subdivisions. Of these subdivisions one shall be added to the before-mentioned twenty-one parts; the second shall be taken by his sons and daughters, and by the sons and daughters of his sons, and shall be divided among them in just and reasonable proportion; the third shall be devoted

to the use of the poor in the manner usual among Christians; the fourth part shall similarly be divided for alms and go to the support of the servants, both men and women, who attend to the needs of the palaces.

He desired further that there should be added to this third part of the total sum, which like the other parts consist of gold and silver, all vessels and utensils of brass, iron or other metals, with arms, clothes and all other moveable articles, whether of value or not, which are employed for various purposes; as for instance curtains, coverlets, tapestries, woolen cloths, dressed skins, harnesses, and whatever else is found at that date in his store chamber or wardrobe: so that in this way the subdivisions of that part may be larger, and the distribution of alms find its way to a larger number.

He desired that the chapel—that is, the materials for the service of the church, both those which he himself gave and collected and those which came to him by inheritance from his father—should remain entire and suffer no division of any kind. But if any vessel or books or other ornaments are found, which have certainly not been given by him to the afore-mentioned chapel, these may be bought and possessed by any one who wants them, at a price fixed by a reasonable valuation. He similarly determined that the books, of which he had collected a great quantity in his library, should be sold at a reasonable price to any one who wanted them and the money handed over to the poor. Amongst his treasures there are three tables of silver and one of gold of remarkable size and weight. Concerning these he determined and decided as follows. One of them, square in shape, containing a map of the city of Constantinople, shall be sent to Rome for the cathedral of the holy Apostle Peter, along with the other gifts which are set aside for that purpose. The second, round in shape, inscribed with a

picture of the city of Rome, shall be given to the Bishopric of the Church of Ravenna. The third, which is far superior to the others both in beauty and workmanship and in weight, which is made of three circles, and contains a map of the whole world, skillfully and minutely drawn, shall go to increase that third part which is to be divided among his heirs and given in alms.

This disposition and arrangement he made and drew up in presence of the bishops, abbots and counts, who could then be present and whose names are here written out.

Bishops

Hildibald
Richolf
Arno
Wolphar
Bernoin
Laidrad
John
Theodolf
Jesse
Heito
Waltgaud

Abbots

Fridugisius
Adalung
Engilbert
Irmin

Counts

Walatho
Meginher
Otolf
Shephen
Unruoc
Barchard
Meginhard
Hatto
Rihwin
Edo
Ercangar
Gerold
Bero
Hildigern
Roccolf

His son Lewis, who by the designs of Providence succeeded him, inspected the aforesaid document, and carried out these arrangements with the greatest devotion immediately after his death.

Lorenzo de' Medici

The Statesman

By EYRE EVANS CROWE

THE merits and demerits of the family of Medici have been the subject of much difference of opinion among modern writers. But the difference is more a matter of taste and sentiment than of fact and reason. He, in whose mind literature and the arts predominate as objects of interest, looks to Lorenzo and to Leo as munificent patrons and collectors—as appreciators of talent, and endowers of institutions to develop and advance it. The politician, on the other hand, considers the freedom which they stifled, and the system of tyranny which they established upon its ruins. To him it seems a poor recompense that the new state of bondage was rendered illustrious by all the glories that genius could achieve; nor can he admit the fame of Michelangelo and Raphael to be an equivalent for the free institutions of Florence, crushed and scattered by the Medici at the very moment when the growth of intelligence and civilization on every side might have been expected to improve and consolidate them. Florence, indeed, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, afforded prospects of reaching a state of rational and equal freedom. The popular party was too strong for the nobles: the political fate of Venice was, therefore, not to be feared. It was requisite only that the heads of the popular party

should remain true to their principles, and not mar, by selfish ambition, the hopes and the struggles of the lovers of freedom. Now the latter, unfortunately, was the part played by the Medici.

When, however, one has fully admitted a heavy censure against the family, and shared the regret and resentment occasioned by its career, one may portion out the demerit amongst its different princes; and find that some, at least, may plead necessity in excuse, generosity and mildness in extenuation. Giovanni, or John of Medici, for example, the true founder of the grandeur of his race, was a patriot of the most unimpeachable character, of the wisest and the noblest stamp. He it was who led the citizens, for the first time successfully, against the nobles; and who deprived the latter of their absurd and unjust prerogatives, of at once monopolizing the government of the state, and on this plea considering themselves exempt from taxes. Unfortunately, the Florentine people were as unable to keep as to recover this liberty without a leader. They had not many leaders, whom they could change as the Athenians and the Romans changed their chiefs. The ancient republics cherished and preserved great popular assemblies, not only for political but for judicial purposes; and this enabled them to create, to support, and to render dependent upon their voices, the leaders of the republic.

Eloquence as well as military talent amongst them led to eminence. But Florence was merely a commercial republic, characterized by the narrowness of the municipal system, and looking to wealth as the only symbol of power. There was no enlivening spirit in her institutions. They consisted in mechanical balloting and routine, rather than in those spoken appeals to reason and the passions, which constituted, after all, the safety as well as the grandeur of the old republics. Popular eloquence is the thunder

of the political atmosphere. It alarms much, but hurts rarely, and is the great means of purification and salubrity. But Florence knew it not, and her people consequently were obliged to look to wealthy protection. They, in fact, chose themselves an hereditary tribunate in the family of Medici.

Cosmo, the son of Giovanni, was a political character far less pure than his father. But, then, he was bred up a witness to the struggles of faction. He it was who founded openly the despotic power of his family, and, from the representative and champion of the people, rendered himself their virtual sovereign. Cosmo, like all usurpers, had his excuses for this conduct. He might plead that he could combat the aristocratic faction only by raising himself above their level. A conspiracy overthrew, took captive, and exiled Cosmo and his family. A reflux of fortune brought him back to power, which he then secured, with the instinct and necessities of a tyrant, by cruelty and artifice. When expostulated with on such unusual rigor, "Better thin the city than lose it," was his selfish reply. His sagacity in arranging anew the government of Florence, under the guise of free institutions, is sufficiently proved by his never after being disturbed in his authority. His return from exile took place in 1434. With Cosmo must chiefly rest the honor and the disgrace of having elevated his family to supreme power in Florence.

The family of Medici are indebted to Cosmo for even more than this. He not only raised his house to princely rank, but communicated to it the peculiar bent and taste which then distinguished, and since immortalized it. He it was who first displayed that passion and munificence for literature and the arts, which his descendants inherited with their political influence. It was during the short period of his exile at Venice that Cosmo developed

and indulged a taste so novel in that rude age; and so great a source of pride and solace did he find in it, that, after his return and reëstablishment in Florence, he may be considered to have devoted his life and wealth to the pursuits of a patron and a collector. Cosmo is said to have been a rude and illiterate man, more skilled in public affairs and in commerce than in any arts more refined: his conduct might have proceeded in part from shrewd calculation.

Cosmo and his family were the typical representatives of the moneyed great; of the class ennobled by wealth rather than birth: his competitors were the nobles born. To show himself more refined than they, and to prove that the mind of the citizen could rise to a level with, if not above, the feudal noble, might have been one of the aims of Cosmo: and it cannot be denied that he succeeded. History will prove that a commercial aristocracy has ever produced the best patrons of the arts, if not of literature. The rich Athenians are an example. Where was the taste of European monarchs and nobles until awakened by the bankers of Florence?

In the palace of Cosmo, ever thronged with the distinguished in arts and letters, was born and reared his grandson Lorenzo.[4] Piero, the father of the child, though not without the taste and refinement, still wanted the capacity and prudence of his race; but all that a parent's example and care could supply young Lorenzo experienced from his mother Lucretia. Cosmo, too, must have been most anxious to give his intended successor an education befitting the political rank and intellectual superiority of the family. A distinguished preceptor was chosen for Lorenzo; and the youth was taught to unite princely with literary accomplishments. Anecdotes are recounted of his early generosity, as well as aptitude in learning. His precocity soon displayed itself in love and

verse making; and the efforts of his early muse earned the approbation of the gravest critics of the time. Lucretia of the Donati family was Lorenzo's early love and muse; her charms proved the most efficient means of calling forth in the youth those shining qualities which adorned him. He became not only a poet but a cavalier; and although, as Valori says, "nature was somewhat a stepmother to his exterior," he redeemed such defects by martial and knightly exercises, so as to carry off the palm in many a tournament.

Lorenzo was sixteen years of age at the period of his grandfather's death, in 1464. Piero de' Medici, who then succeeded to influence, was far from possessing the strength of character requisite for government; and he seemed so conscious of it as to resort thus early to the aid and advice of his son. Lorenzo was accordingly diverted from love and platonism, from the lessons of Ficinus the philosopher, and the companionship of the poet Pulci, to the weightier affairs of state and government. In order to study this science where it then alone existed, in living courts, Lorenzo left Florence in the year after Cosmo's death for a tour through the several states of Italy. He had previously met Frederick, the heir to the crown of Naples; but this first interview between the princes had been chiefly employed by them in designs for a collection of Tuscan poetry; a circumstance which sufficiently depicts the prevailing taste of both, and of the age.

In 1466 Lorenzo visited Rome, and afterwards Naples, where he was splendidly received by king Ferdinand; he also visited Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Milan; and may be supposed to have studied closely the learning, interests, and prospects of the several states of Italy. Whilst his son was thus engaged, Piero de' Medici was acting imprudently at Florence. Cosmo, even in his

most triumphant days, had found it unadvisable to monopolize the supreme authority. Capponi first, and Pitti afterwards, assumed the appearance of equality with him. By this means, as well as by indulging the Florentine people with the forms of liberty, Cosmo had succeeded in establishing his supremacy: but Piero was so vain as to seek to limit exclusively to himself even the appearance of authority, and so imprudent as, at the same time, to alienate the especial dependents upon his house by calling in his commercial debts.

A conspiracy was formed, in consequence, against him by his aristocratic rival Pitti, who associated himself with the true friends of liberty in Florence. Lorenzo de' Medici returned to his native city whilst the plot was in progress; he endeavored to allay the evident discontent of many of the citizens by fêtes and tournaments: the conspiracy broke out nevertheless.

The foreign enemies of the Medici soon put troops in motion towards Florence, within or adjoining the walls of which a force was organized to take the lives, or, at least, to seize the persons, of Piero and his son. The design was frustrated, however, by an activity and address so little in unison with the general character and conduct of Piero, that the honor may well be attributed to Lorenzo, who now accompanied him. Seductive promises of reconciliation and alliance gained over Lucas Pitti from his popular associates; who, thus deprived of their chief, shrank from the hazards of a trial, and submitted to defeat.

This victory enabled Piero de' Medici to assume the dictatorial authority which his father had acquired by his dexterity and good fortune, but which the jealous and independent spirit of the Florentines did not yet permit to descend as an inheritance. By the ancient constitution of the republic, its chief magistrates were chosen by

lot. In difficult times, in epochs of war or faction, such a system of perfect equality was insupportable: capacity then became requisite, as well as identity of opinion, between the magistrates and the people. For these occasions, which the Florentine legislators anticipated only as rare exceptions, the people reserved to themselves the right of suspending the choice of the magistracy by lot. They assembled and named a certain number of citizens in whom they confided; and these, called the *balia,* were entitled, not indeed to name the actual magistrates, but to compose lists from which they were to be chosen by lot: this was tantamount to naming the very magistrates, and constituted a completely dictatorial power in the *balia,* or, rather, in him under whose influence it was composed. It was by means of these *balia* that Cosmo had established his power—punished and exiled his foes. But they had now expired. Piero de' Medici was too much despised to be permitted to renew them, until his impatient foes, seeking to precipitate, rather than wait, his fall, afforded him, by their rash and unsuccessful enterprise, the means of calling an assembly of the people favorable to him, and of once more nominating *balia.*

Nothing could have occurred more opportune for the Medici, who, under Piero's rule, were rapidly losing both wealth and influence. But now, endowed with a firm hold of power, young Lorenzo resumed his gayety and tournaments, and gave those *giuochi* which inspired the muse of Pulci and Politian. He soon after married Clarice, of the great Roman family of the Orsini,—an ambitious match, which had formed one of the accusations against Piero. Lorenzo, soon after, in the year 1469,—then twenty-one years of age,—succeeded, by the death of his father, to the station of supreme arbiter of the republic: not a voice was heard to dispute his elevation.

The politics of Italy, from its subdivision and the different forms of government, must have ever presented a complexity of interests. But at this period, before French interference came to derange them utterly, there was need of little more than common prudence to maintain a certain regularity. At the accession of Lorenzo de' Medici to power, the western states of Italy appeared to be leagued in peaceful amity. The princes of Milan and Naples hailed the rise of a sovereign house in Florence, and all joined in jealousy against the Venetians. The latter, however, were supported by lesser lords of Romagna, and this formed a kind of balance, which depended mainly on the neutrality of the pope. To preserve this state of affairs, and counteract the intrigues of the Florentine exiles, was necessarily the aim of Lorenzo. The chief obstacle to the stability of this state lay in the character of the Roman government and of the popes, each of whom came to the pontifical chair with peculiar predilections for their family or native towns. Paul II, for example, the actual pope, was a Venetian. He intrigued to obtain Rimini for himself, or to transfer Bologna to Venice. Lorenzo's interference was employed to counteract his views. Upon the death of Paul, in 1471, Lorenzo hoped to ingratiate himself more with his successor, Sixtus IV, and for that purpose went in person as ambassador from Florence to the new pontiff.

The greatest amity prevailed between them then. Sixtus seemed to have drawn largely from the funds of the wealthy chief of the Medici. Nor did Lorenzo, in his political career, forget the old commercial habits of his family. He purchased of Sixtus a collection of precious gems, which he sold advantageously to other princes; and obtained the appointment of one of his relatives to the lucrative office of papal treasurer. But if thus studious of amassing, Lorenzo was proportionately generous in

princely expenditure. He soon after founded the university of Pisa, and endowed it richly. The sum of his charities, as given by Fabroni, is of enormous amount.

The friendship between Lorenzo de' Medici and pope Sixtus was not of long duration. Most historians attribute the breach, and the consequent war throughout Italy, to the rapacity and despotism of Sixtus. But Lorenzo seems to have given some cause. Even Valori owns that he had entered into an agreement for purchasing Imola, before Sixtus, roused by this attempt, bid for it himself, and obtained the town for his nephew. It was another Florentine capitalist, Francis de' Pazzi, who furnished the pope with the money, and who, in face, outbid Lorenzo at the court of Rome. He was made treasurer of that court in lieu of the relative, whose elevation to that office had been procured by Lorenzo: and here, in fact, commenced that rivalry betwixt the Pazzi and the Medici, which put an end to the overwhelming resources of the latter, and drove the crushed rival to seek revenge in the memorable conspiracy about to be related.

The pope supported the Pazzi, and sought to raise them up into the position of rivalry with the Medici, formerly held by the Pitti. The king of Naples seconded the design. This led to a league betwixt the Venetians, Milanese, and Florentines, and divided Italy, in a hostile sense, into north and south, in lieu of into east and west. The archbishopric of Pisa, generally possessed by one of the Medici, becoming vacant, was given by Sixtus to Salviati, a follower of the Pazzi. But these were merely measures of annoyance; the Medici could not be openly competed with; and a conspiracy, similar to that which had lately proved so successful at Milan by the assassination of the reigning duke, seemed the only mode of rescuing Florence from their sway.

Pope Sixtus was said to be the originator, he was at least an approver of the design. His son, the cardinal de Riano, came to Florence to direct the enterprise. Salviati, the new archbishop of Pisa, was another leader. The brothers Pazzi were to be the principal instruments with Poggio, son of the famous scholar of that name, Bandini, and Montesicco, a captain of condottieri in the papal service.

The first intention of the conspirators was to attack the brothers Medici in their country house at Fiesole; but the uncertainty of surprising them together caused this plan to be abandoned. The church of the *Reparata,* where Lorenzo and Giuliano were to attend on the following Sunday, was then fixed upon as the scene. It was resolved to stab them in the crowd; Pazzi and Bandini undertaking to slay Giuliano, whilst Lorenzo's fate was intrusted to the experienced hand of Montesicco.

The condottiero, however, had qualms; he shrank not from murder, but from murder in a church. Two ecclesiastics undertook to despatch Lorenzo. These substitutes, chosen in haste, wasted the *animo grande e fermo,* —the grandeur and force of soul, as Machiavel says,— requisite for the task. Whilst Giuliano was stabbed, and even mangled, by Pazzi, Lorenzo received merely a slight wound in the throat, was able to draw and defend himself, and made a safe retreat into the sacristy of the church. The archbishop of Pisa, in the mean time, with Poggio and other conspirators, attempted to get possession of the palace. The archbishop himself penetrated to where the gonfalonier Petrucci and the ostensible members of the government were sitting. But, unequal to his purpose, which was to surprise and awe Petrucci into submission, he hesitated, revealed his own treachery, and was arrested. The gates of the palace were secured. Poggio was hanged from one of the windows. This

act of summary punishment was so highly applauded, that the archbishop Salviati was brought out and put to a similar death. The adherents of the Pazzi throughout the city were every where dispersed, massacred, or hanged.

Francis Pazzi, disabled by a bad wound inflicted by himself in his eagerness to slay Giuliano, was taken, dragged to the palace, and hanged by the side of Poggio and the archbishop. James, the aged father of the Pazzi, underwent the same fate. The affection of the Florentines for the Medici amounted, on this occasion, to frenzy. In vain were they called on by the conspirators to reassert their liberty. The name, says Machiavel, was unknown.

Thus did the foes of the Medici work more effectually for the elevation of the family, than could either itself or its supporters. This second conspiracy completely established Lorenzo's power, exciting in the people towards him a personal interest, which amounted to loyalty. This was increased by the inveteracy which the Italian powers now manifested. The pope indulged in the most indecorous resentment, excommunicated Lorenzo, and offered peace to the Florentines on condition of their expelling the Medici. This being refused, the troops of Rome and Naples advanced into the Florentine territory. Lorenzo felt that he himself was equally endangered by this open hostility: it was not that he feared the arms and valor of the combined powers, but that his fellow-citizens or subjects were peculiarly impatient of war and its expenses. These they now incurred apparently on Lorenzo's single account; for the pope and the king of Naples professed to make war solely and personally upon him.

In order to obviate the dangerous effects of his position, Lorenzo, according to Machiavel, assembled the

citizens, and addressed to them a moving speech, to this effect,—that neither he nor any of his family had sought to impose their authority, but had wielded it merely by popular consent; and that now, if they deemed the war personally caused by him, they had but to shake him off, and liberate themselves from its pressure. The assembly replied by acclamations; determined to carry on the war; and even appointed a domestic guard to attend upon Lorenzo, and defend him from any attempt at assassination.

The war that now commenced betwixt northern and southern Italy attracted the attention of all Europe. It speaks in favor of Lorenzo, that it was he who won, in preference to his foes, the sympathies of almost every foreign prince and state. The pontiff of letters and of the arts attracted more respect than the pontiff of the church. No war, indeed, could have commenced in a cause more calculated to stir the blood; but military heroism seemed dead in the breasts of the Italians, and the actions which ensued are more worthy of burlesque than of history. The papal troops ran away from their enemies at Thrasymene, frighted, it is said, by the ill omen of the name,—as if the cravens might be allowed to plead sympathy or affinity with their glorious predecessors. The balance of victory and merit was restored, however, by a similar panic befalling the Florentine army, which, at Poggibonsi, was opposed to the troops of Naples. They fled in causeless and disastrous rout, leaving Florence itself exposed to hostile inroad, had not the victor been incapable of seizing an advantage, as the vanquished of defense.

Now recommenced those rumors, that fickle weariness of the war, on the part of the Florentines, which Lorenzo had at first dreaded. He felt that, in spite of the love of which he had not long since received such

profuse tokens, the people would sacrifice him rather than much longer support the burden of war upon his sole account. Murmurs already arose, urging the necessity of a piece. Amidst the lukewarmness of allies, there was no way of procuring this but by conciliating at least one of the chief enemies. According to Machiavel, Lorenzo hesitated to which he should address himself,—the pope or the king of Naples. He decided for the latter, to whom he had been long known. As the negotiation was one in which his private interest was chiefly concerned, Lorenzo resolved to undertake it himself, and to proceed to Naples as the envoy of the republic. He was warned of the danger of thus placing himself in the power of an enemy; but he resolved to incur the risk.

Towards the close of 1479, Lorenzo embarked for Naples. The magnanimity of his resolve, as soon as it was known, already softened the enmity of the king; and, on approaching Ferdinand's capital, Lorenzo found that every preparation had been made to give him honorable welcome. If the fame of his coming had produced this respect, his presence commanded still greater, and the king could not withhold his admiration and friendship. Yet, if we are to believe Machiavel, these demonstrations of amity were not unmingled with sinister intentions. "The king deferred letting him depart for some time, in order to see if some tumult might not arise in Florence; but as affairs remained quiet in that quarter, he dismissed Lorenzo on the 6th of March, with every proof of affection, and after concluding a perpetual league of amity betwixt their respective states."

This was the kind of triumph which the Florentines loved—the bringing back of peace. No conqueror, after winning victory by the sword, was ever more triumphantly welcomed in ancient Rome, than Lorenzo was in modern Florence, for having achieved peace by his per-

sonal merit and address, with whatever loss of dignity and spirit. Politian poured forth his gratulations in verse, and all writers have echoed the applause.

His success in this negotiation obtained Lorenzo, indeed, a high degree of eminence. It secured him not only a Florentine, but an Italian supremacy. Roscoe fixes on this period as the time when he conceived the plan of maintaining the tranquillity of the peninsula, by the great principle of supporting the balance of power. But this was a principle long known, and one upon which, indeed, Lorenzo had always acted. Nor was he singular; for the very obvious idea is perceptible in the conduct of preceding princes. There was only this difference in Lorenzo's adoption of it, that, in other princes, the maxim was every moment forgotten and set aside by the whims and projects of selfish ambition; whereas the pacific and even-tempered Lorenzo saw the interest of Florence, not in her aggrandizement, but in sedulously preserving the present state of her own and her neighbors' strength and frontiers. He first recovered Sarzana, and restored it to the republic. This important frontier town was necessary for the security of Florence. With this exception, he looked more towards preventing the mutual encroachments of other princes than meditated any himself. Whilst the Venetians, the princes of the house of Naples, and the successive popes, were each bent upon petty and individual aggrandizement, Lorenzo cajoled or resisted, now the one, now the other, as necessity required, acting himself with seeming disinterestedness, but unfailing prudence.

The political scene now changed. It was no longer the people and Naples against Florence, but the pope and the Venetians who united against Ferrara. Lorenzo flew to the assistance of the weaker side, and brought Naples into his views. Here was the principle of the

balance of power in complete action. The death of the pope Sixtus brought another change and new aspect of affairs. Lorenzo, as formerly, on the accession of Sixtus, directed all his efforts to gain the good will of the new pope. Fortunately, he was one not disinclined to amity with Lorenzo. But yet, in the very commencement of his pontificate, this same pope Innocent, having resolved to encourage the disaffection of the Neapolitan barons, and by their means destroy the reigning house of Naples, Lorenzo engaged himself and Florence in defense of that kingdom, and succeeded in checking the designs of the ambitious pontiff. The Florentine prince employed argument and insinuation, rather than open menace, succeeded not only in preserving Naples from oppressions, but even in acquiring Innocent's friendship.

It was this pontiff who made Lorenzo's son, Giovanni, a cardinal, and laid the foundation of the ecclesiastical grandeur of the Medici. This young Giovanni, or John, was the future Leo X. His foreign policy, however, formed the bright side of Lorenzo's character as a statesman. At home, he not only continued the despotism of his father and grandfather, but erected it into an open and avowed system. The failure of the Pazzi plot, although it had raised his popularity, yet at the same time gave rise to a war which proved distressing to the Florentines. Whilst it lasted, Lorenzo showed himself humble, and did not appear to meditate anything against the freedom of his country. But when he returned from Naples with peace in his hand, he resolved to make a selfish use of his triumph and of his popularity. Not only relying on this, but also representing the imminent danger of fresh war, unless the state were governed by less popular and fluctuating counsels, he obtained from the people not merely a temporary *balia,* but a regular senate

of seventy chief citizens, his friends, charged with the power of forming the electoral lists.

This was a death-blow to the liberties of Florence.

From this dark part of Lorenzo's character and acts we turn hastily to the virtues by which he partially redeemed his despotism. Thus, if he checked civilization in one path, he certainly accelerated its progress in another. From his earliest youth a poet, the friend of Politian and of Pulci, he cultivated literature with ardor.

Like most poets, with whom the muse is more a companion and a solace than a guide of fame or profit, Lorenzo vented his amatory feelings and philosophic thoughts, rather than attempted narrations. For this reason he is less popular and known, as well as less influential, than those chroniclers of fable, Pulci, Boiardo, and their school. But he has far sweeter touches for those who are content to search into his Platonic mysticism. The literary taste and patronage of the prince, however, are of more importance than his genius and productions. Lorenzo's fostering care protected men of learning, and procured them every aid. Manuscripts he collected from all sides; he founded the famous library which bears his name; he encouraged the study of Greek, and founded schools for its cultivation. In short, Lorenzo de' Medici did all that an individual mind could do, to elevate and enlighten, not only his country, but the world.

The details of criticism, as well as the friendships, merits, and quarrels of the literati whom he protected, and amongst whom he chiefly lived, can be allowed to occupy but little place in the history of the statesman. Politian was, perhaps, the person for whom Lorenzo had most regard; and their correspondence affords amiable proof of the terms of kindness and equality upon which the poet and his patron lived. The poet afterwards undertook the tuition of Lorenzo's sons; a task for which he

was more fitted by his learning than his temper. He squabbled continually with the mother of the boys, and appealed querulously to Lorenzo. At length his friend allowed the scholar to retire to the more fitting and peaceable company of his muse.

The absorbing and important pursuits of politics and letters rendered Lorenzo de' Medici less prudent in the management of his commercial affairs and fortune than his ancestor, Cosmo, had been. Indeed, Piero had brought disorder into the private finances of the family. Many of the wars which Florence had undertaken were personally directed against Lorenzo; and he, sensible of this, had borne the expense of some expeditions out of his private funds. The consequences involved him in serious difficulties, from which he was enabled to extricate himself by the gratitude of the Florentines, who placed the state revenues at his private disposal. Lorenzo, thenceforth, gave up the pursuits of banking and commerce, withdrew his wealth from them, and placed it in land, as more durable, and more suited to the prince and man of taste. He took delight in the country, and devoted himself, in his old days, with zeal, to agriculture. He had a number of villas, and a farm, of which he has left a beautiful description. But their charm to us must ever be their having been habitually frequented by such men as Politian, Pico of Mirandola, and Lorenzo himself.

In the year 1492, Lorenzo, at the height of power, fame, and happiness, and still in the prime of manhood, —for he was but forty-four,—was taken with one of those low and languid fevers endemic in the country. He was removed to his favorite villa at Careggi, and was soon attended by his favorite friends, Politian and Pico. The fatal nature of the disorder soon became evident. Lorenzo prepared, with the resignation of a Christian and the magnanimity of a philosopher, for his death.

His last moments are minutely and affectingly described by Politian; and they well correspond with the dignity of his life.

The crime of having riveted the chains of his country did not perhaps weigh upon him as upon us, although the celebrated Savonarola, whom he summoned to his bedside, is said to have reproached him with it as a sin, and to have refused him absolution until he repaired the wrongs of Florence by restoring to the republic its ancient freedom.

Such was the career of this truly great, and, except in one important respect, this estimable man. Notwithstanding the general censure which hangs over the Medici, for having suppressed the liberties of Florence, it is difficult not to except, in some degree, Lorenzo from its weight. He found a certain political state established, and to continue it might have been imperative upon him. The only security for himself, his family, and his numerous partisans, containing, perhaps, half the city, lay in his domination. This, however, is but a personal and insufficient defense. Yet if the crime of ruling without right can be redeemed, it was redeemed by Lorenzo. The people's love hailed and followed his every act, and his death was lamented as a public calamity. The physician who fruitlessly attended him threw himself into a well, and perished in despair. This one example depicts the consternation and grief experienced by his friends.

His loss as a patron of literature and the arts would have been irretrievable but for the son, whom he had brought up in his own pursuits and tastes. As a politician, holding and watching over the balance and the peace of Italy, Lorenzo's place could not be supplied. No sooner had death removed him from the helm, than Italian interests and unity went to wreck. The princes of the country became divided: each followed his petty and short-

sighted aim, till at length, the French being called in, there was an end for centuries to the peace, and for ever, it least up to this day, to the freedom of Italy.

Patron of the Arts

By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

The figure of Lorenzo de' Medici has more than once already crossed the stage of this history. Whether dealing with the political conditions, or the scholarship, or the fine arts of the Renaissance, it is impossible to omit his name. There is therefore now no need to sketch his character or to inquire into the incidents of his Florentine administration. It will suffice to remind the readers of this book that he finally succeeded in so clinching the power of the Casa Medici that no subsequent revolutions were able to destroy it. The part he played as a patron of artists and scholars, and as a writer of Italian, was subordinate to his political activity in circumstances of peculiar difficulty. While controlling the turbulent democracy of Florence and gaining recognition for his tyranny from jealous princes, he still contrived to lead his age in every branch of culture, deserving the magnificent eulogium of Poliziano, who sang of him in the "Nutricia".

Lorenzo de' Medici was the last apologist for the mother speech, as he was the first and chief inaugurator of the age when such apologies were no longer to be needed. He took a line somewhat different from Alberti's in his defense of Italian, proving not merely its utility, but boldly declaring its equality with the classic languages. We possess a short essay of his, written with this purpose,

where he bestows due praise on Dante, Boccaccio, and Guido Cavalcanti, and affirms in the teeth of the humanists that Petrarch wrote better love poems than Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, or Propertius. Again, in his epistle to Federigo of Aragon, sent with a MS. volume containing a collection of early Tuscan poetry, he passes acute and sympathetic judgments on the lyrists from Guittone of Arezzo to Cino da Pistoja, proving that he had studied their works to good purpose, and had formed a correct opinion of the origins of Italian literature. Lorenzo does not write like a man ashamed of the vernacular or forced to use it because he can command no better. He is sure of the justice of his cause, and determined by precept and example and by the prestige of his princely rank to bring the literature he loves into repute again.

No one could have been better fitted for the task. Unlike Alberti, Lorenzo was a Florentine of the Florentines, Tuscan to the backbone, imbued with the spirit of his city, a passionate lover of her customs and pastimes, a complete master of her vernacular. His education, though it fitted him for Platonic discussions with Ficino and rendered him an amateur of humanistic culture, had failed to make a pedant of him. Much as he appreciated the classics, he preferred his Tuscan poets; and what he learned at school, he brought to bear upon the study of the native literature. Consequently his style is always idiomatic; whether he seeks the elevation of grave diction or reproduces the talk of the streets, he uses language like a man who has habitually spoken the words which he commits to paper. His brain was vigorous, and his critical faculty acute. He lived, moreover, in close sympathy with his age, never rising above it, but accurately representing its main tendencies. At the same time he was sufficiently a poet to delight a generation that had seen no great writer of verse since Boccaccio. Though his

work is in no sense absolutely first rate, he wrote nothing that a man of ability might not have been pleased to own.

Lorenzo's first essays in poetry were sonnets and *canzoni* in the style of the *Trecento*. It is a mistake to classify him, as some historians of literature have done, with the deliberate imitators of Petrarch, or to judge his work by its deflection from the Petrarchistic standard of pure style. His youthful lyrics show the appreciative study of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti no less than of the poet of Vaucluse; and though they affect the conventional melancholy of the Petrarchistic mannerism, they owe their force to the strong objective spirit of the fifteenth century. Lorenzo's originality consists in the fusion he effected between the form of the love lyric handed down from Petrarch and the realistic genius of the age of Ghirlandajo. This is especially noticeable in the sonnets that describe the beauties of the country. They are not penetrated with emotion permeating and blurring the impressions made by natural objects on the poet's mind. His landscapes are not hazy with the atmosphere, now luminous, now somber, of a lover's varying mood. On the contrary, every object is defined and classified; and the lady sits like a beautiful figure in a garden, painted with no less loving care in all its details than herself. These pictures, very delicate in their minute and truthful touches, affect our fancy like a panel of Benozzo Gozzoli, who omits no circumstance of the scene he undertakes to reproduce, crowds it with incidents and bestows the same attention upon the principal subjects and the accessories. The central emotion of Lorenzo's verse is scarcely love, but delight in the country—the Florentine's enjoyment of the villa, with its woods and rivulets, the pines upon the hillsides, the song birds, and the pleasures of the chase.

The following sonnet might be chosen as a fair specimen

of the new manner introduced into literature by Lorenzo. Its classical coloring, deeply felt and yet somewhat frigid, has the true stamp of the *quattrocento:*

Leave thy belovèd isle, thou Cyprian queen;
Leave thy enchanted realm so delicate,
Goddess of love! Come where the rivulet
Bathes the short turf and blades of tenderest green!
Come to these shades, these airs that stir the screen
Of whispering branches and their murmurs set
To Philomel's enamoured canzonet:
Choose this for thine own land, thy loved demesne!
And if thou com'st by these clear rills to reign,
Bring thy dear son, thy darling son, with thee;
For there be none that own his empire here.
From Dian steal the vestals of her train,
Who roam the woods at will, from danger free,
And know not Love, nor his dread anger fear.

That Lorenzo was incapable of loving as Dante or Petrarch or even Boccaccio loved, is obvious in every verse he wrote. The spirit in him neither triumphs over the flesh nor struggles with it, nor yet submits a willing and intoxicated victim. It remains apart and cold, playing with fancies, curiously surveying the carnival of lusts that hold their revel in the breast whereof it is the lord. Under these conditions he could take the wife his mother found for him at Rome, and record the fact in his diary; he could while away his leisure with venal beauties or country girls at his villas; but of love in the poet's sense he had no knowledge. It is true that, nurtured as he was in the traditions of fourteenth-century verse, he thought it necessary to establish a titular mistress of his heart. The account he gives of this proceeding in a commentary on his own sonnets, composed after the model of the "Vita Nuova," is one of his best pieces of writing. He describes the day when the beautiful Simonetta Cattaneo, his brother Giuliano's lady, was carried to

her grave with face uncovered, lying beneath the sunlight on her open bier. All Florence was touched to tears by the sight, and the poets poured forth elegies. The month was April, and the young earth seemed to have put on her robe of flowers only to make the pathos of that death more poignant. Then, says Lorenzo: "Night came; and I with a friend most dear to me went communing about the loss we all had suffered. While we spoke, the air being exceedingly serene, we turned our eyes to a star of surpassing brightness, which towards the west shone forth with such luster as not only to conquer all other stars, but even to cast a shadow from the objects that intercepted its light. We marveled at it awhile; and then, turning to my friend, I said: 'There is no need for wonder, since the soul of that most gentle lady has either been transformed into yon new star or has joined herself to it. And if this be so, that splendor of the star is nowise to be wondered at; and even as her beauty in life was of great solace to our eyes, so now let us comfort ourselves at the present moment with the sight of so much brilliance. And if our eyes be weak and frail to bear such brightness, pray we to the god, that is to her deity, to give them virtue, in order that without injury unto our sight we may awhile contemplate it.' . . . Then, forasmuch as it appeared to me that this colloquy furnished good material for a sonnet, I left my friend and composed the following verses, in which I speak about the star aforesaid:

"O lucid star, that with transcendent light
Quenchest of all those neighboring stars the gleam,
Why thus beyond thine usage dost thou stream,
Why art thou fain with Phoebus still to fight?
Haply those beauteous eyes, which from our sight
Death stole, who now doth vaunt himself supreme,
Thou hast assumed: clad with their glorious beam,
Well, may'st thou claim the sun-god's chariot bright.

Listen, new star, new regent of the day,
Who with unwonted radiance gilds our heaven,
O listen, goddess, to the prayers we pray!
Let so much splendor from thy sphere be riven
That to these eyes, which fain would weep alway,
Unblinded, thy glad sight may yet be given!"

From that moment Lorenzo began to write poems. He wandered alone and meditated on the sunflower, playing delightfully unto himself with thoughts of Love and Death. Yet his heart was empty; and, like Augustine or Alastor, he could say: "nondum amabam, sed amare amabam, quærebam quod amarem amans amare." When a young man is in this mood it is not long before he finds an object for his adoration. Lorenzo went one day in the same spring with friends to a house of feasting, where he met with a lady lovelier in his eyes even than La Simonetta. After the fashion of his age, he describes her physical and mental perfections with a minuteness which need not be enforced upon a modern reader. Suffice it to say that Lucrezia Donati—such was the lady's name—supplied Lorenzo with exactly what he had been seeking, an object for his literary exercises. The "Sonetti," "Canzoni," and "Selve d' Amore" were the fruits of this first passion.

Though Lorenzo was neither a poet nor a lover after the stamp of Dante, these juvenile verses and the prose with which he prefaced them, show him in the light that cannot fail to interest those who only know the statesman and the literary cynic of his later years. There is sincere fervor of romantic feeling in the picture of the evening after Simonetta's funeral, even though the analytical temper of the poet's mind is revealed in his exact description of the shadow cast by the planet he was watching. The first meeting with Lucrezia, again, is prettily described in these stanzas of the "Selve":

What time the chain was forged which then I bore,
Air, earth, and heavens were linked in one delight;
The air was never so serene before,
The sun ne'er shed such pure and tranquil light;
Young leaves and flowers upon the grassy floor
Gladdened the earth where ran a streamlet bright,
While Venus in her father's bosom lay
And smiled from heaven upon the spot that day.

She from her brows divine and amorous breast
Took with both hands roses of many a hue,
And showered them through the heavens that slept in rest,
Covering my lady with their gracious dew;
Jove, full of gladness, on that day released
The ears of men, that they might hear the true
Echoes of melody and dance divine,
Which fell from heaven in songs and sounds benign.

Fair women to that music moved their feet,
Inflamed with gentle fire by Love's breath fanned:
Behold you lover with his lady sweet—
Her hand long yearned for clasped in his loved hand;
Their sighs, their looks, which pangs of longing cheat;
Brief words that none but they can understand;
The flowers that she lets fall, resumed and pressed,
With kisses covered, to his head or breast.

Amid so many pleasant things and fair,
My loveliest lady with surpassing grace
Eclipsed and crowned all beauties that were there;
Her robe was white and delicate as lace;
And still her eyes, with silent speech and rare,
Talked to the heart, leaving the lips at peace:
Come to me, come, dear heart of mine, she said,
Here shall thy long desires at rest be laid.

The impression of these verses is hardly marred by the prosy catalogue of Lucrezia's beauties furnished in the "Innamoramento." Lorenzo was an analyst. He could not escape from that quality so useful to the observer, so fatal to artists, if they cannot recompense the data

furnished by observation in a new subjective synthesis. When we compare his description of the Age of Gold in the "Selve," justly celebrated for its brilliancy and wealth of detail, with the shorter passage from Poliziano's "Stanze," we measure the distance between intelligent study of nature and the imagination which unifies and gives new forms of life to every detail. The same end may be more briefly attained by a comparison of this passage about roses from Lorenzo's "Corinto" with the musical *Ballata* of Poliziano:

Into a little close of mine I went
One morning, when the sun with his fresh light
Was rising all refulgent and unshent.
Rose-trees are planted there in order bright,
Whereto I turned charmed eyes, and long did stay
Taking my fill of that new-found delight.
Red and white roses bloomed upon the spray;
One opened, leaf by leaf, to greet the morn,
Shyly at first, then in sweet disarray;
Another, yet a youngling, newly born,
Scarce struggled from the bud, and there were some
Whose petals closed them from the air forlorn;
Another fell, and showered the grass with bloom;
Thus I beheld the roses dawn and die,
And one short hour their loveliness consume.
But while I watched those languid petals lie
Colorless on cold earth, I could but think
How vain a thing is youthful bravery.
Trees have their time to bloom on winter's brink;
Then the rathe blossoms wither in an hour,
When the brief days of spring toward summer sink;
The fruit, as yet unformed, is tart and sour;
Little by little it grows large, and weighs
The strong boughs down with slow persistent power;
Nor without peril can the branches raise
Their burden; now they stagger 'neath the weight
Still growing, and are bent above the ways;
Soon autumn comes, and the ripe ruddy freight
Is gathered: the glad season will not stay;

Flowers, fruits, and leaves are now all desolate.
Pluck the rose, therefore, maiden, while 'tis May!

That is good. It is the best kind of poetry within Lorenzo's grasp. But here is Poliziano's dance-song:

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

Violets and lilies grew on every side
Mid the green grass, and young flowers wonderful,
Golden and white and red and azure-eyed;
Toward which I stretched my hands, eager to pull
Plenty to make my fair curls beautiful,
To crown my rippling curls with garlands gay.
I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

But when my lap was full of flowers I spied
Roses at last, roses of every hue;
Therefore I ran to pluck their ruddy pride,
Because their perfume was so sweet and true
That all my soul went forth with pleasure new,
With yearning and desire too soft to say.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

I gazed and gazed. Hard task it were to tell
How lovely were the roses in that hour:
One was but peeping from her verdant shell,
And some were faded, some were scarce in flower.
Then Love said: Go, pluck from the blooming bower
Those that thou seest ripe upon the spray.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

For when the full rose quits her tender sheath,
When she is sweetest and most fair to see,
Then is the time to place her in thy wreath,
Before her beauty and her freshness flee.

Gather ye therefore roses with great glee,
Sweet girls, or ere their perfume pass away.

I went a-roaming, maidens, one bright day,
In a green garden in mid month of May.

The "Selve d' Amore" and the "Corinto" belong to Lorenzo's early manner, when his heart was yet fresh and statecraft had not made him cynical. The latter is a musical eclogue in *terza rima;* the former a discursive love poem, with allegorical episodes, in octave stanzas. Up to the date of the "Selve" the *ottava rima* had, so far as I know, been only used for semi-epical poems and short love songs. Lorenzo proved his originality by suiting it to a style of composition which aimed at brilliant descriptions in the manner of Ovid. He also handled it with an ease and brightness hitherto unknown. The pageant of Love and Jealousy and the allegory of Hope in the second part are both such poetry as only needed something magical from the touch of Ariosto to make them perfect. As it is, Lorenzo's studies in verse produce the same impression as Bronzino's in painting. They are brilliant, but hard, cold, calculated, never fused by the final charm of poetry or music into a delightful vision. What is lacking is less technical skill or invention than feeling in the artist, the glow of passion, or the charm of spiritual harmony. Here is a picture of Hope's attendant train:

Following this luckless dame, where'er she goes,
Flit dreams in crowds, with auguries and lies,
Chiromants, arts that cozen and impose,
Chances, diviners, and false prophecies,
Spoken or writ in foolish scroll and glose,
Whose forecast brings time flown before our eyes,
Alchemy, all who heaven from our earth measure,
And free conjectures made at will and pleasure.

Neath the dark shadow of her mighty wings
The whole deluded world at last must cower:—
O blindness that involves all mortal things,
Frail ignorance that treads on human power!—
He who can count the woes her empire brings,
Could number every star, each fish, each flower,
Tell all the birds that cross the autumnal seas,
Or leaves that flutter from the naked trees.

His "Ambra" is another poem in the same style as the "Selve." It records Lorenzo's love for that Tuscan farm which Poliziano afterwards made famous in the sonorous hexameters he dedicated to the memory of Homer. Following the steps of Ovid, Lorenzo feigns that a shepherd Lauro loved the nymph Ambra, whom Umbrone, the river god, pursued through vale and meadow to the shores of Arno. There he would have done her violence, but that Diana changed her to a rock in her sore need:

Ma pur, che fussi già donna ancor credi;
Le membra mostran, come suol figura
Bozzata e non finita in pietra dura.

This simile is characteristic both of Lorenzo's love for familiar illustration, and also of the age that dawned on Michelangelo's genius. In the same meter, but in a less ambitious style, is "La Caccia col Falcone." This poem is the simple record of a Tuscan hawking party, written to amuse Lorenzo's guests, but never meant assuredly to be discussed by critics after the lapse of four centuries. These pastorals, whether trifling like "La Caccia," romantic like "Corinto," or pictorial like "Ambra," sink into significance beside "La Nencia da Barberino"—a masterpiece of true genius and humor, displaying intimate knowledge of rustic manners, and using the dialect of the Tuscan *contadini*. Like the "Polyphemus" of Theocritus, but with even more of racy detail and homely fun, "La

Nencia" versifies the love lament of a hind, Vallera, who describes the charms of his sweetheart with quaint fancy, wooing her in a thousand ways, all natural, all equally in keeping with rural simplicity. It can scarcely be called a parody of village life and feeling, although we cannot fail to see that the town is laughing at the country all through the exuberant stanzas, so rich in fancy, so incomparably vivid in description. What lifts it above parody is the truth of the picture and the close imitation of rustic popular poetry.

The vividness and vigor of "La Nencia" secured for it immediate popularity. It was speedily imitated by Luigi Pulci in the "Beca da Dicomano," a village poem that, aiming at cruder realism than Lorenzo's, broke the style and lapsed into vulgarity. "La Nencia" long continued to have imitators; for one of the principal objects of educated poets in the Renaissance was to echo the manner of popular verse. None, however, succeeded so well as Lorenzo in touching the facts of country life and truth of country feeling with a fine irony that had in it at least as much of sympathy as of sarcasm.

"I Beoni" is a plebian poem of a different and more displeasing type. Written in *terza rima,* it distinctly parodies the style of the "Divine Comedy," using the same phrases to indicate action and to mark the turns of dialogue, introducing similes in the manner of Dante, burlesquing Virgil and Beatrice in the disgusting Bartolino and Nastagio. The poem might be called The Paradise of Drunkards, or their Hell; for it consists of a succession of scenes in which intoxication in all stages and topers of every caliber are introduced. The tone is coldly satirical, sardonically comic. The old man of Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" might have written "I Beoni" after a merry bout with the wrinkled ostler. When Lorenzo composed it, he was already corrupt and weary, sated with the world, worn

with disease, disillusioned by a life of compromise, hypocrisy, diplomacy, and treason to the State he ruled. Yet the humor of this poem has nothing truly sinister or tragic. Its brutality is redeemed by no fierce Swiftian rage. If some of the descriptions in Lorenzo's earlier work remind us of Dutch flower and landscape painters, Breughel or Van Huysum, the scenes of "I Beoni" recall the realism of Dutch tavern pictures and Kermessen. It has the same humor, gross and yet keen, the same intellectual enjoyment of sensuality, the same animalism studied by an acute æsthetic spirit.

To turn from "I Beoni" to Lorenzo's Lauds, written at his mother's request, and to the sacred play of "S. Giovanni e Paolo," acted by his children, is to make one of those bewildering transitions which are so common in Renaissance Italy. Without rating Lorenzo's sacred poetry very high, either for religious fervor or æsthetic quality, it is yet surprising that the author of the "Beoni" and the Platonic sage of Careggi should have caught so much of the pietistic tone. We know that "S. Giovanni e Paolo" was written when he was advanced in years; and the latent allusions to his illness and the cares of state which weighed upon him, give it an interest it would not otherwise excite. This couplet,

> Spesso chi chiama Costantin felice
> Sta meglio assai di me e 'l ver non dice,

seems to be a sigh from his own weariness. Lorenzo may not improbably have envied Constantine, the puppet of his fancy, at the moment of abdication. And yet when Savonarola called upon him ere his death to deal justly with Florence, the true nature of the man was seen. Had he liked it or not, he could not then have laid down the load of care and crime which it had been the business of

his whole life to accumulate by crooked ways in the enslavement of Florence and the perdition of his soul's peace. The Lauds, which may be referred to an earlier period of Lorenzo's life, when his mother ruled his education, and the pious Bishop of Arezzo watched his exemplary behavior in church with admiration, have here and there in them a touch of profound feeling; nor are they in all respects inferior to the average of those included in the Florentine collections of 1863. The men of the Renaissance were so constituted that to turn from vice, and cruelty, and crime, from the deliberate corruption and enslavement of a people by licentious pleasures and the persecution of an enemy in secret, with a fervid and impassioned movement of the soul to God, was nowise impossible. Their temper admitted of this anomaly, as we may plainly see in Cellini's Autobiography. Therefore, though it is probable that Lorenzo cultivated the Laud chiefly as a form of art, we are not justified in assuming that the passages in which we seem to detect a note of ardent piety, are sincere.

The versatility of Lorenzo's talent showed itself to greater advantage when he quitted the uncongenial ground of sacred literature, and gave a free rein to his fancy in the composition of *Ballate* and Carnival songs. This species of poetry offered full scope to a temperament excessive in all pleasures of the senses with the common folk. Nor must it be supposed that Lorenzo was following a merely artistic impulse. This strange man, in whose complex nature opponent qualities were harmonized and intertwined, made his very sensuality subserve his statecraft.

The Medici had based their power upon the favor of the proletariate. Since the days of the Ciompi riot they had pursued one line of self-aggrandisement by siding with the plebians in their quarrels with the

oligarchs. The serious purpose which underlay Lorenzo's cultivation of popular poetry, was to amuse the crowd with pageantry and music, to distract their attention from State concerns and to blunt their political interest, to flatter them by descending to their level and mixing freely with them in their sports, and to acquire a popularity which should secure him from the aristocratic jealousies of the Acciaiuoli, the Frescobaldi, the Salviati, Soderini, and other ancestral foemen of his house. The frontispiece to an old edition of Florentine carnival songs shows him surrounded with masquers in quaint dresses, leading the revel beneath the walls of the Palazzo, while women gaze upon them from the windows. That we may attribute a policy of calculated enervation to Lorenzo is proved by the verdict of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, both of whom connect his successful despotism with the pageants he provided for the populace, and also by this passage in Savonarola's treatise on the Government of Florence: "The tyrant, especially in times of peace and plenty, is wont to occupy the people with shows and festivals, in order that they may think of their own pastimes and not of his designs, and, growing unused to the conduct of the commonwealth, may leave the reins of government in his hands. At the same time he would err who should suppose that Lorenzo's enjoyment of these pleasures, which he found in vogue among the people, was not genuine. He represented the worst as well as the best spirit of his age; and if he knew how to enslave Florence, it was because his own temperament shared the instincts of the crowd, while his genius enabled him to clothe obscenity with beauty.

We know that it was an ancient Florentine custom for young men and girls to meet upon the squares and dance, while a boy sang with treble voice to lute or viol, or a company of minstrels chanted part songs. The dancers

joined in the refrain, vaunting the pleasures of the May and the delights of love in rhythms suited to the *Carola.* Taking this form of poetry from the people, Lorenzo gave it the dignity of art. Sometimes he told the tale of an unhappy lover, or pretended to be pleading with a coy mistress, or broke forth into the exultation of a passion crowned with success. Again, he urged both boys and girls to stay the flight of time nor suffer the rose-buds of their youth to fade unplucked. In more wanton moods, he satirized the very love he praised, or, casting off the mask of decency, ran riot in base bestiality. These *Canzoni a Ballo,* though they lack the supreme beauty of Poliziano's style, are stylistically graceful. Their tone never rises above sensuality. Not only has the gravity of Dante's passion passed away from Florence, but Boccaccio's sensuous ideality is gone and the *naïveté* of popular erotic poetry is clouded with gross innuendoes. We find in them the æsthetic immorality, the brilliant materialism of the Renaissance, conveyed with careless self-abandonment to carnal impulse.

The name of Lorenzo de' Medici is still more closely connected with the *Canti Carnascialeschi* or Carnival Songs, of which he is said to have been the first author, than with the *Ballate,* which he only used as they were handed to him.

In picturesque Carnival time it was the custom of the Florentines to walk the streets, masked and singing satiric ballads. Lorenzo saw that here was an opportunity for delighting the people with the magnificence of pageantry. He caused the Triumphs in which he took a part to be carefully prepared by the best artists, the dresses of the masquers to be accurately studied, and their chariots to be adorned with illustrative paintings.

Then he wrote extremely interesting and very catching songs appropriate to the characters represented on the

cars. Singing and dancing and displaying their costumes, the band paraded Florence. Il Lasca in his introduction to the Triumphs and Carnival Songs dedicated to Don Francesco de' Medici gives the history of their invention: "This festival was invented by the Magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici. Before his time, when the cars bore mythological or allegorical masques, they were called *Trionfi;* but when they carried representatives of arts and trades, they kept the simpler name of *Carri.*" The lyrics written for the Triumphs were stately, in the style of antique odes; those intended to be sung upon the *Carri,* employed plebeian turns of phrase and dealt in almost undisguised obscenity.

It was their wont, at times, says Il Lasca, "to go forth after dinner, and often they lasted till three or four hours into the night, with a multitude of masked men on horseback following, richly dressed, exceeding sometimes three hundred in number, and as many men on foot with lighted torches. Thus they traversed the city, singing to the accompaniment of music arranged for four, eight, twelve, or even fifteen voices, supported by various instruments."

Lorenzo's fancy took the Florentine mind. From his days onward these shows were repeated every year, the best artists and poets contributing their genius to make them splendid. In the collection of songs written for the Carnival, we find Masques of Scholars, Artisans, Frog-catchers, Furies, Tinkers, Women selling grapes, Old men and Young wives, Jewelers, German Lansknechts, Gypsies, Wool-carders, Penitents, Devils, Jews, Hypocrites, Young men who have lost their fathers, Wiseacres, Damned Souls, Tortoiseshell Cats, Perfumers, Masons, Mountebanks, Mirror-makers, Confectioners, Prudent persons, Lawyers, Nymphs in love, Nuns escaped from convent—not to mention the Four Ages of Man, the Winds, the Elements, Peace, Calumny, Death, Madness, and a hundred abstractions of that kind. The tone of

these songs is uniformly and deliberately immoral. One might fancy them composed for some old phallic festival. Their wit is keen and lively, presenting to the fancy of the student adds the humors of a brilliant bygone age.

A strange, splendid spectacle it must have been, when Florence, the city of art and philosophy, ran wild in Dionysiac revels proclaiming the luxury and license of the senses! Beautiful maidens, young men in rich clothes on prancing steeds, showers of lilies and violets, triumphal arches of spring flowers and ribbons, hailstorms of comfits, torches flaring to the sallow evening sky—we can see the whole procession as it winds across the Ponte Vecchio, emerges into the great square, and slowly gains the open space beneath the dome of Brunelleschi and the tower of Giotto. The air rings with music as they come, bass and tenor and shrill treble mingling with the sound of lute and cymbal. The people hush their cheers to listen. It is Lorenzo's Triumph of Bacchus, and here are the words they sing:

Fair is youth and void of sorrow;
  But it hourly flies away.—
  Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

This is Bacchus and the bright
  Ariadne, lovers true!
They, in flying time's despite,
  Each with each find pleasure new;
These their Nymphs, and all their crew
  Keep perpetual holiday.—
  Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

These blithe Satyrs, wanton-eyed,
  Of the Nymphs are paramours:
Through the caves and forests wide
  They have snared them mid the flowers,
Warmed with Bacchus, in his bowers,

Now they dance and leap alway.—
Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

These fair Nymphs, they are not loth
To entice their lovers' wiles.
None but thankless folk and rough
Can resist when Love beguiles.
Now enlaced with wreathèd smiles,
All together dance and play.—
Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

See this load behind them plodding
On the ass, Silenus he,
Old and drunken, merry, nodding,
Full of years and jollity;
Though he goes so swayingly,
Yet he laughs and quaffs alway.—
Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

Midas treads a wearier measure:
All he touches turns to gold:
If there be no taste of pleasure,
What's the use of wealth untold?
What's the joy his fingers hold,
When he's forced to thirst for aye?—
Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

Listen well to what we're saying;
Of to-morrow have no care!
Young and old together playing,
Boys and girls, be blithe as air!
Every sorry thought forswear!
Keep perpetual holiday.—
Youths and maids, enjoy to-day;
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

Ladies and gay lovers young!
Long live Bacchus, live Desire!

Dance and play, let songs be sung;
Let sweet Love your bosoms fire;
In the future come what may!—
Youths and maids, enjoy to-day:
Nought ye know about to-morrow.

On rolls the car, and the crowd closes round it, rending the old walls with shattering hurrahs. Then a corner of the street is turned; while soaring still above the hubbub of the town we hear at intervals that musical refrain. Gradually it dies away in the distance, and fainter and more faintly still the treble floats to us in broken waifs of sound—the echo of a lyric heard in dreams.

Such were the songs that reached Savonarola's ears, writing or meditating in his cloister at S. Marco. Such were the sights that moved his indignation as he trod the streets of Florence. Then he bethought him of his famous parody of the Carnival, the bonfire of Vanities, and the hymn in praise of divine madness sung by children dressed in white like angels. Yet Florence, warned in vain by the friar, took no thought for the morrow; and the morrow came to all Italy with war, invasion, pestilence, innumerable woes.

In the very last year of Pier Soderini's Gonfalonierato (in 1512) it seemed as though the Italians had been quickened to a consciousness of their impending ruin. The siege of Brescia, the battle of Ravenna, the League of Cambray, the massacres of Prato, the sack of Rome, the fall of Florence, were all imminent. A fascination of intolerable fear thrilled the people in the midst of their heedlessness, and this fear found voice and form in a strange Carnival pageant described by Vasari: "The triumphal car was covered with black cloth, and was of vast size; it had skeletons and white crosses painted upon its surface, and was drawn by buffaloes, all of which were totally black: within the car stood the colossal figure of

Death, bearing the scythe in his hand; while around him were covered tombs, which opened at all the places where the procession halted, while those who formed it, chanted lugubrious songs, when certain figures stole forth, clothed in black cloth, on whose vestments the bones of a skeleton were depicted in white; the arms, breast, ribs, and legs, namely, all which gleamed horribly forth on the black beneath.

At a certain distance appeared a few figures bearing torches, and wearing masks presenting the face of a death's head both before and behind; these heads of death as well as the skeleton necks beneath them, also exhibited to view, were not only painted with the utmost fidelity to nature, but had besides a frightful expression which was horrible to behold. At the sound of a wailing summons, sent forth with a hollow moan from trumpets of muffled yet inexorable clangor, the figures of the dead raised themselves half out of their tombs, and seating their skeleton forms thereon, they sang the following words, now so much extolled and admired, to music of the most plaintive and melancholy character. Before and after the car rode a train of the dead on horses, carefully selected from the most wretched and meager animals that cound be found: the caparisons of those worn, half-dying beasts were black, covered with white crosses; each was conducted by four attendants, clothed in the vestments of the grave; these last-mentioned figures, bearing black torches and a large black standard, covered with crosses, bones, and death's heads.

While this train proceeded leisurely on its way, each sang, with a trembling voice, and all in dismal unison, that psalm of David called the Miserere. The novelty and the terrible character of this singular spectacle, filled the whole city, as I have before said, with a mingled sensation of terror and admiration; and although at the first

sight it did not seem well calculated for a Carnival show, yet being new, and within the reach of every man's comprehension, it obtained the highest encomium for Piero as the author and contriver of the whole, and was the cause as well as commencement of numerous representations, so ingenious and effective that by these things Florence acquired a reputation for the conduct of such subjects and the arrangement of similar spectacles such as was never equaled by any other city."

Ferdinand and Isabella

By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

"MY hand," says Peter Martyr, in a letter written Nov. 26, 1504, to the archbishop of Granada, "falls powerless by my side, for very sorrow. The world has lost its noblest ornament; a loss to be deplored not only by Spain, which she has so long carried forward in the career of glory, but by every nation in Christendom; for she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know none of her sex, in ancient or modern times, who in my judgment is at all worthy to be named with this incomparable woman." [5]

Her person, was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair,—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kind-

liness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needlework with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When traveling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendency over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels, as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility

from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish, in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in whch they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust or latent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as

nothing in after life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers; for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity. Such was the decorum of her manner, that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.

She gave a liberal portion of her time to private devotions, as well as to the public exercises of religion. She expended large sums in useful charities, especially in the erection of hospitals and churches, and the more doubtful endowments of monasteries. Her piety was strikingly exhibited in that unfeigned humility which, although the very essence of our faith, is so rarely found; and most rarely in those whose great powers and exalted stations seem to raise them above the level of ordinary mortals. A remarkable illustration of this is afforded in the queen's correspondence with Talavera, in which her meek and docile spirit is strikingly contrasted with the Puritanical intolerance of her confessor. Yet Talavera, as we have seen, was sincere and benevolent at heart. Unfortunately, the royal conscience was at times committed to very different keeping; and that humility which, as we have repeatedly had occasion to notice, made her defer so reverentially to her ghostly advisers, led, under the fanatic Torquemada, the confessor of her early youth, to those deep blemishes on her administration, the establishment of the Inquisition and the exile of the Jews.

But, though blemishes of the deepest dye on her administration, they are certainly not to be regarded as such on her moral character. It will be difficult to condemn her, indeed, without condemning the age; for these very acts are not only excused, but extolled by her con-

temporaries, as constituting her strongest claims to renown, and to the gratitude of her country. They proceeded from the principle, openly avowed by the court of Rome, that zeal for the purity of the faith could atone for every crime. This immoral maxim, flowing from the head of the church, was echoed in a thousand different forms by the subordinate clergy, and greedily received by a superstitious people. It was not to be expected that a solitary woman, filled with natural diffidence of her own capacity on such subjects, should array herself against those venerated counselors whom she had been taught from her cradle to look to as the guides and guardians of her conscience.

However mischievous the operations of the Inquisition may have been in Spain, its establishment, in point of principle, was not worse than many other measures which have passed with far less censure, though in a much more advanced and civilized age. Where, indeed, during the sixteenth and the greater part of the seventeenth century, was the principle of persecution abandoned by the dominant party, whether Catholic or Protestant? And where that of toleration asserted, except by the weaker? It is true, to borrow Isabella's own expression in her letter to Talavera, the prevalence of a bad custom cannot constitute its apology. But it should serve much to mitigate our condemnation of the queen, that she fell into no greater error, in the imperfect light in which she lived, than was common to the greatest minds in a later and far riper period.

Isabella's actions, indeed, were habitually based on principle. Wherever errors of judgment be imputed to her, she most anxiously sought in all situations to discern and discharge her duty. Faithful in the dispensation of justice, no bribe was large enough to ward off the execution of the law. No motive, not even conjugal affec-

tion, could induce her to make an unsuitable appointment to public office. No reverence for the ministers of religion could lead her to wink at their misconduct; nor could the deference she entertained for the head of the church allow her to tolerate his encroachments on the rights of her crown. She seemed to consider herself especially bound to preserve entire the peculiar claims and privileges of Castile, after its union under the same sovereign with Aragon. And although, "while her own will was law," says Peter Martyr, "she governed in such a manner that it might appear the joint action of both Ferdinand and herself," yet she was careful never to surrender into his hands one of those prerogatives which belonged to her as queen proprietor of the kingdom.

Isabella's measures were characterized by that practical good sense without which the most brilliant parts may work more to the woe than to the weal of mankind. Though engaged all her life in reforms, she had none of the failings so common in reformers. Her plans, though vast, were never visionary. The best proof of this is, that she lived to see most of them realized.

She was quick to discern objects of real utility. She saw the importance of the new discovery of printing, and liberally patronized it, from the first moment it appeared. She had none of the exclusive, local prejudices too common with her countrymen. She drew talent from the most remote quarters to her dominions, by munificent rewards. She imported foreign artisans for her manufactures, foreign engineers and officers for the discipline of her army, and foreign scholars to imbue her martial subjects with more cultivated tastes. She consulted the useful, in all her subordinate regulations; in her sumptuary laws, for instance, directed against the fashionable extravagances of dress, and the ruinous ostentation so much affected by the Castilians in their

wedding and funerals. Lastly, she showed the same perspicacity in the selection of her agents; well knowing that the best measures become bad in incompetent hands.

But, although the skillful selection of her agents was an obvious cause of Isabella's success, yet another, even more important, is to be found in her own vigilance and untiring exertions. During the first busy and bustling years of her reign, these exertions were of incredible magnitude. She was almost always in the saddle, for she made all her journeys on horseback; and she traveled with a rapidity which made her always present on the spot where her presence was needed. She was never intimidated by the weather, or the state of her own health; and this reckless exposure undoubtedly contributed much to impair her excellent constitution.

She was equally indefatigable in her mental application. After assiduous attention to business through the day, she was often known to sit up all night dictating despatches to her secretaries. In the midst of these overwhelming cares, she found time to supply the defects of early education by learning Latin, so as to understand it without difficulty, whether written or spoken, and indeed, in the opinion of competent judge, to attain a critical accuracy in it. As she had little turn for light amusements, she sought relief from graver cares by some useful occupation appropriate to her sex; and she left ample evidence of her skill in this way, in the rich specimens of embroidery, wrought with her own fair hands, with which she decorated the churches. She was careful to instruct her daughters in these more humble departments of domestic duty; for she thought nothing too humble to learn which was useful.

With all her high qualifications, Isabella would have been still unequal to the achievement of her grand designs, without possessing a degree of fortitude rare in either

sex; not the courage which implies contempt of personal danger,—though of this she had a larger share than falls to most men; nor that which supports its possessor under the extremities of bodily pain,—though of this she gave ample evidence, since she endured the greatest suffering her sex is called to bear, without a groan; but that moral courage which sustains the spirit in the dark hour of adversity, and, gathering light from within to dispel the darkness, imparts its own cheering influence to all around.

This was shown remarkably in the next stormy season which ushered in her accession, as well as through the whole of the Moorish war. It was her voice that decided never to abandon Alhama. Her remonstrances compelled the king and nobles to return to the field, when they had quitted it after an ineffectual campaign. As dangers and difficulties multiplied, she multiplied resources to meet them; and, when her soldiers lay drooping under the evils of some protracted siege, she appeared in the midst, mounted on her war-horse, with her delicate limbs cased in knightly mail, and, riding through their ranks, breathed new courage into their hearts by her own intrepid bearing. To her personal efforts, indeed, as well as counsels, the success of this glorious war may be mainly imputed; and the unsuspicious testimony of the Venetian minister, Navagiero, a few years later shows that the nation so considered it. "Queen Isabel," says he, "by her singular genius, masculine strength of mind, and other virtues most unusual in our own sex as well as hers, was not merely of great assistance in, but the chief cause of, the conquest of Granada. She was, indeed, a most rare and virtuous lady, one of whom the Spaniards talk far more than of the king, sagacious as he was and uncommon for his time."

Happily, these masculine qualities in Isabella did not

extinguish the softer ones which constitute the charm of her sex. Her heart overflowed with affectionate sensibility to her family and friends. She watched over the declining days of her aged mother, and ministered to her sad infirmities with all the delicacy of filial tenderness. We have seen abundant proofs how fondly and faithfully she loved her husband to the last, though this love was not always as faithfully requited. For her children she lived more than for herself; and for them too she died, for it was their loss and their afflictions which froze the current of her blood before age had time to chill it. Her exalted state did not remove her above the sympathies of friendship. With her friends she forgot the usual distinctions of rank, sharing in their joys, visiting and consoling them in sorrow and sickness, and condescending in more than one instance to assume the office of executrix on their decease. Her heart, indeed, was filled with benevolence to all mankind. In the most fiery heat of war, she was engaged in devising means for mitigating its horrors. She is said to have been the first to introduce the benevolent institution of camp hospitals and we have seen, more than once, her lively solicitude to spare the effusion of blood even of her enemies. But it is needless to multiply examples of this beautiful but familiar trait in her character.

It is in these more amiable qualities of her sex that Isabella's superiority becomes most apparent over her illustrious namesake, Elizabeth of England, whose history presents some features parallel to her own. Both were disciplined in early life by the teachings of that stern nurse of wisdom, adversity. Both were made to experience the deepest humiliation at the hands of their nearest relative, who should have cherished and protected them. Both succeeded in establishing themselves on the throne after the most precarious vicissitudes. Each conducted

her kingdom, through a long and triumphant reign, to a height of glory which it had never before reached. Both lived to see the vanity of all earthly grandeur, and to fall the victims of an inconsolable melancholy; and both left behind an illustrious name, unrivaled in the subsequent annals of their country.

But with these few circumstances of their history the resemblance ceases. Their characters afford scarcely a point of contact. Elizabeth, inheriting a large share of the bold and bluff King Harry's temperament, was haughty, arrogant, coarse, and irascible; while with these fiercer qualities she mingled deep dissimulation and strange irresolution. Isabella, on the other hand, tempered the dignity of royal station with the most bland and courteous manners. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes, and her conduct in public and private life was characterized by candor and integrity. Both may be said to have shown that magnanimity which is implied by the accomplishment of great objects in the face of great obstacles. But Elizabeth was desperately selfish; she was incapable of forgiving, not merely a real injury, but the slightest affront to her vanity; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella, on the other hand, lived only for others,—was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty, and, far from personal resentments, showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her; while her benevolent heart sought every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law, even towards the guilty.

Both possessed rare fortitude. Isabella, indeed, was placed in situations which demanded more frequent and higher displays of it than her rival; but on one will doubt a full measure of this quality in the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Elizabeth was better educated, and every

way more highly accomplished, than Isabella. But the latter knew enough to maintain her station with dignity; and she encouraged learning by a munificent patronage. The masculine powers and passions of Elizabeth seemed to divorce her in a great measure from the peculiar attributes of her sex; at least from those which constitute its peculiar charm; for she had abundance of its foibles, —a coquetry and love of admiration which age could not chill; a levity, most careless, if not criminal; and a fondness for dress and tawdry magnificence of ornament, which was ridiculous, or disgusting, according to the different period of life in which it was indulged. Isabella, on the other hand, distinguished through life for decorum of manners, and purity beyond the breath of calumny, was content with the legitimate affection which she could inspire within the range of her domestic circle. Far from a frivolous affectation of ornament or dress, she was most simple in her own attire, and seemed to set no value on her jewels but as they could serve the necessities of the state; when they could be no longer useful in this way, she gave them away, as we have seen, to her friends.

Both were uncommonly sagacious in the selection of their ministers; though Elizabeth was drawn into some errors in this particular by her levity, as was Isabella by religious feeling. It was this, combined with her excessive humility, which led to the only grave errors in the administration of the latter. Her rival fell into no such errors; and she was a stranger to the amiable qualities which led to them. Her conduct was certainly not controlled by religious principle; and, though the bulwark of the Protestant faith, it might be difficult to say whether she were at heart most a Protestant or a Catholic. She viewed religion in its connection with the state,—in other words, with herself; and she took measures for enforcing conformity to her own views, not a whit less

despotic, and scarcely less sanguinary, than those countenanced for conscience' sake by her more bigoted rival.

Thus condemned to his former seclusion, the Great Captain resumed his late habits of life, freely opening his mansion to persons of merit, interesting himself in plans for ameliorating the condition of his tenantry and neighbors, and in this quiet way winning a more unquestionable title to human gratitude than when piling up the blood-stained trophies of victory. Alas for humanity, that it should have deemed otherwise!

Another circumstance which disquieted the Catholic king was the failure of issue by his present wife. The natural desire of offspring was further stimulated by hatred of the house of Austria, which made him eager to abridge the ample inheritance about to descend on his grandson Charles. It must be confessed that it reflects little credit on his heart or his understanding that he should have been so ready to sacrifice to personal resentment those noble plans for the consolidation of the monarchy which had so worthily occupied the attention both of himself and of Isabella in his early life. His wishes had nearly been realized. Queen Germaine was delivered of a son, March third, 1509. Providence, however, as if unwilling to defeat the glorious consummation of the union of the Spanish kingdoms, so long desired and nearly achieved, permitted the infant to live only a few hours.

Ferdinand repined at the blessing denied him, now more than ever. In order to invigorate his constitution, he resorted to artificial means. The medicines which he took had the opposite effect. At least from this time, the spring of 1513, he was afflicted with infirmities before unknown to him. Instead of his habitual equanimity and cheerfulness, he became impatient, irritable, and frequently a prey to morbid melancholy. He lost all relish for busi-

ness, and even for amusements, except field sports, to which he devoted the greater part of his time. The fever which consumed him made him impatient of long residence in any one place, and during these last years of his life the court was in perpetual migration. The unhappy monarch, alas! could not fly from disease, or from himself.

In the summer of 1515 he was found one night by his attendants in a state of insensibility, from which it was difficult to rouse him. He exhibited flashes of his former energy after this, however. On one occasion he made a journey to Aragon, in order to preside at the deliberations of the cortes, and enforce the grant of supplies, to which the nobles, from selfish considerations, made resistance. The king failed, indeed, to bend their intractable tempers, but he displayed on the occasion all his wonted address and resolution.

On his return to Castile, which, perhaps from the greater refinement and deference of the people, seems to have been always a more agreeable residence to him than his own kingdom of Aragon, he received intelligence very vexatious, in the irritable state of his mind. He learned that the Great Captain was preparing to embark for Flanders, with his friend the count of Ureña, the marquis of Priego his nephew, and his future son-in-law, the count of Cabra. Some surmised that Gonsalvo designed to take command of the papal army in Italy; others, to join himself with the archduke Charles, and introduce him, if possible, into Castile. Ferdinand, clinging to power more tenaciously as it was ready to slip of itself from his grasp, had little doubt that the latter was his purpose. He sent orders therefore to the south to prevent the meditated embarkation, and, if necessary, to seize Gonsalvo's person. But the latter was

soon to embark on a voyage where no earthly arm could arrest him.

In the autumn of 1515 he was attacked by a quartan fever. Its approaches at first were mild. His constitution, naturally good, had been invigorated by the severe training of a military life; and he had been so fortunate that, notwithstanding the free exposure of his person to danger, he had never received a wound. But, although little alarm was occasioned at first by his illness, he found it impossible to throw it off; and he removed to his residence in Granada, in hopes of deriving benefit from its salubrious climate. Every effort to rally the declining powers of nature proved unavailing; and on the second of December, 1515, he expired in his own palace at Granada, in the arms of his wife, and his beloved daughter Elvira.

The death of this illustrious man diffused universal sorrow throughout the nation. All envy and unworthy suspicion died with him. The king and the whole court went into mourning. Funeral services were performed in his honor in the royal chapel and all the principal churches of the kingdom. Ferdinand addressed a letter of consolation to his duchess, in which he lamented the death of one "who had rendered him inestimable services, and to whom he had ever borne such sincere affection"! His obsequies were celebrated with great magnificence in the ancient Moorish capital, under the superintendence of the count of Tendilla, the son and successor of Gonsalvo's old friend, the late governor of Granada. His remains, first deposited in the Franciscan monastery, were afterwards removed, and laid beneath a sumptuous mausoleum in the church of San Geronimo; and more than a hundred banners and royal pennons, waving in melancholy pomp around the walls of the chapel, proclaimed the glorious achievements of the warrior who slept beneath. His noble wife, Doña Maria Manrique, survived him

but a few days. His daughter Elvira inherited the princely titles and estates of her father, which, by her marriage with her kinsman, the count of Cabra, were perpetuated in the house of Cordova.

Gonsalvo, or, as he is called Castilian, Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova, was sixty-two years old at the time of his death. His countenance and person are represented to have been extremely handsome; his manners, elegant and attractive, were stamped with that lofty dignity which so often distinguishes his countrymen. "He still bears," says Martyr, speaking of him in the last years of his life, "the same majestic port as when in the height of his former authority; so that every one who visits him acknowledges the influence of his noble presence, as fully as when, at the head of armies, he gave laws to Italy."

His splendid military successes, so gratifying to Castilian pride, have made the name of Gonsalvo as familiar to his countrymen as that of the Cid, which, floating down the stream of popular melody, has been treasured up as a part of the national history. His shining qualities, even more than his exploits, have been often made the theme of fiction; and fiction, as usual, has dealt with them in a fashion to leave only confused and erroneous conceptions of both. More is known of the Spanish hero, for instance, to foreign readers from Florian's agreeable novel, than from any authentic record of his actions. Yet Florian, by dwelling only on the dazzling and popular traits of his hero, has depicted him as the very personification of romantic chivalry. This certainly was not his character, which might be said to have been formed after a riper period of civilization than the age of chivalry. At least, it had none of the nonsense of that age,—its fanciful vagaries, reckless adventure, and wild romantic gallantry. His characteristics were prudence, coolness, steadiness of purpose, and intimate

knowledge of man. He understood, above all, the temper of his own countrymen. He may be said in some degree to have formed their military character; their patience of severe training and hardship, their unflinching obedience, their inflexible spirit under reverses, and their decisive energy in the hour of action. It is certain that the Spanish soldier under his hands assumed an entirely new aspect from that which he had displayed in the romantic wars of the Peninsula.

Gonsalvo was untainted with the coarser vices characteristic of the time. He discovered none of that griping avarice which was too often the reproach of his countrymen in these wars. His hand and heart were liberal as the day. He betrayed none of the cruelty and licentiousness which disgrace the age of chivalry. On all occasions he was prompt to protect women from injury or insult. Although his distinguished manners and rank gave him obvious advantages with the sex, he never abused them; and has left a character, unimpeached by any historian, of unblemished morality in his domestic relations. This was a rare virtue in the sixteenth century.

Gonsalvo's fame rests on his military prowess; yet his character would seem in many respects better suited to the calm and cultivated walks of civil life. His government of Naples exhibited much discretion and sound policy; and there, as afterwards in his retirement, his polite and liberal manners secured not merely the good will, but the strong attachment, of those around him. His early education, like that of most of the noble cavaliers who came forward before the improvements introduced under Isabella, was taken up with knightly exercises more than intellectual accomplishments. He was never taught Latin, and had no pretensions to scholarship; but he honored and nobly recompensed it in others. His solid sense and liberal taste supplied all deficiencies in himself, and led

him to select friends and companions from among the most enlightened and virtuous of the community.

On this fair character there remains one foul reproach. This is his breach of faith in two memorable instances; first to the young duke of Calabria, and afterwards to Cæsar Borgia, both of whom he betrayed into the hands of King Ferdinand, their personal enemy, in violation of his most solemn pledges. True, it was in obedience to his master's commands, and not to serve his own purposes; and true also, this want of faith was the besetting sin of the age. But history has no warrant to tamper with right and wrong, or to brighten the character of its favorites by diminishing one shade of the abhorrence which attaches to their vices. They should rather be held up in their true deformity, as the more conspicuous from the very greatness with which they are associated. It may be remarked, however, that the reiterated and unsparing opprobrium with which foreign writers, who have been little sensible to Gonsalvo's merits, have visited these offenses, affords tolerable evidence that they are the only ones of any magnitude that can be charged on him.

As to the imputation of disloyalty, we have elsewhere had occasion to notice its apparent groundlessness. It would be strange, indeed, if the ungenerous treatment which he had experienced ever since his return from Naples had not provoked feelings of indignation in his bosom. Nor would it be surprising, under these circumstances, if he had been led to regard the archduke Charles's pretensions to the regency, as he came of age, with a favorable eye. There is no evidence, however, of this, or of any act unfriendly to Ferdinand's interests. His whole public life, on the contrary, exhibited the truest loyalty; and the only stains that darken his fame were incurred by too unhesitating devotion to the wishes of his master. He is not the first nor the last statesman who has

reaped the royal recompense of ingratitude for serving his king with greater zeal than he had served his Maker.

Ferdinand's health, in the mean time, had declined so sensibly that it was evident he could not long survive the object of his jealousy. His disease had now settled into a dropsy, accompanied with a distressing affection of the heart. He found difficulty in breathing, complained that he was stifled in the crowded cities, and passed most of his time, even after the weather became cold, in the fields and forests, occupied, as far as his strength permitted, with the fatiguing pleasures of the chase. As the winter advanced, he bent his steps towards the south. He passed some time, in December, at a country-seat of the duke of Alva, near Placencia, where he hunted the stag. He then resumed his journey to Andalusia, but fell so ill on the way, at the little village of Madrigalejo, near Truxillo, that it was found impossible to advance farther. (Jan. 1516.)

The king seemed desirous of closing his eyes to the danger of his situation as long as possible. He would not confess, nor even admit his confessor into his chamber. He showed similar jealousy of his grandson's envoy, Adrian of Utrecht. This person, the perceptor of Charles, and afterwards raised through his means to the papacy, had come into Castile some weeks before, with the ostensible view of making some permanent arrangement with Ferdinand in regard to the regency. The real motive, as the powers which he brought with him subsequently proved, was that he might be on the spot when the king died, and assume the rein of government. Ferdinand received the minister with cold civility; and an agreement was entered into, by which the regency was guaranteed to the monarch, during not only Joanna's life, but his own. Concessions to a dying man cost nothing. Adrian, who was at Guadalupe at this time, no sooner

heard of Ferdinand's illness than he hastened to Madrigalejo. The king, however, suspected the motives of his visit. "He has come to see me die," said he, and, refusing to admit him into his presence, ordered the mortified envoy back again to Guadalupe.

At length the medical attendants ventured to inform the king of his real situation, conjuring him if he had any affairs of moment to settle, to do it without delay. He listened to them with composure, and from that moment seemed to recover all his customary fortitude and equanimity. After receiving the sacrament, and attending to his spiritual concerns, he called his attendants around his bed, to advise with them respecting the disposition of the government. Among those present at this time were his faithful followers the duke of Alva and the marquis of Denia, his majordomo, with several bishops and members of his council.

Charles V

By WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

BY the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, most of the states of the Peninsula became united under one common rule; and in 1516 the scepter of Spain, with its dependencies both in the Old and the New World, passed into the hands of their grandson, Charles the Fifth,[6] who, though he shared the throne nominally with his mother, Joanna, became, in consequence of her incapacity, the real sovereign of this vast empire. He had before inherited, through his father, Philip the Handsome, that fair portion of the ducal realm of Burgundy which comprehended Franche-Comté and the Netherlands. In 1519 he was elected to the imperial crown of Germany. Not many years elapsed before his domain was still further enlarged by the barbaric empires of Mexico and Peru; and Spain then first realized the magnificent vaunt, since so often repeated, that the sun never set within the borders of her dominions.

Yet the importance of Spain did not rise with the importance of her acquisitions. She was, in a manner, lost in the magnitude of these acquisitions. Some of the rival nations which owned the sway of Charles, in Europe, were of much greater importance than Spain, and attracted much more attention from their contemporaries. In the earlier period of that monarch's reign there was a moment when a contest was going forward in Castile, of the deepest interest to mankind. Unfortunately, the

"War of the *Comunidades*," as it was termed, was soon closed by the ruin of the patriots; and on the memorable field of Villalar the liberties of Spain received a blow from which they were destined not to recover for centuries. From that fatal hour—the bitter fruit of the jealousy of castes and the passions of the populace—an unbroken tranquility reigned throughout the country; such tranquility as naturally flows not from a free and well-conducted government, but from a despotic one. In this political tranquility, however, the intellect of Spain did not slumber. Sheltered from invasion by the barrier of the Pyrenees, her people were allowed to cultivate the arts of peace, so long as they did not meddle with politics or religion,—in other words, with the great interests of humanity; while the more adventurous found a scope for their prowess in European wars, or in exploring the boundless regions of the Western world.

While there was so little passing in Spain to attract the eye of the historian, Germany became the theater of one of those momentous struggles which have had a permanent influence on the destinies of mankind. It was in this reign that the great battle of religious liberty was begun; and the attention and personal presence of Charles were necessarily demanded most in the country where that battle was to be fought. But a small part of his life was passed in Spain in comparison with what he spent in other parts of his dominions. His early attachments, his lasting sympathies, were with the people of the Netherlands; for Flanders was the place of his birth. He spoke the language of that country more fluently than the Castilian; although he knew the various languages of his dominions so well that he could address his subjects from every quarter in their native dialect. In the same manner, he could accommodate himself to their peculiar national manners and tastes. But this flexibility was foreign to the

genius of the Spaniard. Charles brought nothing from Spain but a religious zeal, amounting to bigotry, which took deep root in a melancholy temperament inherited from his mother. His tastes were all Flemish. He introduced the gorgeous ceremonial of the Burgundian court into his own palace, and into the household of his son. He drew his most trusted and familiar counselors from Flanders; and this was one great cause of the troubles which at the beginning of his reign distracted Castile. There was little to gratify the pride of the Spaniard in the position which he occupied at the imperial court. Charles regarded Spain chiefly for the resources she afforded for carrying on his ambitious enterprises. When he visited her, it was usually to draw supplies from the cortes. The Spaniards understood this, and bore less affection to his person than to many of their monarchs far inferior to him in the qualities for exciting it. They hardly regarded him as one of the nation. There was, indeed, nothing national in the reign of Charles. His most intimate relations were with Germany; and as the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Germany, not as King Charles the First of Spain, he was known in his own time and stands recorded on the pages of history.

When Charles ascended the throne, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Europe may be said to have been in much the same condition, in one respect, as she was at the beginning of the eighth. The Turk menaced her on the east, in the same manner as the Arab had before menaced her on the west. The hour seemed to be fast approaching which was to decide whether Christianity or Mahometanism should hold the ascendant. The Ottoman tide of conquest rolled up to the very walls of Viénna; and Charles, who, as head of the empire, was placed on the frontier of Christendom, was called on to repel it. When thirty-two years of age, he marched against the formid-

able Solyman, drove him to an ignominious retreat, and, at less cost of life than is often expended in a skirmish, saved Europe from an invasion. He afterwards crossed the sea to Tunis, then occupied by a horde of pirates, the scourge of the Mediterranean. He beat them in a bloody battle, slew their chief, and liberated ten thousand captives from their dungeons. All Europe rang with the praises of the young hero who thus consecrated his arms to the service of the Cross and stood forward as the true champion of Christendom.

But from this high position Charles was repeatedly summoned to other contests, of a more personal and far less honorable character. Such was his long and bloody quarrel with Francis the First. It was hardly possible that two princes so well matched in years, power, pretensions, and, above all, love of military glory, with dominions touching on one another through their whole extent, could long remain without cause of rivalry and collision. Such rivalry did exist from the moment that the great prize of the empire was adjudged to Charles; and through the whole of their long struggle, with the exception of a few reverses, the superior genius of the emperor triumphed over his bold but less politic adversary.

There was still a third contest, on which the strength of the Spanish monarch was freely expended through the greater part of his reign,—his contest with the Lutheran princes of Germany. Here, too, for a long time, fortune favored him. But it is easier to contend against man than against a great moral principle. The principle of reform had struck too deep into the mind of Germany to be eradicated by force or by fraud. Charles for a long time, by a course of crafty policy, succeeded in baffling the Protestant league, and by the decisive victory at Muhlberg seemed at last to have broken it altogether. But his success only ministered to his ruin. The very man on

whom he bestowed the spoils of victory turned them against his benefactor. Charles, ill in body and mind, and glad to escape from his enemies under cover of the night and a driving tempest, was at length compelled to sign the treaty of Passau, which secured to the Protestants those religious immunities against which he had contended through his whole reign.

Not long after, he experienced another humiliating reverse from France, then ruled by a younger rival, Henry the Second, the son of Francis. The good star of Charles—the star of Austria—seemed to have set; and, as he relutcantly raised the siege of Metz, he was heard bitterly to exclaim, "Fortune is a strumpet, who reserves her favors for the young!"

With spirits greatly depressed by his reverses, and still more by the state of his health, which precluded him from taking part in the manly and martial exercises to which he had been accustomed, he felt that he had no longer the same strength as formerly to bear up under the toils of empire. When but little more than thirty years of age, he had been attacked by the gout, and of late had been so sorely afflicted with that disorder that he had nearly lost the use of his limbs. The man who, cased in steel, had passed whole days and nights in the saddle, indifferent to the weather and the season, could now hardly drag himself along with the aid of his staff. For days he was confined to his bed; and he did not leave his room for weeks together. His mind became oppressed with melancholy, which was to some extent a constitutional infirmity. His chief pleasure was in listening to books, especially of a religious character. He denied himself to all except his most intimate and trusted counselors. He lost his interest in affairs; and for whole months, according to one of his biographers, who had access to his person, he refused to receive any public communication, or to subscribe any

document, or even letter. One cannot understand how the business of the nation could have been conducted in such a state of things. After the death of his mother, Joanna, his mind became more deeply tinctured with those gloomy fancies which in her amounted to downright insanity. He imagined he heard her voice calling on him to follow her. His thoughts were now turned from secular concerns to those of his own soul; and he resolved to put in execution a plan for resigning his crown and withdrawing to some religious retreat, where he might prepare for his latter end. This plan he had conceived many years before, in the full tide of successful ambition. So opposite were the elements at work in the character of this extraordinary man!

Although he had chosen the place of his retreat, he had been deterred from immediately executing his purpose by the forlorn condition of his mother and the tender age of his son. The first obstacle was now removed by the death of Joanna, after a reign—a nominal reign—of half a century, in which the cloud that had settled on her intellect at her husband's death was never dispelled.

The age of Philip, his son and heir, was also no longer an objection. From early boyhood he had been trained to the duties of his station, and, when very young, had been intrusted with the government of Castile. His father had surrounded him with able and experienced counselors, and their pupil, who showed a discretion far beyond his years, had largely profited by their lessons. He had now entered his twenty-ninth year, an age when the character is formed, and when, if ever, he might be supposed qualified to assume the duties of government. His father had already ceded to him the sovereignty of Naples and Milan, on occasion of the prince's marriage with Mary of England. He was on a visit to that country, when Charles, having decided on the act of abdication, sent to

require his son's attendance at Brussels, where the ceremony was to be performed. The different provinces of the Netherlands were also summoned to send their deputies, with authority to receive the emperor's resignation and to transfer their allegiance to his successor. As a preliminary step, on the twenty-second of October, 1555, he conferred on Philip the grand-mastership—which, as lord of Flanders, was vested in himself—of the *toison d'or,* the order of the Golden Fleece, of Burgundy, the proudest and most coveted, at that day, of all the military orders of knighthood.

Preparations were then made for conducting the ceremony of abdication with all the pomp and solemnity suited to so august an occasion. The great hall of the royal palace of Brussels was selected for the scene of it. The walls of the spacious apartment were hung with tapestry, and the floor was covered with rich carpeting. A scaffold was erected at one end of the room, to the height of six or seven steps. On it was placed a throne, or chair of state, for the emperor, with other seats for Philip and for the great Flemish lords who were to attend the person of their sovereign. Above the throne was suspended a gorgeous canopy, on which were emblazoned the arms of the ducal house of Burgundy. In front of the scaffolding, accommodations were provided for the deputies of the provinces, who were to be seated on benches arranged according to their respective rights of precedence.

On the twenty-fifth of October, the day fixed for the ceremony, Charles the Fifth executed an instrument by which he ceded to his son the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Mass was then performed; and the emperor, accompanied by Philip and a numerous retinue, proceeded in state to the great hall, where the deputies were already assembled.

Charles was at this time in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent,—but it was by disease more than by time,—and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure. Yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light color, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn before he was forty, and as well as his beard, was now gray. His forehead was broad and expansive; his nose aquiline. His blue eyes and fair complexion intimated his Teutonic descent. The only feature in his countenance decidedly bad was his lower jaw, protruding with its thick, heavy lip, so characteristic of the physiognomies of the Austrian dynasty.

In stature he was about the middle height. His limbs were strongly knit, and once well formed, though now the extremities were sadly distorted by disease. The emperor leaned for support on a staff with one hand, while with the other he rested on the arm of William of Orange, who, then young, was destined at a later day to become the most formidable enemy of his house. The grave demeanor of Charles was rendered still more impressive by his dress; for he was in mourning for his mother; and the sable hue of his attire was relieved only by a single ornament, the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck.

Behind the emperor came Philip, the heir of his vast dominions. He was of a middle height, of much the same proportions as his father, whom he resembled also in his lineaments, except that those of the son wore a more somber and perhaps a sinister expression; while there was a reserve in his manner, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, as if he would shroud his thoughts from observation. The magnificence of his dress corresponded with his royal station, and formed a contrast

to that of his father, who was quitting the pomp and grandeur of the world, on which the son was about to enter.

Next to Philip came Mary, the emperor's sister, formerly queen of Hungary. She had filled the post of Regent of the Low Countries for nearly twenty years, and now welcomed the hour when she was to resign the burden of sovereignty to her nephew, and withdraw, like her imperial brother, into private life. Another sister of Charles, Eleanor, widow of the French king Francis the First, also took part in these ceremonies, previous to her departure for Spain, whither she was to accompany the emperor.

After these members of the imperial family came the nobility of the Netherlands, the knights of the Golden Fleece, the royal counselors, and the great officers of the household, all splendidly attired in their robes of state and proudly displaying the insignia of their orders. When the emperor had mounted his throne, with Philip on his right hand, the Regent Mary on his left, and the rest of his retinue disposed along the seats prepared for them on the platform, the president of the council of Flanders addressed the assembly. He briefly explained the object for which they had been summoned, and the motives which had induced their master to abdicate the throne; and he concluded by requiring them, in their sovereign's name, to transfer their allegiance from himself to Philip, his son and rightful heir.

After a pause, Charles rose to address a few parting words to his subjects. He stood with apparent difficulty, and rested his right hand on the shoulder of the prince of Orange,—intimating by this preference on so distinguished an occasion the high favor in which he held the young nobleman. In the other hand he held a paper, con-

taining some hints for his discourse, and occasionally cast his eyes on it, to refresh his memory. He spoke in the French language.

He was unwilling, he said, to part from his people without a few words from his own lips. It was now forty years since he had been intrusted with the scepter of the Netherlands. He was soon after called to take charge of a still more extensive empire, both in Spain and in Germany, involving a heavy responsibility for one so young. He had, however, endeavored earnestly to do his duty to the best of his abilities. He had been ever mindful of the interests of the dear land of his birth, but, above all, of the great interests of Christianity. His first object had been to maintain these inviolate against the infidel. In this he had been thwarted, partly by the jealousy of neighboring powers, and partly by the factions of the heretical princes of Germany.

In the performance of his great work, he had never consulted his ease. His expeditions, in war and in peace, to France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Flanders, had amounted to no less than forty. Four times he had crossed the Spanish seas, and eight times the Mediterranean. He had shrunk from no toil, while he had the strength to endure it. But a cruel malady had deprived him of that strength. Conscious of his inability to discharge the duties of his station, he had long since come to the resolution to relinquish it. From this he had been diverted only by the situation of his unfortunate parent and by the inexperience of his son. These objections no longer existed; and he should not stand excused, in the eye of Heaven or of the world, if he should insist on still holding the reins of government when he was incapable of managing them,—when every year his incapacity must become more obvious.

He begged them to believe that this and no other motive

induced him to resign the scepter which he had so long swayed. They had been to him dutiful and loving subjects; and such, he doubted not, they would prove to his successor. Above all things, he besought them to maintain the purity of the faith. If any one, in these licentious times, had admitted doubts into his bosom, let such doubts be extirpated at once. "I know well," he concluded, "that, in my long administration, I have fallen into many errors and committed some wrongs. But it was from ignorance; and, if there be any here whom I have wronged, they will believe that it was not intended, and grant me their forgiveness."

While the emperor was speaking, a breathless silence pervaded the whole audience. Charles had ever been dear to the people of the Netherlands,—the land of his birth. They took a national pride in his achievements, and felt that his glory reflected a peculiar luster on themselves. As they now gazed for the last time on that revered form, and listened to the parting admonitions from his lips, they were deeply affected, and not a dry eye was to be seen in the assembly.

After a short interval, Charles, turning to Philip, who, in an attitude of deep respect, stood awaiting his commands, thus addressed him: "If the vast possessions which are now bestowed on you had come by inheritance, there would be abundant cause for gratitude. How much more, when they come as a free gift, in the lifetime of your father! But, however large the debt, I shall consider it all repaid, if you only discharge your duty to your subjects. So rule over them that men shall commend and not censure me for the part I am now acting. Go on as you have begun. Fear God; live justly; respect the laws; above all, cherish the interests of religion; and may the Almighty bless you with a son to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your king-

dom, with the same good will with which I now resign mine to you."

As he ceased, Philip, much affected, would have thrown himself at his father's feet, assuring him of his intention to do all in his power to merit such goodness; but Charles, raising his son, tenderly embraced him, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks. Every one, even the most stoical, was touched by this affecting scene; "and nothing," says one who was present, "was to be heard throughout the hall but sobs and ill-suppressed moans." Charles exhausted by his efforts, and deadly pale, sank back upon his seat; while, with feeble accents, he exclaimed, as he gazed on his people, "God bless you! God bless you!"

After these emotions had somewhat subsided, Philip arose, and, delivering himself in French, briefly told the deputies of the regret which he felt at not being able to address them in their native language, and to assure them of the favor and high regard in which he held them. This would be done for him by the bishop of Arras.

This was Antony Perennot, better known as Cardinal Granvelle, son of the famous minister of Charles the Fifth, and destined himself to a still higher celebrity as the minister of Philip the Second. In clear and fluent language, he gave the deputies the promise of their new sovereign to respect the laws and liberties of the nation; invoking them, on his behalf, to aid him with their counsels, and, like loyal vassals, to maintain the authority of the law of his dominions. After a suitable response from the deputies, filled with sentiments of regrets for the loss of their late monarch and with those of loyalty to their new one, the Regent Mary formally abdicated her authority, and the session closed. So ended a ceremony which, considering the importance of its consequences, the character of the actors, and the solemnity of the proceedings, is one of the most remarkable in history. That the crown

of the monarch is lined with thorns, is a trite maxim; and it requires no philosophy to teach us that happiness does not depend on station. Yet, numerous as are the instances of those who have waded to a throne through seas of blood, there are but few who, when they have once tasted the sweets of sovereignty, have been content to resign them; still fewer who, when they have done so, have had the philosophy to conform to their change of condition and not to repent it. Charles, as the event proved, was one of these few.

On the sixteenth day of January, 1556, in the presence of such of the Spanish nobility as were at the court, he executed the deeds by which he ceded the sovereignty of Castile and Aragon, with their dependencies, to Philip.

The last act that remained for him to perform was to resign the crown of Germany in favor of his brother Ferdinand. But this he consented to defer for some time longer, at the request of Ferdinand himself, who wished to prepare the minds of the electoral college for this unexpected transfer of the imperial scepter. But, while Charles consented to retain for the present the title of Emperor, the real power and the burden of sovereignty would remain with Ferdinand.

At the time of abdicating the throne of the Netherlands, Charles was still at war with France. He had endeavored to negotiate a permanent peace with that country; and, although he failed in this, he had the satisfaction, on the fifth of February, 1556, to arrange a truce for five years, which left both powers in the possession of their respective conquests. In the existing state of these conquests, the truce was by no means favorable to Spain. But Charles would have made even larger concessions, rather than leave the legacy of a war to his less experienced successor.

Having thus completed all his arrangements, by which

the most powerful prince of Europe descended to the rank of a private gentleman, Charles had no longer reason to defer his departure, and he proceeded to the place of embarkation. He was accompanied by a train of Flemish courtiers, and by the foreign ambassadors, to the latter of whom he warmly commended the interests of his son. A fleet of fifty-six sail was riding at anchor in the port of Flushing, ready to transport him and his retinue to Spain. From the imperial household, consisting of seven hundred and sixty-two persons, he selected a hundred and fifty as his escort; and accompanied by his sisters, after taking an affectionate farewell of Philip, whose affairs detained him in Flanders, on the seventeenth of September he sailed from the harbor of Flushing.

The passage was a boisterous one; and Charles, who suffered greatly from his old enemy the gout, landed, in a feeble state, at Laredo, in Biscay, on the twenty-eighth of the month. Scarcely had he left the vessel when a storm fell with fury on the fleet and did some mischief to the shipping in the harbor. The pious Spaniard saw in this the finger of Providence, which had allowed no harm to the squadron till its royal freight had been brought safely to the shore.

On landing, Charles complained, and with some reason, of the scanty preparations that had been made for him. Philip had written several times to his sister, the regent, ordering her to have everything ready for the emperor on his arrival. Joanna had accordingly issued her orders to that effect. But promptness and punctuality are not virtues of the Spaniard. Some apology may be found for their deficiency in the present instance; as Charles himself had so often postponed his departure from the Low Countries that, when he did come, the people were, in a manner, taken by surprise. That the neglect was not intentional is evident from their subsequent conduct.

Charles, whose weakness compelled him to be borne in a litter, was greeted everywhere on the road like a sovereign returning to his dominions. At Burgos, which he entered amidst the ringing of bells and a general illumination of the town, he passed three days, experiencing the hospitalities of the great constable, and receiving the homage of the northern lords, as well as of the people, who thronged the route by which he was to pass. At Torquemada, among those who came to pay their respects to their former master was Gasca, the good president of Peru. He had been sent to America to suppress the insurrection of Gonzalo Pizarro and restore tranquility to the country. In the execution of this delicate mission he succeeded so well that the emperor, on his return, had raised him to the see of Plasencia; and the excellent man now lived in his diocese, where, in the peaceful discharge of his episcopal functions, he probably enjoyed far greater contentment than he could have derived from the dazzling but difficult post of an American viceroy.

From Torquemada Charles slowly proceeded to Valladolid, where his daughter, the Regent Joanna, was then holding her court. Preparations were made for receiving him in a manner suited to his former rank. But Charles positively declined these honors, reserving them for his two sisters, the queens of France and Hungary, who accordingly made their entrance into the capital in great state, on the day following that on which their royal brother had entered it with the simplicity of a private citizen.

He remained here some days, in order to recover from the fatigue of his journey; and, although he took no part in the festivities of the court, he gave audience to his ancient ministers, and to such of the Castilian grandees as were eager to render him their obeisance. At the court he had also the opportunity of seeing his grandson Carlos,

the heir of the monarchy; and his quick eye, it is said, in this short time saw enough in the prince's deportment to fill him with ominous forebodings.

Charles prolonged his stay fourteen days in Valladolid, during which time his health was much benefited by the purity and the dryness of the atmosphere. On his departure, his royal sisters would have borne him company, and even have fixed their permanent residence near his own. But to this he would not consent; and, taking a tender farewell of every member of his family,—as one who was never to behold them again,—he resumed his journey. He took with him a number of followers, mostly menials, to wait on his person.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of Yuste, in the province of Estremadura, not many miles from Plasencia. On his way thither he halted near three months at Jarandilla, the residence of the count of Oropesa, waiting there for the completion of some repairs that were going on in the monastery, as well as for the remittance of a considerable sum of money, which he was daily expecting. This he required chiefly to discharge the arrears due to some of his old retainers; and the failure of the remittance has brought some obloquy on Philip, who could so soon show himself unmindful of his obligations to his father. But the blame should rather be charged on Philip's ministers than on Philip, absent as he was at that time from the country, and incapable of taking personal cognizance of the matter. Punctuality in his pecuniary engagements was a virtue to which neither Charles nor Philip—the masters of the Indies—could at any time lay claim. But the imputation of parsimony, or even indifference, on the part of the latter, in his relations with his father, is fully disproved by the subsequent history of that monarch at the convent of Yuste.

This place had attracted his eye many years before, when on a visit to that part of the country, and he had marked it for his future residence. The convent was tenanted by monks of the strictest order of Saint Jerome. But, however strict in their monastic rule, the good fathers showed much taste in the selection of their ground, as well as in the embellishment of it. It lay in a wild, romantic country, embosomed among hills that stretch along the northern confines of Estremadura. The building, which was of great antiquity, had been surrounded by its inmates with cultivated gardens, and with groves of orange, lemon, and myrtle, whose fragrance was tempered by the refreshing coolness of the waters that gushed forth in abundance from the rocky sides of the hills. It was a delicious retreat, and, by its calm seclusion and the character of its scenery, was well suited to withdraw the mind from the turmoil of the world and dispose it to serious meditation. Here the monarch, after a life of restless ambition, proposed to spend the brief remainder of his days and dedicate it to the salvation of his soul. He could not, however, as the event proved, close his heart against all sympathy with mankind, nor refuse to take some part in the great questions which then agitated the world. Charles was not master of that ignoble philosophy which enabled Diocletian to turn with contentment from the cares of an empire to those of a cabbage garden. In this retirement we must now leave the royal recluse, while we follow the opening career of the prince whose reign is the subject of the present history.

Solyman I

By SIR EDWARD S. CREASY

THE period comprised within the reign of Solyman I (1520-1566) is one of the most important, not only in Ottoman history, but the history of the world. The great monarchies of Western Christendom had now emerged from the feudal chaos. They had consolidated their resources, and matured their strength. They stood prepared for contests on a grander scale, for the exhibition of more sustained energy, and for the realization of more systematic schemes of aggrandisement, than had been witnessed during the centuries which we term the ages of medieval history.

Sultain Solyman I,[1] termed by European writers "Solyman the Great," and "Solyman the Magnificent," bears in the histories written by his own countrymen the titles of "Solyman Kanouni" (Solyman the Lawgiver), and "Solyman Sahibi Kiran" (Solyman the Lord of his Age). That age was remarkably fertile in sovereigns of high ability. The Emperor Charles V, King Francis I, Pope Leo X, our Henry VIII, Vasili Ivanovitch, who laid the foundations of the future greatness of Russia, Sigismond I, of Poland, Andreas Gritti, the sage Doge of Venice, Shah Ismail, the restorer and legislator of Persia, and the Indian Akbar, the most illustrious of the dynasty of the Great Moguls, shone in the drama of the world at the same time that Solyman appeared there. Not one

of these great historical characters is clothed with superior luster to that of the Ottoman Sultan.

Solyman had, while very young, in the time of Bajazet II, been intrusted with the command of provinces; and in his father's reign he had, at the age of twenty, been left at Constantinople as viceroy of the empire, when Selim marched to attack Persia. He governed at Adrianople during the Egyptian war; and during the last two years of Selim's reign he administered the province of Saroukhan. Thus, when at the age of twenty-six he became Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, he had already gained experience as a ruler; and he had displayed not only high abilities, but also a noble generosity of disposition, which won for him both affection and respect. The people, weary of the ferocity of Selim the Inflexible, rapturously welcomed the accession of a new ruler in the prime of youthful manhood, conspicuous by dignity and grace of person, and whose prowess, justice, clemency, and wisdom were painted by fame and hope in the brightest colors.

The people felt that they were under a strong as well as a merciful government; and the Sultan was loved and also feared. It was only in Syria that any troubles followed the death of Sultan Selim. There, the double traitor, Ghazali, the Mameluke Bey, who had betrayed the Mameluke cause to the Turks, and had received the Syrian government as his reward, attempted to make himself independent; but Solyman sent an army against him without delay; and the defeat and death of the rebel not only restored tranquility to Syria, but checked the hostile designs of Shah Ismail, who had assembled his forces on the frontiers, and stood in readiness to avail himself of Ottoman weakness as Persia's opportunity.

It was not, however, long before Solyman was called

on to display his military abilities in foreign warfare; and it was over the Hungarians that his first conquests were achieved. There had been disturbances and collisions on the frontiers of Hungary and Turkey in the last part of Selim's reign; and the weak prince who filled the Magyar throne, Louis II, now imprudently drew the full weight of the Ottoman power against his dominions, by insulting and putting to death the ambassador of Solyman.

The young Sultan instantly placed himself at the head of a large army, which was provided with a large train of heavy artillery; and arrangements were made for the transport and regular delivery of stores and supplies, which showed that Solyman possessed the forethought and skill, as well as the courage of his father. The Ottoman soldiery followed him to battle with peculiar alacrity; and their military enthusiasm was augmented by their belief in his auspicious destiny, on account of his name, on account of the prosperous commencement of his reign, and still more on account of the fortunate recurrence of the mystical number Ten in all that related to him. The Orientals have ever attached great importance to numbers, and they esteem the number Ten the most fortunate of all. Solyman was the Tenth Sultan of the House of Othman; he opened the Tenth century of the Hegira; and for these and other decimal attributes he was styled by his countrymen "the Perfecter of the Perfect Number." The firm conviction which his soldiers felt that their young Sultan was the favorite of Heaven, made them march at his bidding as to certain victory in the cause of God.

Such military prophecies do much to work out their own fulfillment. The first campaign of Sultan Solyman against the Giaours was eminently successful. Sabacz and other places of minor importance in Hungary were

besieged and taken by his generals; but Solyman led his main force in person against Belgrade, which long had been a bulwark of Christendom against the Turks, and before which Mahomet, the captor of Constantinople, had so signally failed. Belgrade was now captured (29th of August, 1521), and Solyman, after having turned the principle church into a mosque, repaired the fortifications, and provided for the maintenance of the city as a Turkish stronghold, marched back in triumph to Constantinople, after his first victorious campaign.

Under his active and skillful superintendence new buildings for ornament and use in peace and in war rose rapidly in the principle cities of the Empire. The arsenal at Constantinople was enlarged; and thousands of workmen were daily employed in framing and fitting out new squadrons, and in the preparation of naval and military stores on an unprecedented scale of grandeur. In taking Belgrade, Solyman had surmounted one of the two shoals, by which the victorious career of Mahomet II had been checked. He now resolved to efface the shame of the other reverse; which his renowned ancestor had sustained, and to make himself master of the Isle of Rhodes, where the Christian knights of St. John of Jerusalem had so long maintained themselves near the heart of the Turkish power. Indeed, the possession of Rhodes by the Ottomans was indispensable for free communication between Constantinople and her new conquests along the Syrian coasts and in Egypt, and for the establishment of that supremacy of the Ottoman navy in the east of the Mediterranean, which Solyman was determined to effect. On the 18th of June, 1522, the Ottoman fleet of 300 sail quitted Constantinople for Rhodes. Besides its regular crews and immense cargoes of military stores, it carried 8000 chosen soldiers and 2000 pioneers. At the same time Solyman led an army of 100,000 men along the western

coast of Asia Minor. The place of rendezvous for fleet and army was the Bay of Marmarice.

The Grand Master of Rhodes at the time of Solyman's attack was Villiers De Lisle Adam, a French knight of proved worth and valor. The garrison consisted of 5000 regular troops, 600 of whom were knights. Besides these, the seafaring men of the port were formed into an effective corps; the citizens were enrolled and armed; the peasantry, who crowded from the rest of the island into the city to escape the Turkish marauders, were disciplined as pioneers, and the slaves were made to work on the fortifications.

Solyman landed in the island of Rhodes on the 28th of July, 1522, and the siege began on the 1st of August. It was prolonged for nearly five months by the valor of De Lisle Adam and his garrison, and by the skill of his engineer, Martinego. The war was waged almost incessantly underground by mines and countermines, as well as above ground by cannonade and bombardment, desperate sallies, and still more furious assaults. A breach was effected, and some of the bastions of the city were shattered early in September; and four murderous attempts at storming were made and repulsed during that month. Three more assaults, one on the 12th of October, one on the 23d, and one on the 30th of November, were fiercely given and heroically withstood, though the effect of the cannonade on the fortifications was more and more visible.

The Turkish high commanders at length resolved to lavish no more lives in attempts to storm the city, but to trust to their mines and artillery for its gradual destruction. Advancing along trenches according to the plan of gradual approach which since has been habitually employed, but which was previously unknown, or, at least, never used so systematically, the Turks brought

their batteries to bear closer and closer upon the city; and at length established themselves within the first defenses.

Solyman now offered many terms of capitulation, and the besieged reluctantly treated for a surrender. There were yet the means of prolonging the defense; but there were no hopes of succor, and the ultimate fall of the city was certain. Honorable terms might now be obtained, the Order might be preserved, though forced to seek a home elsewhere, and the Rhodians might gain protection from the conqueror for person and property. To continue their resistance until the exasperated enemy overpowered them, would be not only to sacrifice themselves, but to expose the citizens to massacre, and their wives and daughters to the worst horrors of war. These reasons weighed with De Lisle Adam and his knights, as with truly brave men, and they laid down their good swords which they had so honorably wielded.

By the terms of capitulation (Dec. 25, 1522) which Solyman granted to the Knights, he did honor to unsuccessful valor; and such honor is reflected with double luster on the generous victor. The Knights were to be at liberty to quit the island with their arms and property within twelve days in their own galleys, and they were to be supplied with transports by the Turks if they required them: the Rhodian citizens, on becoming the Sultan's subjects, were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion; their churches were not to be profaned; no children were to be taken from their parents; and no tribute was to be required from the island for five years. The insubordinate violence of the Janissaries caused some infraction of these terms; but the main provisions of the treaty were fairly carried into effect. By Solyman's request, an interview took place between him and the Grand Master before the knights left the island. Solyman ad-

dressed, through his interpreter, words of respectful consolation to the Christian veteran; and, turning to the attendant Vizier, the Sultan observed: "It is not without regret that I force this brave man from his home in his old age."

Solyman had experienced the turbulence of the Janissaries at Rhodes; and he received three years afterwards a more serious proof of the necessity of keeping that formidable body constantly engaged in warfare, and under strict, but judicious discipline.

The years 1523 and 1524 had not been signalized by any foreign war.

The necessity to quell a revolt of Ahmed Pacha, who had succeeded Khair Bey in the government of Egypt, had occupied part of the Ottoman forces; and after the traitor had been defeated and killed, Solyman sent his favorite Grand Vizier Ibrahim, a Greek renegade, into that important province to resettle its administration, and assure its future tranquility.

Solyman's attention for eighteen months after the campaign of Rhodes was earnestly directed to improving the internal government of his empire; but, in the autumn of 1525, he relaxed in his devotion to the toils of state; and, quitting his capital, he repaired, for the first time, to Adrianople, and followed there with ardor the amusement of the chase. The Janissaries began to murmur at their Sultan's forgetfulness of war, and at last they broke out into open brigandage, and pillaged the houses of the principal ministers. Solyman returned to Constantinople, and strove to quell the storm by his presence.

He boldly confronted the troops, and cut down two of their ringleaders with his own hand; but he was obliged to pacify them by a donative, though he afterwards partly avenged himself by putting to death many of their officers, whom he suspected of having instigated or of having

neglected to check the disorder. He then recalled his Vizier Ibrahim from Egypt; and, by his advice, determined to lead his armies into Hungary, with which country he was still at war, though no important operations had taken place since the campaign of Belgrade. Solyman was at this time vehemently urged to invade Hungary by Francis I of France, who wished to distract the arms of his rival Charles V; and, on the other hand, an ambassador had been sent from Persia, the natural foe of Turkey, to the courts of Charles and the King of Hungary, to form a defensive and offensive league against the Ottomans.

In 1526, the Sultan invaded Hungary with an army more than 100,000 strong, and 300 pieces of artillery. King Louis of Hungary rashly gave battle, with a far inferior force, to the invaders. The Hungarian chivalry charged with their wonted gallantry; and a chosen band forced their way to where Solyman had taken his station at the head of his Janissaries. The Sultan owed his life to his cuirass, against which the lance of a Magyar knight was shivered. But the fiery valor of the "furious Hun" was vain against superior numbers, arms, and discipline. In less than two hours the fate of Hungary was decided. King Louis, eight of his bishops, the greater number of the Magyar nobles, and 24,000 Hungarians of lower rank had perished. Search was made by the victors for the body of King Louis, which was found in a stream near the field of battle. Louis had been wounded in the head, and was endeavoring to escape, but his horse was forced from the bank by the throng of the fliers, and the weight of his armor bore him down in the deep water.

The Sultan felt a great sorrow on learning the fate of his rival sovereign, who was nearly his equal in years. Solyman exclaimed, "May Allah be merciful to him, and punish those who misled his inexperience. I came

indeed in arms against him; but it was not my wish that he should thus be cut off, while he had scarcely tasted the sweets of life and royalty." This battle was fought at Mohacz, on the 28th August, 1526, and is still known by the terribly expressive name of "the Destruction of Mohacz."

After this decisive victory, Solyman marched along the Danube to the twin cities of Buda (or Ofen) and Pesth, on the opposite banks of that river, and the capital of Hungary at once submitted to him. The Akindji swept the whole country with fire and desolation, and it seemed as if it was the object of the Ottomans to make a desert rather than a province of Hungary. At last, at the end of September, Solyman began his homeward march. His soldiers were laden with the richest plunder; and they drove before them a miserable herd of 100,000 Christians, men, women and little children, destined for sale in the Turkish slave markets.

Disturbances in Asia Minor had hastened Solyman's departure from Hungary, but he returned in the third year, still more menacing and more formidable. The struggle was now to be with Austria; and the next campaign of Solyman, the campaign of the first siege of Vienna, is one of the most important in German and in Ottoman history.

Solyman entered Hungary in 1529 under the pretext of placing on the throne the rightful successor to King Louis, who fell at Mohacz. That prince died without issue; and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, brother of Charles V, claimed the crown as Louis' brother-in-law, and by virtue of an old treaty. But there was an ancient law of Hungary, by which none but a native prince could occupy the throne; and a powerful noble, named Zapolya, appealed to this in opposition to Ferdinand, and procured some of the surviving magnates

of the land to elect him as king. A civil war ensued, in which the adherents of Ferdinand and his Austrian forces defeated Zapolya's troops, and drove him from the kingdom.

Zapolya then took the desperate step of applying for aid to the Sultan. Ferdinand, alarmed on hearing of this proceeding of his rival, sent an embassy to Constantinople to negotiate for a peace with Solyman, or at least to obtain a truce. His envoys had the ill-timed boldness to require, at the same time, the restoration of Belgrade and of the chief places which the Turks had captured in Hungary. Nothing could exceed the arrogance shown by the Ottoman ministers to the rival claimants of the Hungarian throne. The Grand Vizier told the Polish Palatine Lasczky, who acted as ambassador for Zapolya, that every place where the hoof of the Sultan's horse once trod, became at once, and for ever, part of the Sultan's dominions.

"We have slain King Louis of Hungary," said the Vizier; "his kingdom is now ours, to hold, or to give to whom we list. Thy master is no king of Hungary till we make him so. It is not the crown that makes the king—it is the sword. It is the sword that brings men into subjection; and what the sword has won, the sword must keep."

He promised, however, that Zapolya should be king, and that the Sultan should protect him against Ferdinand of Austria and all his other enemies. Solyman himself confirmed his Vizier's promise; and added, "I will be a true friend to thy master. I will march in person to aid him. I swear it, by our Prophet Mahomet, the beloved of God, and by my saber."

Solyman left Constantinople on the 10th May, 1529, with an army of 250,000 men and 300 cannons. A season of almost incessant rain made their march to the

Danube laborious and slow; and it was the 3rd of September before the Sultan reached Ofen, which had been occupied by the troops of Ferdinand during the preceding year. Ofen was taken in six days, and Zapolya was solemnly installed by the Turkish victors on the ancient throne of the dynasty of Arpad. The Sultan then continued his advance to Vienna, taking with him his vassal king, and a corps of the Hungarians who recognized Zaploya as their sovereign.

With the storms of the autumnal equinox, the first squadrons of the terrible irregular cavalry of the Turks swept round the walls of Vienna. These Akindji, 30,000 strong, called by the French "Faucheurs" and "Ecorcheurs"—"mowers" and "flayers"—by the Germans "Sackmen," were led by Michael Oglou, the descendant of Michael of the Peaked Beard, who had been the friend of the first Othman. These ferocious marauders, who received no pay, and whose cruelty exceeded even their rapacity, spread devastation and slaughter throughout all Austria, as far as the river Ems. On the eve of the feast of St. Wenceslaus (27th September), Solyman himself arrived with the main Turkish army beneath Vienna, and fixed the imperial headquarters on the high ground to the west of the village of Simmering. 12,000 Janissaries were posted round the Sultan's tent. Seven encampments were raised by the various divisions of the army, forming nearly a circle round Vienna: and the whole country west of the Danube, far as the eye could range from the highest steeple in the city, was white with the Moslem tents. The water meadows and islands of the Danube, and its branches near the city, were also strongly occupied; and a flotilla of 400 Turkish barks, well manned and commanded, watched the city by water, and kept up the communication between the besieging troops.

The force that defended Vienna amounted to only 16,000 men; and, when the campaign began, the fortifications of the city consisted of little more than a continuous wall, about six feet thick, without bastions; the artillery amounted to only seventy-two guns.

King Ferdinand had worked earnestly to induce the other German princes to aid him; but his brother, the Emperor Charles, was occupied with his own ambitious schemes in Italy; and the princes of the empire, to whom Ferdinand had appealed at the Diet of Spires, thought more of their religious differences with each other than of the common danger of their fatherland, though warned by Ferdinand that Sultan Solyman had declared this determination to carry his arms to the Rhine.

The Diet voted aid; but it was too late, and, while the princes deliberated, the Turk was in Austria. Ferdinand himself dreaded Solyman's threats, and kept aloof from Vienna. But some brave Christian leaders succeeded in forcing their way into the city before it was entirely beleaguered; and a body of Spanish and German veterans, under the Palgrave Philip, proved an invaluable reinforcement to the garrison. But, though the Christian defenders of Vienna were few, they were brave and well commanded. The Palgrave Philip was the nominal superior, but the veteran Count of Salm was the real director of the defense. All possible preparations were made while the Turks were yet approaching. The suburbs were destroyed. A new earthen rampart was raised within the city; the river bank was palisadoed; provisions and stores were collected; and the women and children, and all the other inhabitants who were unable to do service as combatants or as laborers, were compelled to leave the city. Providentially for Vienna, the incessant rains, and the consequent badness of the roads, had caused the Turks to leave part of their heaviest artillery in Hungary.

They were obliged to rely chiefly on the effect of mines for breaching the walls; but the numbers, and the zeal of the besiegers, made the fall of the city apparently inevitable.

Many allies and partial assaults took place, in which great gallantry was displayed on both sides; and infinite skill and devotion were shown by the defenders in counteracting the mining operations of their enemies. But the Ottoman engineers succeeded in springing several mines, which tore open large gaps in the defenses; and on three consecutive days, the 10th, 11th, and 12th of October, the Turks assaulted the city with desperation, but were repelled with heavy carnage by the steady valor of the besieged.

The Ottoman forces now began to suffer severely by a great scarcity of provisions, and by the inclemency of the season; and the slaughter which had fallen on their best troops filled the army with discouragement. But it was resolved to make one more attempt to carry Vienna; and, on the 14th of October, the Turkish infantry, in three huge columns, charged up to the breach, which their miners and cannoneers had rent for their road to victory and plunder. Solyman had endeavored to stimulate their courage and emulation by a liberal distribution of money, and by the promise of high rank and wealth to the Moslem who should be first on the crest of the breach. The Grand Vizier and the highest officers of the army accompanied the stormers: and when the Christian cannons and musketry roared forth their deadly welcome, and the dispirited Mahometans reeled back from the blood-stained ruins, the Turkish chiefs were seen amid the confusion, striving, after the Oriental custom, to force their men on again to the assault by blows with stick and whip and sword.

But even the best veterans now sullenly refused obedi-

ence, and said that they had rather be killed by the sabers of their own officers than by the long muskets of the Spaniards and the German spits, as they called the long swords of the lanzknechts.

About three in the afternoon, the Turkish engineers sprung two new mines, which threw down much more of the wall; and under cover of a fire from all their batteries, the Sultan's troops were again formed into columns, and brought forward once more up to the breach. It was only to heap it again with Turkish dead. The hero of the defense, Count Salm, received a wound on the last day of the siege that proved ultimately fatal: but though other chiefs had fallen;—though the Ottoman shot and shell had told severely among the Christian ranks;—though many brave men had perished in sorties, and in hand-to-hand conflict in the breaches;—and though many had been swept away by the bursting of the Turkish mines, the courage of the garrison grew higher and higher at each encounter with their lately boastful but now despairing foes. Solyman himself felt at last compelled to abandon the favorite project of his heart, and drew his troops finally back from the much-coveted city —the 14th of October.

It was near midnight, after the repulse of Solyman's last assault upon Vienna that its full effect appeared. The Janissaries then, by the Sultan's order, struck their tents; and all the spoil which had been swept into the Turkish camp, and which could not be carried away, was given to the flames. At the same time, the disappointed and savage soldiery commenced a general massacre of thousands of Christian captives, whom the deadly activity of the Akindji had brought in during the three weeks of the siege. The fairest girls and boys were preserved to be led into slavery, but the rest were put

to the sword, or thrown yet alive into the flames without mercy.

After this last act of very barbarous but impotent malignity, the Turkish army retreated from Vienna. Solyman's courtiers pretended to congratulate him as victorious; and he himself assumed the tone of a conqueror, whom the fugitive Ferdinand had not dared to meet, and who had magnanimously retired after chastising, though not destroying his foes. But the reverse, which he had sustained, was felt deeply by him throughout his life; and it was said that he laid a curse upon any of his descendants who should renew the enterprise against Vienna.

There is no sure foundation for the charge which later writers have brought against the Grand Vizier Ibrahim, of having been bribed to betray his master, and to baffle the operations of the besiegers. The city was saved by the heroism of her defenders, aided, unquestionably, by the severity of the season, which the Asiatic troops in the Ottoman army could ill endure, and by the insubordination of the impatient Janissaries. But, whatever be the cause assigned to it, the repulse of Solyman from Vienna is an epoch in the history of the world.

The tide of Turkish conquest in central Europe had now set its mark. The wave once again dashed as far; but only to be again broken, and then to recede for ever.

A peace was concluded between the Sultan and Ferdinand in 1533, by which Hungary was divided between Ferdinand and Zapolya. Solyman had, in the interval, again invaded Germany with forces even stronger than those which he led against Vienna; and as Charles V, on this occasion (1532), put himself at the head of the armies of the empire, which gathered zealously around him, a decisive conflict between the two great potentates

of Christendom and Islam was anxiously expected.

But Solyman was checked in his advance by the obstinate defense of the town of Güns; and after honorable terms had been granted to the brave garrison of that place (29th August, 1532), Solyman finding that Charles did not come forward to meet him, but remained posted near Vienna, turned aside from the line of march against that city; and, after desolating Styria, returned to his own dominions.

Each, probably, of these two extraordinarily great sovereigns was unwilling to risk life, and empire, and the glorious fruits of so many years of toil and care, on the event of a single day; and neither was sorry that his adversary's lukewarmness for battle furnished a creditable excuse for his own. The warlike energies of the Ottomans were now for some time chiefly employed in the East, where the unremitted enmity of Persia to Turkey, and the consequent wars between these two great Mahometan powers, were a cause of relief to Christendom, which her diplomatists of that age freely acknowledged.

Solyman led his armies against the Persians in several campaigns (1533, 1534, 1535, 1548, 1553, 1554), during which the Turks often suffered severely through the difficult nature of the countries through which they traversed, as well as through the bravery and activity of the enemy. But the Sultan effected many important conquests. He added to the Ottoman Empire large territories in Armenia and Mesopotamia, and the strong cities of Erivan, Van, Mosul, and, above all, of Bagdad, which the Orientals call "The Mansion of Victory."

The modern Turk, who seeks consolation in remembering the glories of the Great Solyman, must dwell with peculiar satisfaction on the tokens of respectful fear, which his nation then received from the most powerful

as well as from the weaker states of Christendom. And the year 1547 is made a peculiarly proud one in the annals of the House of Othman, by the humble concession which its rival, the Austrian House of Hapsburg, was then compelled to make to its superior strength and fortune.

The war in Hungary had been renewed in consequence of the death of John Zapolya, in 1539; upon which event Ferdinand claimed the whole of Hungary, while the widow of Zapolya implored the assistance of the Sultan in behalf of her infant son. Solyman poured his armies into that country, and in 1541, and the following years, he again commanded in person on the banks of the Danube. He professed the intention of placing the young Prince Zapolya on the throne of Hungary and Transylvania, when he should have attained the age of manhood; but Ofen and the other chief cities were now garrisoned with Turkish troops; the country was allotted into Sanjaks, over which Turkish governors were appointed: and the Ottoman provincial system was generally established. The strong cities of Gran, Stuhlweissenburg, and many others, were taken by the Turks in this war; and though their success was not unvaried, the general advantage was so far on the side of the Sultan, that as early as 1544 Charles V and Ferdinand made overtures for peace; and in 1547 a truce for five years was concluded, which left the Sultan in possession of nearly the whole of Hungary and Transylvania, and which bound Ferdinand to pay to the Sublime Porte 30,000 ducats a year—a payment which the Austrians called a present, but the Ottoman historians more correctly term a tribute.

This treaty, to which the Emperor Charles, the Pope, the King of France, and the Republic of Venice were parties, may be considered as a recognition by Christen-

dom of the truth of Solyman's title, "Sahibi Kiran," "Lord of his Age." Austrian pride, indeed, had previously stooped so low before the Sultan, that King Ferdinand, when seeking peace in 1533, consented to style himself the brother of Ibrahim, Solyman's favorite minister, and thus to place himself on the level of a Turkish Vizier.

Francis I had repeatedly sought the aid of Solyman in the most deferential and submissive terms. That aid was more than once effectively given by the Turkish invasions of Hungary and Germany, which compelled the Emperor to draw the weight of his arms from off France; and, still more directly, by the Turkish fleets which were sent into the Mediterranean to attack the enemies of the French King. England, during the reign of Solyman, had no need of foreign help; but we shall see her in the reign of Solyman's grandson, when menaced by the power of Spain, as respectfully and earnestly as the proudest Follower of the Prophet could desire.

Glorious, indeed, and prosperous as had been the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, he had, as a man, drunken deeply of sorrow and remorse; and the Erinnys of family bloodshed, that for so many centuries had haunted the House of Othman, was fatally active in his generation. To be friendless is the common penalty of despotic power; and Solyman must have felt it the more severely inasmuch as he appears naturally to have had a capacity for friendship, and to have sought earnestly for it in the early part of his reign. His celebrated Grand Vizier, Ibrahim, was for many years not only his most trusted councilor and general, but the companion of his pleasures and his studies. Yet his suspicions were at last raised against the overpowerful and incautious favorite; and a Vizier, whom a Sultan begins to dread, has not long to live.

Ibrahim was married to Solyman's sister, but not even this close affinity could save him. Ibrahim came to the palace at Constantinople on the 5th March, 1536, to dine with the Sultan, as was his custom; and when on the next morning messengers from his home came to seek him, they found him strangled. The state of his body showed that he had struggled hard for life; and, a hundred years afterwards, the traces of his blood on the palace walls were pointed out; fearful warnings of the lot that awaited those who sought to win their entrance there as royal favorites. Von Hammer gives a long list of other high officers whom Solyman once honored and trusted, but whom he ultimately gave to the fatal bowstring. But these acts of severity seem slight, compared with the deaths of the princes of his own race, who perished by his orders. Having been an only son, Solyman was spared the guilt of fratricide on his accession to the throne; but he showed repeatedly in the course of his reign, that when state necessity called for blood, the holiest feelings of humanity interposed in vain. His cousin, the descendant of the unfortunate Prince Djem, who came into his power when Rhodes was taken, was put to death with all his family by Solyman's command, and there was still nearer and dearer blood upon his hands.

While Solyman was still young, a Russian girl in his harem, named Khourrem (which means "the joyous one"), had gained an almost unbounded influence over him by her beauty and liveliness; and such was the fascination of her manners—so attractive and soothing to the weary spirit of royalty were the animated graces of her conversation; her skill was so subtle in reading the thoughts of her lord, and in selecting the most favorable times for the exercise of her power in guiding them, that she preserved her ascendancy in his affections long after

they both had outlived the season of youth, and until the day of her death, in 1558. She had persuaded Solyman to enfranchise her, and to make her his wife, according to the Mahometan ritual. And the honors paid by him to her memory proved the constancy and fervor of his passion even after death.

The domed mausoleum was raised by him close to the magnificent mosque, the Suliemaniye, which he had constructed, and which he appointed as his own place of sepulture.

The tomb of the Sultana Khourrem attests the fondness which the Russian beauty inspired in the great Turkish Sultans, and which transferred the succession to the throne of Othman from a martial and accomplished hero to a ferocious but imbecile drunkard. Solyman had a son, Prince Mustapha, born to him by a Circassian, who had been the favorite Sultana before the Muscovite slave Khourrem enslaved her master. Khourrem also bore children to Solyman; and all her address was employed to secure the succession to the throne for her son Prince Selim.

As a necessary step towards that very object, she sought the destruction of Prince Mustapha, who, as the elder born, was regarded as the natural heir. A daughter of the Sultana Khourrem was married to Roostem Pacha, who, by her influence, was raised successively to the dignities of Beyler Bey of Diarbekir, and of Second Vizier; and, finally, to the highest station in the empire below the throne, to the office of Grand Vizier. Roostem Pacha employed all his power and influence as his mother-in-law directed him; and she thus acquired a ready and efficient instrument for the ruin of the devoted Mustapha. This unhappy Prince was distinguished for personal grace and activity, and for high spirit and intelligence. In the various governments which were intrusted to him

by Solyman, as he advanced towards manhood, he gave proof of such abilities, both civil and military, that he was looked on as likely to surpass his father in glory, and to become the most eminent of all the House of Othman.

The malignant artifices of Khourrem and Roostem awakened in Solyman's mind, first jealousy, and then dread of his over-popular and over-praised son. As Solyman advanced in years, the poisonous whisperings of the step-mother grew more and more effective. The old Sultan was studiously reminded how his own father, Selim, had dethroned Bajazet II; and the vision was kept before him of a renewal of that scene; of a young and vigorous Prince, the favorite of the soldiery, seizing the reins of empire, and of an aged father retiring to Demotika and death.

It was at last, in the early fall of 1553, when Solyman was preparing for the second war with Persia, that he was fully wrought up to the conviction that Prince Mustapha was plotting against him, and that it was necessary, before he marched against the foreign enemy, to crush the germs of treason at home. In the autumn of that year, Solyman placed himself at the head of the troops which had been collected in Asia Minor, and with which it was designed to invade Persia.

The season was far too cold for military operations, and the army was to winter at Aleppo, and to open the campaign in the following spring. But Solyman had been persuaded that it was not safe for him to tarry at Constantinople. He was told by his Grand Vizier that the soldiers in Asia Minor were murmuring, and plotting among themselves in favor of Prince Mustapha, and that the Prince encouraged their preparations for a military revolution against the old Padischah Solyman. He repaired, therefore, to the army; and Khourrem's son,

Prince Selim, at his mother's instigation, sought, and obtained, the Sultan's permission to accompany him. When the army reached Eregli (the ancient Archelais), Prince Mustapha arrived at headquarters, and his tents were pitched with great pomp in the vicinity of those of the Sultan.

On the very next day, the Viziers paid their visits of compliment to the Prince, and received presents of sumptuous robes of honor. On the following morning, Prince Mustapha mounted a stately and richly-caparisoned charger, and was conducted by the Viziers and Janissaries, amid the loud acclamations of the soldiery, to the royal tent, where he dismounted in expectation of having an audience of his father. His attendants remained at the entrance of the tent; Prince Mustapha passed into the interior; but he found there, not the Sultan, not any of the officers of the Court, but the seven Mutes, the well-known grim ministers of the blood orders of the Imperial Man-Slayer. They sprang upon him, and fastened the fatal bowstring round his throat, while he vainly called for mercy to his father, who was in an inner apartment of the tent.

The tragedy of the death of Prince Bajazet, another son, whom Solyman, at a later period of his reign, caused to be put to death, was attended with even more melancholy circumstances. After the death of the Sultana Khourrem, but while her son-in-law, the Vizier Roostem, yet lived, a deadly rivalry arose between her two sons, Selim and Bajazet. The tutor of the princes, Lala Mustapha Pacha, had originally favored Prince Bajazet; but, finding that his prospects of promotion would be greater if he sided with Prince Selim, he made himself the unscrupulous partizan of the latter, and, by a series of the darkest intrigues, by suggesting false hopes, and unreal dangers, by intercepting and suppressing some letters, and

procuring others to be written and read, he drove Bajazet into rebellion against his father, the result of which was the overthrow and death of the unhappy Prince.

Bajazet was far more popular with the soldiery than Prince Selim, whose drunken and dissolute habits made him an object of general contempt, and whose unpopularity was increased by his personal resemblance to his hated mother, the Sultana Khourrem. Bajazet's features and demeanor resembled those of his father; his habits of life were blameless; his intellectual powers and literary accomplishments were high; and his capacity for civil government and military command, though not equal to those of the lamented Mustapha, were such as to gain favor and command respect. Thus, even after his defeat at Koniah (8th May, 1559) by his father's Third Vizier, Sokolli, a considerable force adhered to Prince Bajazet in his fallen fortunes, and followed him into Persia, where he took refuge, together with his four infant sons, at the court of Shah Tahmasp. He was at first treated there with princely honors, and the Shah pledged a solemn oath never to give the royal refugee up to his father.

Nevertheless Solyman sternly and imperatively required the extradition or the execution of the rebel and the rebel's children. Prince Selim also sent letters and messengers to Persia, to procure the death of his brother and nephews. Fear at last prevailed over honor. Persia's "cicatrice yet looked too raw and red after the Turkish sword," for the "sovereign process" of the Sultan to be disregarded; and the present death of Bajazet and his children was resolved on. Tahmasp thought that he evaded the obligation of his oath by giving up his guests, not to the immediate officers of Solyman, but to emissaries sent specially by Selim to receive and slay them.

It was the period of the solemn fast which the Schii

Mahometans kept annually, in memory of Hossein, when the Turkish princes were delivered up to the executioners. Such was the sympathy which their fate inspired among the Persians, that they interrupted their lamentations for the murdered son of Ali, to sorrow over the royal victims then perishing before them; and instead of the curses on the slayers of Hossein which the Schiis are then accustomed to pour forth, imprecations resounded throughout Tabreez against the executioners of the innocent grandchildren of Sultan Solyman.

Besides the domestic sorrows which clouded the last years of Solyman, his military glory and imperial ambition sustained, in the year 1565 (the year before his death), the heaviest blow and most humiliating disappointment that had befallen them since the memorable retreat from Vienna. This second great check was caused by the complete failure of the expedition against Malta, which was led by the admirals Mustapha and Pialé, and nobly and victoriously encountered by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, under their heroic Grand Master, La Valette.

After the Knights had been hurriedly driven from Rhodes, on Solyman's conquest of that island in the beginning of his reign, they had established their Order at Malta, which, together with the neighboring island of Goza, was given to them by the Emperor Charles V, who compassionated their misfortunes, admired their valor, and appreciated the importance of the services which they rendered to Christendom, as a barrier against the advancing power of the Ottomans. When the Knights took possession of Malta, it was little more than a shelterless rock; but they discerned the natural advantages of the place, and immediately commenced fortifying the remarkable system of harbors on the southeastern side of the island, where the city of Malta now rears its grim

ranges of batteries and bastions beneath the British flag.

The squadrons of Knights, issuing from Maltese havens, coöperated actively with the fleets of Spain, and of every foe of the Crescent; and an incessant warfare was carried on under the Maltese Cross against the Turks, in which deeds of chivalrous enterprise were often performed, but in which a piratical love of plunder and a brutal spirit of cruelty too often disgraced the Christian as well as the Mahometan belligerents. The attention of Solyman was soon fixed on Malta, as the new nest of the revived hornets, who intercepted the commerce and assailed the coasts of his empire; and at last the capture by five Maltese galleys of a rich Turkish galleon, belonging partly to some of the ladies of the seraglio, exasperated the Sultan, who regarded it as an insult to his household.

He was further urged at once to an attack upon the Order by the Mufti, who represented to him how sacred a duty it was to rescue the numerous Moslem slaves who were held in cruel bondage by the Knights. Nor can we suppose him to have been indifferent to the military and political importance of the possession of Malta. If the Ottoman arms had once been securely established in that island, it would have served as a basis for operations against Sicily and South Italy, which hardly could have failed of success.

Accordingly, a mighty armament was prepared in the port of Constantinople, during the winter of 1564. The troops amounted to upwards of 30,000, including 4500 Janissaries, and the fleet comprised 181 vessels. The Fifth Vizier, Mustapha Pacha, was appointed Seraskier, or commander-in-chief of the expedition, and under him was the renowned Pialé, the hero of Djerbé. The equally celebrated Dragut was to join them at Malta, with the naval and military forces of Tripoli; and all the stores

and munitions of war that the skillful engineers and well-stocked arsenals of Constantinople could supply, were shipped in liberal provision for a difficult siege and long campaign. The fleet sailed from the Golden Horn on the 1st of April, 1565.

The Knights knew well what a storm was about to break upon Malta, and they exerted themselves to the utmost to improve the defenses of their island home. The old city, as it then existed, occupied the central of the three spits of land which project into the Great Harbor on the eastern side. The innermost of these projecting peninsulas, called Isle de la Sangle, was also occupied and fortified. Mount Sceberras, the ridge of land which runs out to the open sea, dividing the great eastern harbor from the western harbor, called Port Muscet, and on which the modern city of La Valletta stands, was not at this time built upon; except at the extremity, where an important castle, called the Fort of St. Elmo, had been raised to command the entrances of both harbors. On a muster of the forces of the defenders of Malta, they were found to consist of 700 Knights, besides serving brothers, and about 8500 soldiers, comprising the crews of the galleys, hired troops, and the militia of the island. Spain sent a small auxiliary force, and promised that her Viceroy of Sicily should bring ample succor. The Pope gave a sum of 10,000 crowns; but from no other Christian power did the Knights receive aid. Their means of safety consisted in their strong and well-armed walls, their own skill and courage, and, above all, the genius and heroism of their Grand Master, John de la Valette.

The Ottoman fleet appeared off Malta on the 19th May, 1565. Pialé wished to wait for the arrival of Dragut before they commenced operations; but the Seraskier on the next day disembarked the troops and

began the attack upon St. Elmo. The rocky nature of the ground on Mount Sceberras made it impossible for the Turkish engineers to work trenches; and, as substitutes, they pushed forward movable breastworks of timber, which were thickly coated on the outside with clay and rushes kneaded together.

Five days after the commencement of the siege, the Turkish Sea-Captain Ouloudj Ali, who was destined to acquire such celebrity in the next reign, arrived with six galleys from Alexandria; and at last, on the 2d June, Dragut appeared with the squadron of Tripoli.

The admiral disapproved of the attack on St. Elmo, saying that the fort must have fallen of itself when the city was taken; but he declared that as the operation had been commenced, it ought to be presevered with. Fresh batteries were placed by his directions against the fort; and in particular he established one upon the opposite or western side of Port Muscet—on the cape that still bears his name. The Turkish ships plied the seaward defenses of the fort with their artillery; on the land side thirty-six heavy guns battered it in breach, and the balls of Dragut's battery from across Port Muscet swept the ravelin with a raking fire.

The little garrison did nobly; and aided by reinforcements from the main body of their comrades who held the Bourg and the Isle de la Sangle, they repulsed repeated attempts made by the Turks to escalade their walls; and they impeded the advance of the enemy's works by bold and frequent sorties. The Viceroy of Sicily had promised La Vallette to send a relieving force to the island by the middle of June; and every day that the defense of St. Elmo could be prolonged, was considered by the Knights to be of vital importance for the safety of the island. When some of the Knights posted in the fort represented to La Vallette the ruined state

of its defenses, and the rapidly increasing destructiveness of the Ottoman fire, he told them that they must die in discharge of their duty; and the noble band of martyrs remained in St. Elmo to die accordingly. Dragut ordered a general assault on the fort on the 16th of June.

The landward walls had now been shattered and rent. The Turkish stormers advanced without difficulty through the yawning breaches; but behind these the Knights, arrayed in steady phalanx, and armed with long pikes, formed a living wall, against which the bravest Turks rushed with their scimitars in vain. Meanwhile, the Christian cannon from St. Angelo and St. Michael, the forts at the extremities of the Bourg and the Isle de la Sangle, played with terrible effect on the flanks of the huge columns of the assailants. After six hours' conflict the Ottomans retreated, leaving two thousand of their comrades slain. Dragut himself received his death-wound during the assault. A cannon-ball from the Castle of St. Angelo splintered a rock near which he was standing, and the fragments of stone struck the old seaman's head. The Seraskier, with whom he had been conversing respecting the construction of a new battery to reply to St. Angelo, ordered a cloak to be flung over the corpse, and remained calmly on the spot while he completed the requisite instructions to the engineers.

Seven days afterwards, the death of Dragut was avenged by the fall of St. Elmo, after a furious and long-continued assault, in which every man of the defenders "was slain in valiant fight."

In the fierce and bloody siege of this outwork, 300 Knights and 1300 soldiers of the Order, and 8000 of the Turks, perished. Mustapha Pacha, when he looked from the ruins of this small castle across to the massive towers of the Bourg, which was now to be attacked, could not help exclaiming:

"If the child has cost us so much, what shall we have to pay for the father?"

He sent a Christian slave to summon the Grand Master to surrender.

La Vallette led the messenger round the lofty ramparts, and pointing down to the deep ditches beneath them, he said:

"Tell the Seraskier that this is the only land I can give him. Let him and his Janissaries come and take possession."

Mustapha commenced the attack with a remarkable show of ardor, and both the Bourg and the Isle de la Sangle were closely invested and cannonaded from the mainland; while also a row of formidable Turkish batteries thundered on them from St. Elmo and Mount Sceberras. This great siege was prolonged until the 11th of September, by the obstinate vehemence of the besiegers, and the truly chivalrous gallantry of the besieged. No less than ten general assaults were made and repulsed before the siege was raised; and innumerable minor engagements took place, in which each side showed such valor as to earn its enemy's praise, and each side also unhappily too often stained its glory by the exhibition of ferocious cruelty.

In one of these desperate but brave encounters, the Seraskier had sent a band of able swimmers across part of the harbor with axes to destroy a stockade which the Knights had erected. La Vallette opposed these assailants by calling for volunteer swimmers from among the Maltese. The islanders came forward readily for this service; and stripping themselves naked, and armed only with short swords, a band of them swam to the stockade, and after a short but desperate struggle in the water, they completely routed the Turkish hatchet-men, and saved the works.

The long repetition of discouraging defeat and bootless carnage by degrees wore out the energies of the Turks. And at last, at the beginning of September, the news arrived that the long-expected fleet of the Sicilian Viceroy was on the sea. The succors thus tardily sent to La Vallette and his brave comrades amounted to less than 8000 men; but rumor magnified their numbers, and the weary and dispirited besiegers on the 11th of September abandoned their heavy ordnance, and left the island, which had been crimsoned with so much slaughter, and had been made the theater of such unrivaled heroism. This memorable siege is said to have cost the lives of 25,000 Turks, and of 5000 of the brave defenders. So reduced, indeed, was the garrison at the time of its rescue, that when they marched out to take possession of the guns which the Turks had abandoned, La Vallette could only muster six hundred men fit for service.

At the time when the tidings that the siege of Malta was raised, reached Constantinople, Solyman was preparing for a new struggle with Austria. The disputes between the rival parties in Hungary had again brought on hostilities. Maximilian II (who had succeeded Ferdinand) had in person attacked and captured Tokay and Serencz, and the Turkish Pacha, Mustapha Sokolli, had invaded Croatia. Solyman determined to conduct the campaign against the young German Emperor in person; and there can be little doubt that this Austrian war saved the Knights of Malta from a renewed attack in 1566, which must, in all human probability, have been fatal.

Solyman was now seventy-six years old, so enfeebled by age and illness, that he was no longer able to sit on horseback, but was borne in a litter at the head of his army, which commenced its march from Constantinople to Hungary on the 1st of May, 1566. Before he left his capital for the last, time Solyman had the satisfaction

of seeing the great aqueducts completed, which had been built by his orders for the supply of the city.

The Sultan arrived in Semlin, the 27th of June, and received the solemn homage of young Sigismund Zapolya, the titular King of Hungary and Transylvania under Ottoman protection. Solyman especially desired to capture in this campaign the two strong places of Erlau and Szigeth, which had on former occasions baffled the attacks of the Turks. A bold exploit of Count Zriny, the Governor of Szigeth, who surprised and cut off a detachment of Bosnian troops while on their march to reinforce the Sultan's army, determined Solyman to make Szigeth the first object of his arms; and on the 5th of August the Ottoman forces encamped round that city.

It was destined to be the death place both of Turkish sovereign and the Christian chief. Zriny himself burnt the lower, or new town, as indefensible; but great reliance was placed on the strength of the citadel, which was protected by a deep fen, that lay between it and the old or upper town. The Turks carried the town in five days, though not without severe fighting and heavy loss; and Zriny and his garrison of 3200 men then retired to the citadel, where they hoisted the black flag, and took an oath never to surrender, but to fight to the last man and the last gasp. The Turkish engineers formed causeways across the marsh; and they established breastworks near the walls, where the Janissaries were posted, who kept down the fire of the artillery of the besieged by an incessant discharge of musketry upon the embrasures, and at every living object that apeared above the parapet.

Heavy cannons of the Ottomans were placed in battery, and the walls began to crumble beneath their salvoes. Solyman was impatient of the delay which the resistance of so small a place as this citadel now caused him, and he summoned Zriny to surrender, and sought

to win him over to the Ottoman service by offering to make him ruler of all Croatia. Zriny, whom his countrymen have not unworthily named the Leonidas of Hungary, was resolute to die in defense of his post, and he inspired all his men with his own spirit of unflinching courage.

The Turks made three fierce assaults in August and September, all of which Zriny repelled with great loss to the besiegers. The Turkish engineers now ran a mine under the principal bastion, and the attacking columns were kept back until the effect of the explosion could be ascertained. The mine was fired early in the morning of the 5th of September, and the bright streak of fire, that shot up into the sky from the shattered bastion, might have been thought to be the death light of the great Sultan, who had died in his tent during the preceding night.

About two or three hours before his death, he had written to his Grand Vizier complaining that "the drum of victory had not yet beat." He was not destined to witness Szigeth's fall; though his army continued the siege as if by his command, and all except his Grand Vizier, Sokolli, believed that he still lived and reigned. Sokolli is said to have killed the Sultan's physicians lest the important secret should transpire, and to have issued orders in Solyman's name, while the messengers conveyed the dispatches to Prince Selim which summoned him to the throne.

The steady fire of the many big Turkish batteries upon Szigeth was continued for four days after the explosion of the great mine, until all the exterior defenses of the citadel were destroyed, and of the inner works only a single tower was left standing. In that tower were Zriny and 600 of his men; the rest of the garrison had perished. On the 8th of September the Janissaries advanced in a dense column along a narrow bridge, that

led to this last shelter of the defenders; and Zriny, feeling that his hour was come, resolved to anticipate the charge. The gallant Magyar prepared himself for death as for a marriage feast. He wore his most splendid apparel, and a diamond of high price glittered in the clasp of his crest of the heron's plumes. He fastened to his girdle a purse containing the keys of the tower, and a hundred ducats carefully chosen of Hungarian coinage.

"The man who lays me out," he said, "shall not complain that he found nothing on me for his trouble. These keys I keep while this arm can move. When it is stiff, let him who pleases take both keys and ducats. But I have sworn never to be the living finger-post of Turkish scorn."

Then from among four richly-ornamented sabers, which had been presented to him at some of the most brilliant epochs of his military career, he chose the oldest one.

"With this good sword," he exclaimed, "gained I my first honors, and with this will I pass forth to hear my doom before the judgement seat of God."

He then, with the banner of the empire borne before him by his standard-bearer, went down into the court of the tower, where his 600 were drawn up in readiness to die with him. He addressed them in a few words of encouragement, which he ended by thrice invoking the name of Jesus.

The Turks were now very close to the tower gate. Zriny had caused a large mortar to be brought down and placed in the doorway, and trained point-blank against the entrance. He had loaded this with broken iron and musket balls. At the instant when the foremost Janissary raised his ax to break in the door, it was thrown open. Zriny fired the mortar; the deadly shower poured through the mass of the assailants, destroying hundreds of them in an instant; and amid the smoke, the din, and the terror of this unexpected carnage, Zriny sprang forth

sword in hand against the Turks, followed by his devoted troop.

There was not even one of those 600 Magyar sabers but drank its fill on that day of self-immolation, before the gallant men who wielded them were overpowered. Zriny met the death he sought, from two musket balls through the body, and an arrow wound in the head. The Ottomans thrice raised the shout of "Allah" when they saw him fall, and they then poured into the citadel, which they fired and began to plunder; but Zriny, even after death, smote his foes. He had caused all his remaining stores of powder to be placed beneath the tower, and, according to some accounts, a slow match was applied to it by his orders immediately before the Magyars made their sally. Either from this, or from the flames which the Turks had themselves kindled, the magazine exploded while the tower was filled with Ottoman soldiery; and together with the last battlements of Szigeth, 3000 of its destroyers were destroyed.

Solyman the Conqueror lay stark in his tent before the reeking and smoldering ruins. The drum of victory beat unheeded by him who had so longed for its sound. He was insensible to all the roar of the assault, and to the "deadly earthshock" of the fired magazine of Szigeth. Nor could the tidings which now reached the camp of the surrender of the city of Gyula to Pertaw Pacha "soothe the dull cold ear of death."

The secret of the death was well guarded. For more than seven weeks the great Turkish army of 150,000 soldiers, went, and came, and fought, and took towns and cities in the name of the dead man. The Vizier Sokolli had caused the body to be partly embalmed before the royal tent was removed from before Szigeth; and, when the camp was struck, the corpse was placed in the covered litter in which Solyman had traveled dur-

ing the campaign, and which was now borne along among the troops, surrounded by the customary guards, and with all the ceremonies and homage which had been shown to the living monarch.

Sokolli knew the truth. After the siege and capture Babocsa, and some other operations which employed the attention of the troops, he gradually drew them towards the Turkish frontier. Solyman's signature was adroitly counterfeited; written orders were issued in his name, and the report was sedulously spread among the soldiers, that a severe attack of gout prevented the Sultan from appearing in public. At last Sokolli received intelligence that Prince Selim had been enthroned at Constantinople; and he then took measures for revealing to the soldiery the death of the great Padischah.

The army was now (24th of October, 1566) four marches from Belgrade, and had halted in the outskirts of a forest. Sokolli sent for the readers of the Koran, who accompanied the troops, and ordered them to assemble round the Sultan's litter in the night, and at the fourth hour before daybreak (the hour at which Solyman had expired forty-eight days before), to read the appointed service for the dead from the Koran, and called upon the name of God. At the chosen time, amid the stillness of the night, the army was roused from sleep by the loud clear voices of the Muezzins, that rose in solemn chant from around the royal tent, and were echoed back from the sepulchral gloom of the forest.

Those who stood on the right of the corpse called aloud, "All dominion perishes, and the last hour awaits all mankind!"

Those on the left answered, "The ever-living God alone is untouched by time or death."

The soldiers, who heard the well-known announcement

of death, gathered together in tumultuous groups, with wild cries of lamentation.

When the day first began to break, the Grand Vizier went through the camp addressing the assemblages of troops, and exhorting them to resume their ranks and march. He told them how much the Padischah, who was now at rest in the bosom of God, had done for Islam, and how he had been the soldier's friend; and he exhorted them to show their respect for his memory not by lamentations, which should be left to the priests, but by loyal obedience to his son, the glorious Sultan Selim Khan, who now was reigning in his stead. Soothed by these addresses, and the promise of a liberal donative from the new Sultan, the army returned to military order, and escorted the remains of their monarch and general back to Belgrade. Solyman's body was finally deposited in the great mosque at Constantinople, the Soleimaniye, which is the architectural glory of his reign.

Sultan Solyman I left to his successors an empire, to the extent of which few important permanent additions were ever made, except the islands of Cyprus and Candia; and which under no subsequent Sultan maintained or recovered the wealth, power, and prosperity which it enjoyed under the great lawgiver of the House of Othman. The Turkish dominions in his time comprised all the most celebrated cities of biblical and classical history, except Rome, Syracuse, and Persepolis. The sites of Carthage, Memphis, Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon, and Palmyra were Ottoman ground; and the cities of Alexandria, Jerusalem, Damascus, Smyrna, Nice, Prusa, Athens, Philippi, and Adrianople, besides many of later but scarcely inferior celebrity, such as Algiers, Cairo, Mecca, Medina, Bassorah, Bagdad, and Belgrade, obeyed the Sultan of Constantinople. The Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Tanais, the Borys-

thenes, the Danube, the Hebrus, and the Ilyssus, rolled their waters "within the shadow of the Horse-tails." The eastern recess of the Mediterranean, the Propontis, the Palus Mæotis, the Euxine, and the Red Sea, were Turkish lakes. The Ottoman Crescent touched the Atlas and the Caucasus; it was supreme over Athos, Sinai, Ararat, Mount Carmel, Mount Taurus, Ida, Olympus, Pelion, Hœmus, the Carpathian and the Acroceraunian heights. An empire of more than forty thousand square miles, embracing many of the richest and most beautiful regions of the world, had been acquired by the descendants of Ertoghrul, in three centuries from the time when their forefather wandered a homeless adventurer at the head of less than five hundred fighting men.

Solyman the Caliph of the Faith

From an Original Contemporary Manuscript of Turkish Writer

Six times—thus was Allah's decree—Sultan Solyman had been vanquished in war by the King of Vienna. When he declared war for the seventh time, seven kings of the Franks gave oath that, once and for all, they would destroy the Osmanli. But Solyman marched forth to battle, called for the battle standard of the Prophet and for that of the holiest of the Imams, the Saints, and gave them into the keeping of Selim Aga, chief of the Janissaries, of fieldmarshal Murteza Aga, and of Deli Hamza Aga, captain-general of the foot soldiers, and said:

"Warriors! To-day is our day of martyrdom or victory! We must win or die. We are fighting for the Faith! Allah will lead you. If you should die, that, too, will be the will of Allah! Let the owners of these two banners, the Prophet and the Great Imam, intercede for you with Allah!"

So fifteen hundred Janissaries embraced martyrdom, and threw themselves on the cursed infidels, dying by the point of the sword. For seven days and seven nights raged the battle. And on the eighth day, directly after morning prayer, by the help and wish of Allah, the infidels were vanquished, and those who were not killed in battle ran away. Then our all-powerful Padishah, though those about him tried to prevent him from exposing his life, escaped their vigilance, disguised himself as a common soldier, and, accompanied by his sword-bearer, his mantle-bearer, his stirrup-knight, and his turban-bearer, leaped to the pursuit of the infidels and killed many.

After the battle he addressed his army thus:

"Warriors! To-day shall be the greatest feast ever known to the world! We have achieved victory and triumph! Ours shall be the glorious reward, O my warriors!"

And captain-general Deli Hamza Aga replied:

"O warrior-lord! Gladly we sacrifice our lives for the True Faith! Ask God to bless your warriors!"

Then the Sultan shed tears of gratitude; and again his warriors went into battle.

It was God's will that the Aga of the Janissaries should meet in battle the King of Ragusa. He killed him. Not knowing that the other was a King, he cut off his head, and gave it to the Sultan. A colonel of Janissaries and the field-marshal met in hand-to-hand fight a son of the King of Middle Hungary and a son of the King of Silesia, captured them, and brought them to the Sultan.

The army of the Sultan captured a great deal of weapons, ammunition, and field baggage; and the Sepoys sent in pursuit of the fleeing infidels brought back three thousand prisoners and twelve hundred heads, as a present at the feet of the Osmanli Emperor.

Amongst the principal heroes of this battle were Deli Mandragy of the 20th battalion, Rizva Bese of the 32d warrior horde, Deli Ali of Alasonia of the 35th horde, Deli Gyvaz of the 33d horde, Deli Baba of the 10th horde, Deli Hamza, the Greek from Pirlepe, of the 15th horde, and Deli Kurd of Belgrade of the 14 horde; each of them having taken many prisoners and a number of heads.

When, after their return from battle, they appeared before their Sultan, the latter prostrated himself in front of them and, weeping tears of blood, said:

"Warriors! It is blessed to battle for the Faith! God is with us!"

And he gave them robes of honor. He also gave them purses filled with gold, but they refused, and he said:

"Warriors! Why do you refuse my gold? Have you another wish?"

They replied:

"O war lord! What could we do without your gifts? Still—we have one wish."

And in answer to his question they replied:

"For days our soldiers have had no water. They are dying of thirst."

And again the Sultan wept tears; and water was distributed.

Then they all returned home, each to his dwelling; and, arrived in Stamboul, the Sultan gave a great banquet to his officers and soldiers, giving gold and silver to the latter and glorious robes of honor to the former, and pensioning off the veterans with generous allowances in gold and meat and grain for all time to come.

During the banquet, the Sultan read out the following army order:

"In future wars, whenever the Padishah goes to battle, each battalion of five hundred soldiers shall be accom-

panied by an equal number of veterans. The latter will be kept in reserve, about the imperial tent, without taking part in the actual front-line fighting. But they shall assist their comrades with advice, and help them during the siege of fortified towns."

After the banquet, the Sultan had all the barracks of his soldiers thoroughly made over, with new water cisterns and water pipes of stone; ordered the aldermen of the municipalities to look after the barracks, and his minister of finance to supply the necessary capital.

He made the following edict:

"In the future the sentinels shall only permit my warriors to enter the barracks. No stranger shall be allowed to enter. No woman shall enter, no young boy, with the exception of my warriors' sons. Civilians are rigidly excluded."

He appointed a chief drillmaster of Janissaries to instruct the comrades, some in the art of using muskets, others how to use bows and arrows; the drillmaster never to cross the Turkish frontier during war, but to stay behind and instruct the new levies. Only when, in a great crisis, the Padishah himself went to battle, then the drillmaster had to accompany him.

On the drill ground of the musketeers the Sultan caused to be erected a stout wall of stones, and in the middle a porphyry target; on the four sides of the drill-ground rows of porphyry columns and, in back of them, a stone terrace with a fountain where he could watch his warriors at drill.

Each year, to the best marksmen, he gave handsome presents; to one a turban, to a second a fine bow, to a third a purse of gold.

During the annual target competition, the Sultan would first ask his chief master of hounds to fetch a bear and the hounds, and to have the hounds tear the bear to

pieces. Then would come athletes and wrestle; for each regiment had a number of expert wrestlers. Then would come club swingers and all sorts of other athletes, each showing his craft and strength. Then would come the actual target shooting, and a sham battle between different regiments, battalions and hordes; and prizes would be distributed.

Finally the army cooks would come, and each cook a number of war rations; and the best and quickest cooks would also receive rewards.

And thus everything happens by the will of Allah!

Let us recite a Fatiha from the Koran for the good of their souls!

Queen Elizabeth

By MANDELL CREIGHTON

THE Princess Elizabeth[8] of England was born at Greenwich, between three and four of the afternoon of September 7, 1533. Her birth was a matter of small rejoicing to her parents, who were sorely disappointed that their first-born was not a boy. Seldom had greater issues depended on the sex of a child than were now at stake. Henry VIII pined for a male heir to succeed to the English throne. He had wearied of his Spanish wife, Catherine; he had made the hand of his sole daughter, Mary, the bait of many an alliance, which had come to nought. He had wasted England's resources on foreign wars, which had brought no return. He had found Catherine, with her devotion to Spain and her nephew, Charles V, an obstacle to his political plans, and had wearied of her person. He had lost his heart to Anne Boleyn, and determined to make her Queen at all costs. For this purpose he had waded deeply in the mire, had broken through all the conventions of propriety, had quarreled with Pope and Emperor, and had filled Europe with his clamorous assertions of the right of a King of England to have his own way in matters matrimonial. When he failed of immediate success, he had set on foot a revolutionary change in England itself, the end of which he could not foresee. He had stubbornly declared his intention to be divorced from Catherine and to marry Anne; he was bent on discovering some means of effecting his object.

The death of Archbishop Warham in August, 1532, opened up a way. Warham had refused to consider the question of granting a divorce in England; but Henry might secure a successor to Warham who would be amenable to his wishes. So sure was Henry of this result that on September 1 he created Anne Marchioness of Pembroke, and presented her with jewels taken from the Queen. This was regarded as an announcement that Anne had consented to become the King's mistress, which was probably the fact. Pope Clement VII thought that such an arrangement would end the question of the King's divorce, and accepted the royal nomination of Thomas Cranmer as Archbishop of Canterbury in Warham's stead. But before the bulls for his confirmation had arrived, Anne was with child, and it was necessary for her offspring to be born in lawful wedlock. She was privately married to Henry some time in January, 1533. Cranmer was consecrated Archbishop on March 30. On May 10, he opened his court to inquire into the validity of the King's marriage with Catherine. Before the end of the month he pronounced the marriage with Catherine to have been null and void from the beginning, and the marriage with Anne to be good and valid. On June 1, Anne was crowned in Westminster.

These were not creditable proceedings to submit to the judgment of the English people. They were not attached to Catherine, and they ardently wished for a male successor to the throne. They had not sympathized with the King's foreign policy, and they longed to be free from its complications, and manage their national concerns in peace. They had no love for the Pope, and wished priests and monks to be reduced to their due place in the new society which was slowly coming into existence. They were desirous of more common sense and simplicity in religious matters, and had little sympa-

thy with the old-fashioned pretentiousness of the Churchmen. They were quite willing that the King should manage his personal matters as he thought best, provided he left them in peace. But still, when all had been done and settled, they shook their heads, and felt that there had been at work an amount of trickery and injustice which they could not approve. They were not critics of the King's proceedings, and they were ready to wait; but their sympathy was more with the degraded Queen than with her upstart and brazen successor. The birth of a male heir to the throne would have gone far to reconcile them with what had been done. It would have satisfied the general desire that there should be no difficulties about the succession, that England should not have to face domestic discord and foreign intrigue. But another girl was a hindrance rather than a help to future prospects. If the choice was to lie between her and Mary, the claims of Mary would stand higher.

So the birth of Elizabeth was a disappointment to her parents, and was the beginning of a cooling of Henry's affections towards the wife whom he had braved so much to gain. There was not much heartiness in the rejoicings which announced her coming into the world, or in the magnificence which attended her baptism on September 10, when her godparents were Archbishop Cranmer, the Dowager-Duchess of Norfolk, and the Dowager-Marchioness of Dorset. Three months after this a separate establishment was assigned to the child at Hatfield, where she was joined by her unfortunate sister Mary. The child saw little of her mother. Once only do we find her mentioned at Court. It was on January 9, 1536, when the news of the death of Queen Catherine had just arrived. Henry appeared dressed all in yellow, save for a white plume in his cap. After dinner he carried Elizabeth in his arms round the room, and showed her

with triumph to the assembled courtiers. Anne joined in Henry's triumph, but her joy was of short duration. Henry was weary of Anne, and her failure to bear other children made her useless. So long as Catherine lived he was bound to endure her vanity, her bad temper, and her want of tact and personal dignity. After Catherine's death he resolved to rid himself of her, and Cromwell thought it better to ruin her entirely rather than divorce her on some technical plea. Anne was accused of repeated acts of adultery and incest, throughout all the period of her married life. She was found guilty and was executed on May 19, 1536. Two days before her death her marriage was declared invalid from the beginning, and Elizabeth was thus pronounced to be illegitimate.

This was a tragic beginning of the life of one of the greatest of the rulers of England, and it is tempting to consider the influence of heredity on Elizabeth's character. In her great qualities of caution and prudence she reverted to her grandfather, Henry VII, while from her father she inherited the royal imperiousness and personal charm which always secured his popularity. To her mother she owed her vanity, her unscrupulousness, her relentless and overbearing temper. Anne Boleyn has been hardly judged. Indeed her position was impossible from the beginning; and none but a coarse, ambitious and self-seeking woman would have struggled so desperately as she did for a prize which was sure to be fatal. Her hardness and coarseness passed to her daughter, in whom they were modified by finer qualities, and were curbed by a sense of duty. But Elizabeth always remained more truly the daughter of Anne Boleyn than of Henry VIII, though she never took any steps to clear the character of her mother, whom indeed she was anxious to forget.

The day after Anne's execution Henry married Jane Seymour, and Elizabeth was banished from her father's sight. She was committed to the care of Lady Bryan, a relative of her mother, and was assigned as a residence, Hunsdon House, in Hertfordshire, pleasantly situated on a hill overlooking the Stort river. With her was her half-sister Mary, now twenty years of age, devoted to the memory of her mother, and vainly endeavoring to soften the inhumanity of the King.

At first, Elizabeth was entirely neglected by her father. Lady Bryan was driven to write to Cromwell that the child was almost without clothes; she begged that provision should be made for her needs. Her remonstrance seems to have had some effect; and she did her best to discharge her duty to the child intrusted to her care. Elizabeth was well brought up. She was taught to behave with decorum. She learnt to sew and at the age of six presented her brother Edward with a shirt of cambric of her own working. Edward was also committed to the charge of Lady Bryan, and for some time the two children were educated together. They were willing pupils, for the Tudors were fond of learning. They rose early and devoted the first part of the day to religious instruction. Then they studied "languages, or some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of Princes." When Edward went to exercise in the open air, Elizabeth, "in her private chamber, betook herself to her lute or viol, and, wearied with that, to practice her needle."

Their teachers were carefully chosen from the best scholars of the time. First came Richard Cox, who had been trained in Wolsey's new College at Oxford, and whom Elizabeth afterwards made Bishop of Ely, in remembrance of her Latin lessons. After Cox came the great Cambridge scholar, Sir John Cheke, who carried

on their education in the Classics. With him was Roger Ascham, who did not disdain to teach them writing, and formed that bold handwriting which characterizes them both, and was a product of a time when writing was still considered as a fine art. Besides them were learned masters in French and Italian. Elizabeth showed such proficiency in these languages that, at the age of eleven, she wrote an Italian letter to Queen Catherine Parr, and also sent a translation of a book of devotions, *Le Miroir de l'Ame pécheresse,* written by Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I.

While she was thus carefully educated in mind and body, Elizabeth had no education of her affections. Her father seldom saw her and took no interest in her. She was separated from her brother Edward, and was settled by herself at Enfield. As soon as she could think for herself, she must have felt that she was surrounded by an atmosphere of suspicion, and was alone and friendless in the world. The death of Henry, in 1546, did not remove this isolation. The young Edward was separated from his sisters; and they were carefully kept apart. In fact, the accession of Edward VI opened the way for deep laid political intrigues. The boy was sickly, and was not likely to come to years of discretion. It is true that Henry VIII had, by his will, made tardy reparation to the daughters whom he had so deeply wronged, and recognized their right of succession. But Henry's will was not of much value. The Council which he had provided was set aside by the influence of Edward's uncle, Edward Seymour, who took the rank of Duke of Somerset and the title of Lord Protector. Others, however, were not likely to acquiesce in his supremacy; and Mary and Elizabeth might be instruments in their hands.

Elizabeth was committed to the care of the Queen-Dowager Catherine Parr; but she had a house of her

own and a retinue of a hundred and twenty attendants. Her governess was a relative by her mother's side, Catherine Ashley, a foolish and imprudent woman, little capable of guiding the precocious girl amid the dangers which beset her. Elizabeth was soon to learn the lessons of life in a way which indelibly impressed them upon her mind. We may pity a girl exposed to such temptations; but we must admit that there was little intuitive modesty in a character which could not resist their grossness.

We have a picture of Elizabeth at this time, drawn by the pen of a Venetian ambassador. It is of interest as showing how she struck an experienced observer, and already possessed all those qualities which she afterwards displayed.

"She is at present," so wrote Giovanni Micheli, "of the age of twenty-three years, and is esteemed to be no less fair in mind than she is in body. Albeit, in face she is pleasing rather than beautiful; but her figure is tall and well proportioned. She has a good complexion, though of a somewhat olive tint, beautiful eyes, and above all a beautiful hand, which she likes to show. She is of admirable talent and intelligence, of which she has given proof by her behavior in the dangers and suspicions to which she has been exposed. She has great knowledge of languages, especially Italian, and for display talks nothing else with Italians. She is proud and haughty; for in spite of her mother, she holds herself as high as the Queen and equally legitimate, alleging in her own behalf that her mother would not cohabit with the King save as his wife, and that with the authority of the Church, after sentence given by the Primate of this realm; so that even if she were deceived having acted in good faith, she contracted a valid marriage and bore her child in lawful wedlock. Even supposing she

be a bastard, she bears herself proudly and boastfully through her father, whom she is said to resemble more than does the Queen. Moreover, in the late King's will, she was placed on the same footing as the Queen, and was named her successor, if she died without issue. She lives on what her father bequeathed her, and is always in debt; she would be more so but that she keeps down her household not to awaken the Queen's jealousy. For there is no lord, nor knight in the kingdom, who would not enter her service, or send there his son or brother; such is the affection and love which is felt towards her.

"She is always pleading poverty, in such a dexterous way as to awaken silent compassion and therefore greater affection. For every one thinks it hard that a King's daughter should be so miserably treated. Since Wyatt's rebellion she has never been free; for though she is allowed to live in her house, some twelve miles distant from London, still she has many guards and spies about her, who observe all comers and goers; and she never says or does anything that is not at once reported to the Queen. After the Queen's marriage she came to Court, and contrived to win the favor of the Spaniards, and especially of the King, with whom she is a great favorite. He has steadily opposed the Queen's desires to disinherit her by Act of Parliament, or declare her illegitimate, or send her out of the kingdom. If it were not for his influence and for the fear of an insurrection, the Queen would undoubtedly find some occasion for punishing her, if not for past, at least for present, offenses; for there is no conspiracy in which, justly on unjustly, her name is not mentioned and some of her servants involved. But the Queen is obliged to dissemble her dislike, and constrain herself to receive her in public with kindness and honor."

Mary's days, however, were drawing to a close. During the summer of 1558 she was ill, and in November it was plain that she was dying. Philip sent her a message advising her to recognize Elizabeth as her successor. She did so, and sent Elizabeth her last request that she would pay her personal debts, and maintain religion on the basis which she had established. The Spanish envoy who brought Philip's message, the Count de Feria, tried to impress Elizabeth with proper gratitude towards his master. She answered proudly that she owed her safety to the people of England. Then they discussed the future, and the experienced diplomatist saw that her preparations were already made. Her secretary would be Sir William Cecil, a man full of intelligence and capacity, but tainted with heresy. He saw that she would not commit herself to any one's protection, but would govern for herself. His report to his master was justified by actual facts. "To great subtlety," he wrote, "she adds very great vanity. She has heard great talk of her father's mode of action, and means to follow it. I have great fear that she thinks ill in the matter of religion, for I see that she inclines to govern by men who are suspected as heretics."

Elizabeth remained quietly at Hatfield, awaiting the news of Mary's death. She saw, day by day, new visitors arriving. Her plans were already made, and Cecil was ready to take all necessary steps when the moment came. On November 17 the news was brought of Mary's death; but Elizabeth was too prudent to act in haste, and sent Sir Nicholas Throgmorton to ascertain if the news was true. Before his return, a deputation of the Lords of the Council arrived at Hatfield and greeted their new Queen. Elizabeth stood for a moment irresolute. Then falling on her knees, she exclaimed: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Few rulers ever ascended a throne better prepared for her task than did Elizabeth. The facts of her personal experience had corresponded with the experience of the nation. Her own life had been interwoven with the national life. She had been in imminent danger, both under Edward and under Mary. She had suffered, and had learned as the nation learned and suffered. She had lived amongst perils, and had been taught the need of prudence. Self-mastery and self-restraint had been forced upon her. Bitter experience had taught her how little she could satisfy her own desires, how little she could confide in the wisdom or discretion of others. She had spent long hours in enforced solitude and reflection as the drama of events passed before her. She had seen the failures of other lives, their disappointments, and their tragic end. And, in all this, she had been no idle spectator, but one whose own fortunes were deeply involved; and at each new turn of events men's minds had been more closely directed to her, so that her personal importance had been emphasized. She seemed to form part of all that the nation had passed through. Now she was called upon to amend the melancholy results of the ill-directed zeal of others, to bring back England to peace and security. For all men's hopes were set upon her as "born mere English, here among us, and therefore most natural to us." Men looked back to the days of Henry VIII, which loomed greater through the clouds of the past twelve years of misgovernment, to a time when at least there was an intelligible policy, and welcomed Elizabeth as the true inheritor of her father's spirit. Her training had been severe; but to that severity was due the character and the qualities which enabled her to face the work which lay before her. She would not have had it otherwise, for it made her one with her people.

Proving the success of the method which Elizabeth had studiously followed, the defeat of the Armada marked the decisive epoch of her reign. She had found the country dispirited, divided and uncertain. She had refused to answer definitely any of the problems by which it was distracted. She was contented to maintain government, to defend her own position against attack and to occupy the position of moderator between contending parties. The one thing which she strove to avoid was an outburst of strong feeling, or aught that would divide England into opposite camps. Her great belief was that England would grow into a new consciousness of its position, if it had time for reflection and for experiment. However much questions might seem pressing for solution, she refused to solve them. However loudly the popular voice might clamor for action, she devised means of seeming to act without really doing so. England must decide for itself, and she would be the ruler over a united people. It was only when opinions led to disloyalty that she repressed them. Her only demand was that England should not be sacrificed to the issues raised by Continental politics, but should find its own course of safety. From this determination nothing could move her, and she had her reward. She secured peace as long as peace was possible; but the growth of the English spirit at last challenged attack. When the attack came, England was practically united. Roman Catholics were not behind their brethren in loyalty. The time was past when they were willing to secure their own form of religion at the price of the sacrifice of England to Spain. This was because England had a meaning for them which it had not for their fathers. Elizabeth, who at the beginning of her reign was regarded as a temporary makeshift, a creature who could be removed at any moment when it was convenient, had become the representative

of a great nation, which rejoiced in its independence, and had gained a conception of order and liberty which formed the foundation of a strong national life. The attack, which had so long been dreaded, was delivered and was easily repulsed.

The effect of this repulse on England was enormous. Confidence had been gradually growing; now it came at once to light. Englishmen knew that they could hold their own, and had a foremost place in the world. The haunting sense of uncertainty passed away, and they were able to face the future. It was this knowledge, coming in all its freshness, which set its stamp upon the Elizabethan age. It was when Elizabeth's work was done that her worth was recognized, and she became the symbol of the nation which she had done so much to create. Men forgave her everything in the past because they saw something of the meaning of her views, and acknowledged their obligation to much that had disappointed them at the time when it was done, or more often left undone. They even attributed to her counsels the defeat of the Armada itself, and struck a medal with the inscription *"Dux faemina facti."*

The new generation which had grown up around Elizabeth was very different from that which was passing away. The men of the older generation were cautious, prudent and self-restrained. They had been trained amid perpetual dangers, and had learned to walk warily, to say as little as possible, and to trust entirely to no one. Their followers were outspoken, adventurous and turbulent, overflowing with life and energy. The question must have faced Elizabeth, Could she restrain them, as she had restrained their fathers? How was she to carry into the new England the authority and influence which she had exercised over the old? Her power had been largely due to her personal ascendancy, and she needed

a life full of personal interests. She preserved her intellectual coldness by gratifying her feelings. She dominated her ministers by pampering her favorites. She learned to understand the world around her, not only through her head, but through her heart. She was a woman as well as a Queen, and did not sink herself in her office. She reserved self-restraint for important decisions; in matters of everyday life she followed her own fancy. It is strange that increasing age and experience did not teach her to curb her personal preferences. But she was one of those who were resolved to lead their individual lives in their own way, and to exercise their qualities on those immediately around them.

It was almost a sign of the new epoch opening in England that the Earl of Leicester died on September 4, 1588. Though he had never seriously affected Elizabeth's policy, he had always retained a hold on her affections. She had felt his charm, and had been delighted by his accomplishments. When he grew presumptuous, he was repressed; but the Queen chose that he should be reckoned as the foremost man in England. It was a position which he in no way deserved; but it was not Elizabeth's habit to reward desert. Some one must occupy the chief place in her Court. There was a time when she would have married Leicester; as that could not be, at least he should have some recompense. So he continued to be an important figure, though he was not entrusted with any real power.

It would seem, however, that before the death he had thought of a possible successor. Elizabeth's fancy was more and more interested in the young, and she loved to hear their ideas and aspirations. She chose those to whom she wished to listen for their personal appearance, just as the whim took her. Thus, when she saw young Charles Blount, "Of stature tall and of very comely

proportion," she said to him, significantly: "Fail you not to come to Court, and I will bethink myself how to do you good." In like manner, Walter Raleigh had attracted her attention by his "good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person, a strong natural wit, and a bold and plausible tongue." Leicester knew that he himself, owing to advancing years and self-indulgence, was growing "high-colored and red-faced." Not wishing to be entirely at the mercy of his younger rivals, he introduced another aspirant for the Queen's favor, his stepson, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Already in May, 1587, we find that the brilliant youth of twenty had ousted his competitors. "When the Queen is abroad, nobody is near her but my Lord of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her that he cometh to his own lodging till the birds sing in the morning." In July Essex was on such terms that he upbraided the Queen for refusing to receive his sister, who had made a runaway marriage, and said "that it was only to please that knave Raleigh, for whose sake I saw she would both grieve me and my love, and disgrace me in the eyes of the world." When he did not receive the satisfaction which he demanded, he rode away to join the Earl of Leicester in the Netherlands; but Elizabeth sent a messenger in pursuit, and he was brought back from the coast before he could embark.

In 1593 Elizabeth was reluctantly compelled to summon Parliament for the purpose of obtaining money to pay her troops in France. She felt that the control of Parliament had become more difficult now that England's position was secure; but she was resolved to maintain her old authority to the full. Hitherto she had asked for little money; now her demands considerably increased. England must be trained to pay the price of its enhanced greatness, and

must at the same time be kept within the limits of due obedience to its Sovereign. There were two matters which the Queen had hitherto succeeded in keeping from Parliamentary control—the settlement of the succession, and the regulation of the Church.

Nothing is more curious in Elizabeth's career than the steadfastness with which she refused to allow of Parliamentary interference in ecclesiastical matters. She was determined that the large system which had approved itself at the beginning of her reign should be allowed to shape itself into accordance with the needs of the nation, and that time should be given it for that purpose. We have seen how great were the difficulties which beset the restoration of religious unity in England, how a Romanist party grew up which unfortunately had a political significance which the State deemed it impossible to overlook, how consequently attendance at the services of the Church became a test of loyalty. But, besides the Romanists, there was also a party which wished to go farther in the direction of Continental Protestantism.

The Romanists stood aloof from the Church, and claimed only to go their own way.

The Puritans first aimed at transforming the Church into agreement with the system of Calvin, and they continued to raise one question after another. When the contest about vestments had succeeded in reducing ecclesiastical ornaments to the lowest point, the Puritans put forward the system of Church government which Calvin had set up. They were greatly aided by the action of the Papacy towards Elizabeth, which made the majority of Englishmen desirous to emphasize the breach with Rome. Thomas Cartwright, at Cambridge, advocated the abolition of Episcopacy, and the introduction of the Presbyterian system. This was entirely opposed to the principles which had hitherto prevailed in England; it

passed beyond the bounds of legitimate discussion; it did not propose the adaptation, but the subversion, of the Church.

So Elizabeth, by a proclamation, ordered all the Bishops to put in force the provisions of the Act of Uniformity, and secure that such opinions should not be taught by the clergy of the Church. She hoped that this question would soon pass away, and, on Parker's death, in 1575, appointed as Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward Grindal, who was known to be sympathetic with Puritan opinions. It soon appeared that these opinions found new means of expression in "exercises," or "prophesyings"—meetings, originally of clergy, to which the laity were soon admitted. Thus there was growing up another form of worship of the Genevan type by the side of the Church services. Elizabeth ordered that this should be put down. Grindal was slack in obeying the Queen's command, and was suspended from the exercise of his functions. Meanwhile, in various ways, efforts were steadily made by a section of the clergy to introduce stealthily something resembling the Presbyterian system of discipline.

After Grindal's death, in 1583, his successor, Whitgift, undertook the task of introducing order, and purging the system of the Church. The Puritans did not ask for toleration, they did not plead for freedom; but they claimed that the Church should be changed into something else, that its formularies should be disregarded, and that a rigid discipline should be introduced. For this purpose they took orders and held office in the Church, that they might use their position to subvert it. Whitgift was resolved to put a stop to this, and ordered that all the clergy should subscribe to three articles, affirming the Royal supremacy, the lawfulness of the Book of Common Prayer, and assent to the Thirty-nine Articles. In persuance of this policy Whitgift issued articles of inquiry to

the clergy, which they were requested to answer by virtue of their office. An outcry was immediately raised that the Inquisition was being introduced into England. Burghley wrote to Whitgift that "this judicial and canonical sifting of poor ministers is not to edify or reform. In charity I think they ought not to answer all these nice points, except they were very notorious offenders in Papistry or heresy."

Whitgift, in reply, defended his action, and added: "I know your Lordship desireth the peace of the Church, but it cannot be procured after so long liberty and lack of discipline if a few persons, so meanly qualified as most of them, are countenanced against the whole state of the clergy." The House of Commons, in 1585, took the side of the Puritans, and made proposals for restricting the authority of the Bishops. These were set aside, and Elizabeth, in proroguing Parliament, peremptorily asserted that she would tolerate neither "presumption nor newfangledness." It was the duty of the Bishops to provide for the governance of the Church; and it was her duty to see that they amended such things as needed amendment.

That Elizabeth should have adopted this attitude at such a time shows that she was acting from deliberate conviction. It was in the great crisis of her reign, when all Europe was against her, when her life was in daily peril, when she had nothing to trust save the good will of her people. This she herself admitted. "No Prince can be surer tied or faster bound than I am with the link of your good will; yet one matter toucheth me so near, as I may not overskip, religion, the ground on which all other matters ought to take root, and being corrupted may mar all the tree." Why did she not increase her popularity by listening to the petition of the Commons? There was every motive to induce her to do so. All her advisers

were in favor of doing so; but Elizabeth stood firm and accepted all the responsibility. It is often said that she was destitute of real religious feeling, and acted only from motives of policy. This view is not borne out by facts. Elizabeth possessed the qualities of the head more than the heart. She could not sympathize with earnestness which passed into fanaticism. In early life she had made up her own mind about the essential elements of personal religion, and did not over-estimate the significance of outward forms.

But she had a keen sense of the meaning of religious systems in their relation to national life, and she saw the importance to England of becoming the seat of the Church of the New Learning, a Church which did not break with the past, but received all that had been contributed by human intelligence towards understanding the errors of the old system, and the means to remove them.

The system of the Church was to remain, and was to be as independent as possible. Henry VIII was willing to assume functions which had been usurped by the Pope; Elizabeth was careful to go back to the position of the earlier Kings. She recognized in her Bishops greater powers than they were prepared to use. When Parker asked her aid she bade him act on his own authority. When she thought that authority was not exercised with sufficient firmness, she called attention to remissness. She had a higher conception of the Church than had the Bishops, and she wished her people to be gradually educated up to her conception.

Much has been said about her contemptuous treatment of her Bishops. The celebrated letter to the Bishop of Ely, beginning: "Proud prelate," and ending, "by God, I will unfrock you," has long been known to be an amusing forgery; but it is still repeated, and is quoted as typical of her treatment of Bishops. As a matter of fact

she treated them with greater respect than she showed to any of her ministers or favorites. Her position was one of watchful protection of the Church and its order. Its framework was not to be altered, and she repelled all attempts in that direction; but within that framework things might settle themselves; she would leave all points of detail for free discussion.

In Whitgift she found for the first time a man who was strong enough in his own opinions to wish to restrain the clergy within the limits of the formularies of the Church. She would not have him meddled with, though her ministers thought that his action was perilous. She stood alone in supporting him.

Whitgift's activity produced much discontent among the Puritan clergy, because it showed that they were not to be allowed to transform the Church from within. This knowledge led to the formation of a body of Separatists, whose tenets seem to have been first formulated by Robert Browne, who asserted that religion was not under the control of the civil magistrate, that the Church was a voluntary company of Christians, and that each congregation ought to determine its own worship and be ruled by its own elders.

Some of Browne's followers went further and denounced the Church of England as being no true Church, asserting that its worship was "flat idolatry" and that none of its Bishops or preachers preached Christ truly. They were tried before the Court of High Commission and committed to prison. But, in 1588, when the Armada was threatening England, a number of pamphlets attacking the Bishops were secretly printed and issued under the name of "Martin Marprelate". They were at first answered seriously, but ultimately were left to men of letters such as Nash and Lilly, who retorted with a scurrility nearly as great as that of the Separatist

writers. At first the public was amused at the display of trenchant style and hard hitting. But it was soon seen that this controversy was unworthy, and went beyond the limits of fair discussion. Public opinion turned against the Separatists: the old Puritan party refused to make common cause with them, and preferred to accept the liberty which the Church allowed them rather than embark on revolutionary projects. The Separatists fell under the laws enacted against the Romanist recusants, which were applied to them with leniency, and were only directed against their leaders.

When Parliament met, in February, 1593, Elizabeth was resolved to keep it in due subjection on those points which she reserved for herself. She sent a message: "Mr. Speaker, Her Majesty's pleasure is, that if you perceive any idle hands, which will not stick to hazard their own estates, which will meddle with reforming the Church and transforming the commonwealth, and do exhibit any bills to such purpose, that you do not receive them until they be viewed and considered by those who it is fitter should consider of such things." Undeterred by this message, Peter Wentworth proposed that a joint committee of Lords and Commons should petition the Queen to settle the succession; he was committed to the Tower. A Puritan lawyer, James Morice, introduced bills for the reformation of ecclesiastical courts and the revision of the penal statutes; he was arrested in the Queen's name and was sent to Tutbury Castle. An Act was passed, directly aimed at the Separatists, "to restrain the Queen's subjects in obedience." It provided that any one who refused to go to Church, or denied the Queen's authority in matters ecclesiastical, or frequented unlawful assemblies, should be imprisoned till he had made submission. Another Act was passed against Popish recusants, ordering them to repair to their place of dwelling and not to

remove more than five miles from it, under pain of forfeiture. It would seem that England was wearied of religious conflict, and was willing to resort to severe measures in the hopes of enforcing peace.

The unfortunate result of this legislation was the execution of some of the Nonconformist leaders, though proceedings were not taken on religious grounds. Barrow and Greenwood were found guilty of "defaming the Queen with malicious intent, to the stirring up of rebellion." Penry, who was the chief author of the Martin Marprelate tracts, was indicted for writing slanders with the intent to stir up rebellion, and the evidence was taken, not from published writings, but from papers found in his house. These executions were deplorable and unnecessary. Such sectaries might be troublesome, but it could not be said that they were disloyal, or tended to endanger the State. The example of such treatment led to the flight of many conscientious men to Holland, where they developed their opinions unchecked, and formed the body of Independents who were so powerful in the great Civil War.

It was one of the misfortunes of Elizabeth that she was never permitted for long to enjoy the feeling of personal security. A plot against her life was brought to light in 1594, about which it is difficult to form a correct judgment. Essex vied with Burghley in obtaining secret information from abroad, and used for this purpose a Portuguese Jew, Rodrigo Lopez, who had settled in London as a physician and was employed by the Queen. He also welcomed into England a Spanish refugee, Antonio Perez, who had formerly been secretary to Philip, but had incurred his enmity. Spanish spies in London endeavored to bribe some of Perez's servants to murder him and the Queen. Lopez was approached for the same purpose, and accepted some jewels as presents from Philip. The matter was discovered by Essex, but, at first,

Burghley disbelieved it, and Elizabeth chided Essex as "a rash and temerarious youth to enter into a matter against a poor man which he could not prove." However, more evidence was obtained, and Lopez was incriminated, was tried and found guilty. For three months Elizabeth hesitated, but at last signed the warrant for his execution. It is most probable that the popular excitement about this trial directed Shakespeare's attention to the Jews, and that Lopez suggested the character of Shylock.

Meanwhile, in foreign affairs, Elizabeth was content to keep Spain at bay. The death of the Duke of Parma, in 1592, removed Philip's great general, and Prince Maurice began a career of military skill which won the freedom of the United Netherlands. Henry IV, in France, with Elizabeth's help, made head against the league which was supported by Spain. But Henry saw that he could never hope to unite France so long as he remained a Huguenot, and, in the autumn of 1593, executed a politic change of his religion. Elizabeth addressed him with an angry remonstrance:—

"Ah, what grief! ah, what regret! ah, what pangs have seized my heart! My God, is it possible that any worldly considerations could render you regardless of the Divine displeasure? Can we reasonably expect any good result can follow such an iniquity? How can you imagine that He whose hand has supported and upheld your cause so long would fail you at your need? It is a perilous thing to do ill that good may come. Nevertheless I yet hope that your better feelings may return, and, in the meantime, I promise to give you the first place in my prayers, that Esau's hands may not defile the blessing of Jacob. Your sister, if it be after the old fashion; with the new, I will have nothing to do.

"E. R."

However, Henry's conversion was not at first recognized by the Pope and the King of Spain, and the war was still continued by the league. Henry drew nearer to England, and, in 1595, and alliance was made between him, England, and the United Netherlands, which were then recognized as a sovereign power, for the purpose of waging war against Spain; but there was not much heart in the undertaking, for it was felt that Henry IV was feeling his way towards peace. Even diplomacy was conducted in a fantastic fashion. Henry IV protested to Sir Henry Unton that Elizabeth's letters were "full of sweetness and affection but that she could not escape from her ministers: so he for his part was obliged to do for the preservation of his subjects what as Henry her loving brother he would never do." Then he sent for his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and talked for an hour on frivolous topics. He afterwards led Unton into his chamber, "where in a private place between the bed and the wall he asked me how I liked his mistress. I answered sparingly in her praise, and told him that I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress, and yet did her picture come far short of the perfection of her beauty." When the King pressed for a sight of this picture, Unton produced a miniature of Elizabeth. Henry "beheld it with passion and admiration, saying that I had reason, that he had never seen the like; so with great reverence he kissed it twice or thrice, I detaining it still in my hand. In the end, with some kind of contention, he took it from me, vowing that he could not forego it for any treasure; and that to possess the favor of the lively picture he would forsake all the world, and hold himself most happy, with many other most passionate words." The style which Elizabeth had invented in England was now transplanted abroad. Hatton and Essex were outdone by the French King.

But although gallantry had invaded diplomacy, the martial spirit of England was stirred in March, 1596, by the news that the Archduke Charles had entered France and was laying siege to Calais. Levies were called out at once, but Calais fell before anything was done. Its possession by Spain was felt to be an important help to a new Armada, which was continually threatened; and Elizabeth was driven to depart from her pacific course. An expedition was fitted out against Spain. Lord Howard of Effingham was put in command of the fleet, and Essex in command of the land forces. They destroyed the Spanish fleet in Cadiz Bay, captured the town, and razed its fortifications. It was a crushing blow struck at the power of Spain and was more decisive than the defeat of the Armada.

But Elizabeth was not elated by glory; she was disappointed that no portion of the spoils reached her Exchequer. Cadiz had been given up to plunder, and every one took what he could get; there was no capture of treasure ships whose contents went to the Queen. News came that only two days after the departure of the English fleet, ships bearing twenty millions of ducats entered the Tagus. Great was Elizabeth's anger at this lost opportunity, and she disputed the right of those who had divided among themselves the ransom of Cadiz. When Burghley expressed his opinion in their favor he had to bear the burden of her displeasure, "with words," he wrote to Essex, "of indignity, reproach, and rejecting of me as a miscreant and a coward." Between the Queen and Essex, Burghley found it more difficult to steer in his old age than he had ever found it in the days of Leicester. The only thanks he received was the glee of the friends of Essex that he "had made the old fox to crouch and whine, and to insinuate himself by a very submissive letter to my Lord of Essex."

We have a description of Elizabeth in 1598 from the pen of a German traveler, which tells us minutely how the burden of her years did not diminish her taste for splendor. On a Sunday in September he saw the Queen going to chapel at her palace of Greenwich.

"The presence-chamber was hung with tapestry and strewn with rushes. In it were assembled the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the chief officers of the Crown. The Queen appeared, preceded by gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed. Next came the Lord High Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of whom carried the royal scepter, the other the sword of State in a red scabbard. Next came the Queen, very majestic; her face oblong, fair but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their too great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; her hair was of an auburn color, but false; upon her head she had a small crown; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceedingly fine jewels.

"Her hands were slender, her fingers rather long, and her stature neither tall nor low.

"Her air was stately, and her manner of speech gracious.

"She was dressed in a white silk gown bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence she spoke very graciously to foreign ministers or others, in English, French and Italian. Whosoever speaks to her kneels;

now and then she raises some one with her hand. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every one fell on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed her, very handsome and well-shaped, for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen-pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt halberds. In the ante-chapel petitions were presented to her, and she received them graciously, which occasioned the exclamation: "God save Elizabeth!" She answered: "I thank you, my good people."

"While she was at prayers we saw her table set with the following solemnity: A gentleman entered bearing a rod, and along with him another who bore a table-cloth, which, after they had both knelt three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and, after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate and bread; they knelt, placed them on the table with the same ceremonies, and retired. Then came two ladies, one bearing a knife; one of them dressed in white silk, after kneeling three times, approached the table and rubbed the plate with bread and salt. The Yeomen of the Guard, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose on their backs, brought in a course of twenty-four dishes, served in silver, mostly gilt. The dishes were received by a gentleman, who placed them on the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the dish which he carried, for fear of poison. During this time twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring. At the end of this ceremony a number of ladies appeared, who with particular ceremony lifted the meat from the table and carried it into the Queen's private chamber, where after she has chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court."

It would seem from this account that, as years went

on, Elizabeth fenced herself round with greater state, and by an increase of magnificence in apparel tried to hide from herself and others the ravages of time. Certainly she objected to any reference to her age. When the Bishop of St. Davids preached a sermon on the text: "Lord teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," Elizabeth, instead of thanking him, according to her custom, told him that "he might have kept his arithmetic for himself; but I see that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men."

However much Elizabeth might long to end her days in all the glory of undisputed power, surrounded by the admiration of her Court and the love of her people, such was not to be her fortune. The last years of her reign were a series of reminders that her old supremacy had passed away. Difficulties arose and had to be faced; but though the decision still rested with herself, the advice which she needed was no longer couched in the old terms of dutiful submission.

In October Elizabeth summoned her last Parliament, and at its opening showed signs of fatigue. It was remarkable for an outspoken debate against monopolies, grants of the sole right to sell various articles—so numerous that when they were rehearsed a member sarcastically asked: "Is not bread there?" Another answered: "If order be not taken, bread will be there before next Parliament." Such grants were Elizabeth's economical method of rewarding her officers and favorites, and were naturally found to be oppressive. Francis Bacon said all that could be said in their favor; but Elizabeth saw that it was necessary to give way, and, summoning the Speaker, told him that she had lately become aware that "divers patents, which she had granted, were grievous to her subjects"; she had had the matter in mind "before the late trouble," and since then, "even in the midst of her

most great and weighty occasions, she thought upon them"; she promised immediate reform. The Commons sent a deputation to thank her, which assured her that no words would be sufficient for so great goodness, "but in all duty and thankfulness, prostrate at your feet, we present our most loyal and thankful hearts, and the last spirit in our nostrils, to be poured out, to be breathed up, for your safety."

Elizabeth used the opportunity to proclaim with dignity the principles on which she reigned. The Commons knelt as she addressed them: "There is no jewel, be it of never so rich a price, which I prefer before this jewel, I mean your love. For I do more esteem it than any treasure or riches; for that we know how to prize, but love and thanks I count inestimable. And though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my Crown, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes that I do not so much rejoice that God hath made me a Queen, as to be Queen over so thankful a people."

"Her only object was to promote the prosperity of her people. She never wished for money, except for her subjects' good; she asked for nothing from them for her own use, but spent her own in their service. Then she paused and bade them stand up as she had more to say. She thanked the House for bringing their grievances to her knowledge, as otherwise she might have erred through lack of information. She had never made any grant, except in the belief that it was beneficial; she was glad to know if experience proved it to be otherwise. She regretted that she had been deceived by those who ought to have advised her better. "I have ever used to set the Last Judgment Day before my eyes, and so to rule as I shall be judged to answer before a higher Judge, to whose judgment seat I do appeal that never thought was cherished in my heart that tended not

to my people's good. To be a King and wear a crown is more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasure to them that bear it. For myself I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a King, or royal authority of a Queen, as delighted that God hath made me the instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend the kingdom from peril, dishonor, tyranny and oppression. There will never Queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, or care to my subjects, that will sooner with willingness yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself. And though you have had, and may have, many Princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, you never had, nor shall have, any that will be more careful and loving. I speak it to give God the praise as a testimony before you, and not to attribute anything to myself. For I, O Lord what am I whom practices and perils past should not fear? O what can I do that I should speak for any glory? God forbid." She raised her voice and spoke these last words with marked emphasis; then she dismissed the members, bidding them all to kiss her hand before they departed.

It was Elizabeth's last great triumph. Clouds passed away, and she stood forth again as the mother of her people, whose heart beat with theirs, and whose ear was open to their petitions. If she erred, it was in ignorance; when they spoke of wrongs, she was ready to give redress. In her Court she might be surrounded by intrigue, and her efforts to restrain her nobles might end in failure; but she could pierce through her surroundings and meet her people face to face, and count on her hold upon their affections. At the end of the year she heard the news that victory had crowned her arms in Ireland, where Mountjoy won a decisive victory over Tyrone and his Spanish helpers. She could look around proudly with the feeling that again her difficulties had disappeared.

Age did not abate Elizabeth's activity, and those who were around her wondered at her vigor. In April, 1602, she entertained the Duc de Nevers and opened a ball with him. On May Day she went a-maying in the woods of Lewisham. She gave the Scottish King a hint that he need not be eager for her succession, by keeping his ambassador waiting in a passage where he could see her dancing in her chamber. In the summer she paid several visits according to her wont. Nor did her spirits fail, but still she could play tricks on her ministers, and make fun of Robert Cecil, who tried to pay his court to her with awkward gallantry. She saw the Countess of Derby wearing a picture round her neck and asked to see it. Lady Derby tried to keep it from her, which increased the Queen's curiosity. When the gold case was opened it proved to contain a portrait of Cecil, who was Lady Derby's uncle. The Queen, to hide her disappointment, tied the picture to her shoe and walked away with it. Then she fastened it to her elbow and wore it for some time. Cecil wrote a poem on this occurrence, and had it set to music and sung to the Queen. Its point was that he was content with the favors which he had received, and did not repine at the good fortune of others. In September the Earl of Worcester wrote: "We are frolic here in Court; much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing; but in winter, 'Lullaby,' an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be in most request, as I think." His prophecy proved true, for in the winter Elizabeth's health began to fail. At the end of the year Sir John Harrington wrote to his wife:—

"Our dear Queen, my royal godmother, and this State's natural mother, doth now bear show of human infirmity, too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death,

and too slow for that good which we shall get by her releasement from pain and misery. It was not many days since I was bidden to her presence. I blessed the happy moment, and found in her a most pitiable state. She bade the Archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone. I replied with reverence that I had seen him with my Lord Deputy (Essex). She looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said: 'Oh, now it mindeth me that you were one who saw this man elsewhere,' and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom.

"She held in her hand a golden cup which she often put to her lips; but in sooth her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling. She bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock, when she inquired of some matters which I had written; and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humor and read some verses, whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say: 'When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less. I am past my relish for such matters. Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well; I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight.' She rated most grievously at noon at some who minded not to bring certain matters of account. Several men had been sent to, and when ready at hand, Her Highness hath dismissed them in anger. But who, dearest Moll, shall say that Her Highness hath forgotten?"

In January she somewhat recovered, and attended one or two state dinners; but, in the middle of the month, removed to Richmond by the advice of her physician. The change of air was at first beneficial, but soon there was a relapse. We have a pathetic account of the Queen's illness by her kinsman, Robert Carey. "When I came to the Court I found the Queen ill disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet she hearing of my arrival sent for

me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said: 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in such plight; for in all my lifetime before I never knew her fetch a sigh but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that Queen. I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humor; but I found it was too deeply rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock one of the grooms came out and bade make ready for the private closet; she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming; but, at last, she had cushions laid for her in the Privy Chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard service. From that day forwards she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take sustenance or go to bed."

At length Nottingham and Cecil tried to persuade her, and Cecil said that "to content the people she must go to bed." Elizabeth recovered her spirit and said: "The word *must* was not used to Princes. Little man, little man, if your father had lived you durst not have said so

much, but you know I must die, and that makes you presumptuous." She was with difficulty induced to take to her bed, and the Council remained at Richmond awaiting the end. They were anxious for some expression of her wishes about succession. Before leaving Whitehall she had said to Nottingham that "her throne had always been the throne of Kings, and none but her next heir of blood and descent should succeed. On March 22, Nottingham, in the presence of others, reminded her of her words and asked her pleasure. "I told you," said Elizabeth, "my seat had been the seat of Kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me; who should succeed me but a King?" Cecil inquired her meaning "no rascal shall succeed." She answered. "My meaning was a King should succeed me; and who should that be but our cousin of Scotland?" On March 23 she was speechless, and when Cecil asked her to confirm her wishes about the succession she was supposed to have made a sign of assent when the Scottish King was mentioned.

"About six at night," says Carey, "she made signs for the Archbishop and her chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them and fell upon my knees, full of tears to see the heavy sight. Her Majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The Archbishop knelt down by her, and examined her first of her faith, and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, as it was a great comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to; and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of kings. After this he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he kissed her and meant to rise and

leave her. The Queen made a sign with her hand. My Sister Scroope, knowing her meaning, told the Archbishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her. The second time she made a sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the Queen to all our sight much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her."

After this Elizabeth sank into a deep sleep from which she never awakened. At three o'clock in the morning of March 24 it was found that her spirit had passed away. A few hours later Robert Carey was riding hard along the North road that he might be the first to bring to James the tidings that there was no one to oppose his accession to the English Crown.

The character of Elizabeth is difficult to detach from her actions. She represented England as no other ruler ever did. For the greater part of her long reign the fortunes of England absolutely depended upon her life, and not only the fortunes of England, but those of Europe as well. If England had passed under the Papal sway it is hard to see how Protestantism could have survived the repressive forces to which it would have been exposed. There were times when Elizabeth doubted if this could be avoided, times when any one, save Anne Boleyn's daughter, would have been tempted to make terms. In asking England to rally round her, Elizabeth knew that she could not demand any great sacrifices on her behalf. By cultivating personal loyalty, by demanding it in exaggerated forms, she was not merely feeding her personal vanity; she was creating a habit which was necessary for the maintenance of her government. By avoiding risky

undertakings, by keeping down public expense, she was not merely indulging her tendency to parsimony; she was warding off from her people demands which they were unequal at that time to sustain.

Elizabeth's imperishable claim to greatness lies in her instinctive sympathy with her people. She felt, rather than understood, the possibilities which lay before England, and she set herself the task of slowly exhibiting, and impressing them on the national mind. She educated Englishmen to a perception of England's destiny, and for this purpose fixed England's attention upon itself. She caught at every advantage which was afforded by the divided condition of Europe to assert England's importance. France and Spain alike had deep causes of hostility; she played off one against the other, so that both were anxious for the friendship of a State which they each hoped some day to annex. England gained courage from this sight and grew in self-confidence. To obtain this result Elizabeth was careless of personal dignity or honor. She did not care how her conduct was judged at the time, but awaited the result.

It is this faculty of intuitive sympathy with her people which makes Elizabeth so difficult to understand in details of her policy. The fact was that she never faced a question in the shape in which it presented itself. It was true that it had to be recognized and discussed in that form; but Elizabeth had no belief in a policy because it could be clearly stated and promised well. Things had to be discussed, and decisions arrived at in consequence of such discussion; but action could always be avoided at the last moment, and Elizabeth would never act unless she felt that her people were in hearty agreement with her. Thus in her position towards her ministers she represented in her own person the vacillations and fluctuations of popular opinion. Ministers naturally wish to have an

intelligible policy. Burghley laboriously drew up papers which balanced the advantages and disadvantages of alternative courses of action. Elizabeth read them and seemed to accept one out of two inevitable plans. She felt that, as a reasonable being, she could not do otherwise. But when it came to decisive action she fell back upon her instinctive perception of what England wanted. As she could not explain this, she was driven to all sorts of devices to gain time. She could not, on the other hand, fully take her people into her confidence. It was the unconscious tendency of their capacities which she interpreted, not their actual demands. She was eliciting from them their meaning, and educating them to understand it themselves. For this purpose she must seem to govern more absolutely than she did; but, on great occasions, she took them into her confidence, and fired them with a high conception of the greatness of their national life. She strove to focus and coördinate all their aspirations, and only repressed tendencies which were adverse to the formation of an English spirit; for she cared more for the spirit of the national life than for its outward organization.

Her private character is hard to detach from her public character. She behaved to those around her as she did to her people in general. She was surrounded by men representative of English life; they must be made to fall into line; and any method which served this purpose was good. Above all things she must impose her will equally on all. Personally, she was attracted by physical endowments, and let herself go in accordance with her feelings up to a certain point. But she was both intellectually and emotionally cold. In politics and in private life alike she cared little for decorum, because she knew that she could stop short whenever prudence made it needful.

Louis XIV

By R. P. DUNN-PATTISON

ON the death of Gustavus Adolphus the Swedish chancellor, Oxenstyerna, formed the League of Heilbronn, whereby the Circles of Swabia, Franconia, the Upper and Lower Rhine, and Sweden pledged themselves to carry on the dead king's policy. But from 1635 onwards the motive of the war changed. After the crushing defeat of Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, the general of the league, at Nördlingen (September 1634), John George of Saxony made his peace with the emperor at Prague. The terms were that the question of the ecclesiastical lands should be settled on the basis of their ownership in the year 1627. This secured almost all the northern bishoprics to the Lutherans, and it was hoped that it might form the basis of a general peace. Thus the purely religious factor dropped out, but unfortunately the war did not end for another thirteen years. Not because the mass of the Germans did not desire peace, but because France was afraid that the two Hapsburg powers, once more closely allied, might attempt to wrest from her what she had gained during the late turmoils.

We are now entering upon a new phase in the history of Europe. It is marked by the attempt of the King of France to build up for himself an empire which should extend not only over western Europe, but over the New World. During the sixteenth century the power of France

had been on the wane. She was exhausted by the wars of aggression in Italy at the beginning of the century, and wrecked by internal strife. Her political development had been arrested by the power of the over-mighty subject. Neither the crown nor the states-general had sufficient authority to unify the kingdom, and the consequence was that the nobles seized the opportunity of the Reformation to increase their power. The long wars of the Huguenots were not so much religious as disruptive in their origin. The great Huguenot nobles thought more of their own authority than of religion. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, as in England at the commencement of the fifteenth, the country was calling out for more governance. Unfortunately the dagger of Ravaillac ended the reign of Henry IV before that capable monarch could effect a real alteration in the state of affairs. If Henry had lived it is possible that the crown might have been strengthened by calling in to its assistance the states-general. But on his death the nobles once more assumed the upper hand, and civil war broke out again, Condé and the princes uniting with the Huguenots. However, in 1616, an event occurred which was to have far-reaching consequences, for in that year Louis XIII summoned to his council Richelieu, the young bishop of Luçon. From that day the king fell entirely under his influence. Promotion came quickly to the young favorite, who soon became prime minister, cardinal, and absolute ruler of France.

Richelieu's policy was threefold—to establish an absolute despotism in France, to destroy the Hapsburg power, and to make his country the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. One of the most unlovable of men known to history, he quietly worked at his objects and succeeded, though, as Corneille wrote of him, "Pride, ambition, self-interest, avarice, clothed with his name,

dictated laws to France"; while Grotius wrote: "He kept his allies in their places, and made Frenchmen his slaves; his friends were at his feet, his foes in the dungeon; it was his one curse to be the curse of all men; he was as much the torment as the ornament of his time." Most thoroughly did he do his work. At home the "parlements" or legal corporations both of Paris and of the provinces resisted in vain; the Church was made subservient; the Huguenot cities, like Rochelle and Nîmes, were crushed into silence; the local states deprived of liberty; and the nobles, gradually stripped of their political offices, were taught to look for promotion to the pleasure of the king. Abroad his policy was to extend the frontiers of France on the west to the Pyrenees by the capture of Roussillon, and on the east to the Rhine. This necessitated a bitter struggle with the two houses of Hapsburg. It involved France in war along the Pyrenees, in Italy in the Valtelline and elsewhere, to cut off Spanish reinforcements from crossing the Alps to aid their fellow countrymen in Franche Comté and the Netherlands. In Germany it meant direct war with the emperor over the question of Alsace, and the fiefs of the empire which lay on the left bank of the Rhine. This was the reason why Richelieu subsidized Gustavus Adolphus, helped the League of Heilbronn, patronized the smaller German states, and continually intrigued with the Elector of Bavaria.

When the great cardinal died, in December 1642, though many of his objects were not yet attained, France was the dominating factor in European politics. She had increased her possessions by the acquisition of Perpignan and Roussillon in the southwest; on the northeast she had gained Artois; she was gradually absorbing Lorraine; she held the keys of northern Italy in her hands, and her allies were crushing the Hapsburgs in Germany. At home, Richelieu had conquered all opposition, and the

king was ready to accept the Italian Mazarin, whom he nominated as his successor. Moreover, the succession question was now secure, for in 1638, after twenty years of married life, the Queen, Anne of Austria, had given birth to a son, the future Louis XIV. Six months after his mighty subject's death Louis XIII also died, and his four-year-old son began a reign that was to last for seventy-two years.

The early years of Louis' reign were marked by troubles at home and war abroad. There was constant fighting against the Spaniards along the Pyrenees and in the Netherlands, Luxemburg, Lorraine, and Franche Comté, and against the Imperialists in Alsace and across the Rhine. Fortunately for France, in the young d'Enghien, better known under his later title of Condé, and in Turenne, the French found they possessed the two greatest generals of the age. Meanwhile, the nobles banished by Richelieu had returned home with the intention of regaining their position. They included Henry of Condé, father of d'Enghien; Condé's son-in-law, the Duke of Longueville; the Duke of Beaufort, the grandson of Henry IV, "the idol of the markets"; and the famous Duchess of Chevreuse. They had gained for themselves the title of "les importants," owing to their ridiculous pretensions, but their opposition was not so formidable as that of the "parlement." The "parlement" of Paris differed entirely from the English parliament, in that it was composed of an hereditary class of lawyers. It was in fact a learned society, which by its position as registrar of the royal edicts had acquired certain constitutional pretensions that had been roughly put aside by Richelieu. Now in the new reign it sought to regain these privileges, and thought to play the part its namesake was playing in English politics. But it had not the necessary driving power, because it merely represented an hereditary class

and not the people at large. One thing the "Importants" and the "parlement" had in common, and that was their hate for Mazarin, Richelieu's successor, now the right-hand man of the queen, her confidant, and her future husband. The opposition became known as the Fronde, a nickname invented by a parliamentary wit, Bachaumont, who told the lawyers "they were like schoolboys playing in the town ditches with slings (fronde=a sling), who run away directly the watchman appears and begin again when his back is turned."

In September 1643, d'Enghien's victory of Rocroi, which once and for all shattered the remnants of Spain's military prestige, enabled Mazarin to crush the "Importants"; while Turenne's victory of Nördlingen, in 1645, allowed him for the moment to override the "parlement." But opposition to the heavy taxation necessary for the wars gradually gained strength; and at last, in 1648, at the very moment that the conference was assembling in Westphalia which was to end the Thirty Years' War, civil war broke out in France. In January the young Louis had attended what was called a "lit de justice," and forced the "parlement" to register Mazarin's decrees establishing a heavy duty on all goods entering Paris. The result had been that under the clever guidance of de Retz, the co-adjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, the city had risen in revolt, and the court had had to flee to St. Germain. A temporary peace was patched up at Ruel, in April, Mazarin conceding nearly everything, as he hoped to regain all when the peace of Westphalia set free the army. Condé's victory of Lens (August 20th) gave him the opportunity of arresting Broussel, the leader of the "parlement." But Paris rose in arms, and on both Condé and Turenne declaring for the "parlement," the court party was forced to accept the demands of the Frondeurs. The land tax (Taille) was repealed; the Intendants, who had

taken the place of the nobles as governors of the provinces, were deposed; a sort of Habeas Corpus act was passed, and the "parlement" was granted power over taxation. But, in January 1649, the court party, knowing the weakness of the opposition, reopened the war. Its leaders recognized that the nobles cared nothing for the "parlement," and were merely playing for their own hand. For the next four years there ensued a struggle, during the last two years of which the king's army under Turenne was faced by the Frondeurs under Condé, who had allied himself with the Spaniards. Meanwhile, to break up the coalition, from time to time Mazarin withdrew into retirement. At last, in October 1652, the king's party prevailed, entered Paris, and forced the "parlement" to give up its powers. Mazarin returned, and six months later, in July 1653, the Fronde ended by the Treaty of Bordeaux.

Louis attained his majority in September 1651, but until the death of Mazarin, in March 1661, he reigned but did not govern. Meanwhile, under the skillful eye of his stepfather, his character was gradually being formed. The cardinal did not trouble much about literary education, and Louis was all his life grossly ignorant of philosophy, literature, languages, science, and even of religion. But he took care to see that his stepson had a thorough knowledge of politics. It was easy to impress on the young king, brought up amid the turbulent scenes of the Fronde, the necessity of a united kingdom under the strong government of the crown: this implied the elimination of the nobility from politics, and the careful suppression of the Huguenots. The wily Italian spent hours in teaching him the importance of prudence in making plans, and of perseverance and tact in carrying them out. Louis was by nature suceptible to feminine influence: to counteract this, and to strengthen him both morally and

physically, Mazarin encouraged him in military pursuits. From 1649 onwards, Louis spent a great part of his time with the army, with beneficial results both to himself and to the service: for his presence did much to stimulate the troops, and gave him a great hold on his subjects. Unfortunately, however, the theatrical side of war rather than the active appealed to his nature, and in later years his predilection for sieges rather than battles was detrimental to the interests of the army and of France.

Meanwhile, Mazarin was completing the foundations of that foreign policy which was to end in the predominance of France over western Europe. Under Turenne the French arms were gradually asserting their superiority over the Spanish. In 1657, Mazarin induced Cromwell to join him in the war against Spain, and in the following year Lionne built up the League of the Rhine whereby Bavaria, Sweden, Brunswick, and the Rhenish electors took the part of France, with the result that, in November 1659, Spain was glad to sign the Treaty of the Pyrenees. By the Treaty of Westphalia (October 1648) France had gained the Austrian possessions in Upper and Lower Alsace, the three bishoprics of Verdun, Toul, and Metz, the prefecture over the Imperial cities in Alsace, and thus acquired a right to interfere in the empire. She now wrested from Spain Artois, many fortresses in Flanders, Hainault and Luxemburg, which protected her weak frontier on the northeast; while on the southwest she was confirmed in her possession of Roussillon and Cerdagne, Spain also relinquishing any claim to Alsace. In return, under certain conditions, she promised to return Lorraine to its duke, Charles III, but he refused to accept the conditions. The treaty was cemented by a marriage between Louis and Maria Theresa, the Spanish king's daughter. She, however, was to renounce entirely all claim to the Spanish crown;

a renunciation which Mazarin well knew would never hold good against the temptations and exigencies of time.

On March 8th, 1661, after ruling France for twenty years, Mazarin breathed his last. Abroad he left her in a commanding position; but at home, owing to his grasping selfishness and lack of financial understanding, she was bankrupt in money and suffering from political anemia. He had done much for France, still Colbert's saying is true: "It is indubitable that if Cardinal Mazarin understood foreign affairs, he was utterly ignorant of home government."

Louis was now in his twenty-third year: though admirably proportioned he was below middle height; his eyes were blue, his nose long and well formed, and his hair abundant, and hanging over his shoulders. In expression he was serious and phlegmatic: he rarely laughed, and seldom gave way to anger. Up till now he had seemed to take no interest in politics, so there was general amazement when on Mazarin's death he summoned his council and told the chancellor, "Sir, I have summoned you with my ministers and secretaries of state to tell you that hitherto I have been willing to let my affairs be managed by the late cardinal; in future, I shall be my own prime minister," and then proceeded to say to them that no agreement or dispatch must be signed, and no money expended, without his orders and knowledge. Nearly everybody thought that he would soon tire of business; for hitherto, except for the time spent in camp, the organization of amusements had been his sole occupation, except the attendance on those ladies who from time to time had gained his affections. Some few keen observers thought otherwise. Le Tellier had noticed "The basis of severity and seriousness with which Louis knew how to strengthen the natural kindliness of his nature"; and Mazarin had declared that "he will set off later, but will go further than

others," adding that he had "the making of four kings and of one good man."

From the moment that he took the government into his own hands to the day of his death Louis worked systematically five hours a day. "I gave myself a law," he wrote, "to work regularly twice a day for two or three hours each with various persons, without speaking of the hours I spent working by myself. There was no moment when it was not allowed to speak to me about business if there was any urgency." The apocryphal saying, "L'état, c'est moi!" attributed to him, accurately represents his view, that, in his own person, all the threads of internal government and foreign policy met. He had no spark of genius or of originality, but he had, like many second-rate men, an intense love of detail for detail's sake. He was intensely proud and peculiarly susceptible to flattery, and hence very early in his career he developed the worst form of arrogance, with the result that he allowed his own ambition to usurp the place of public policy. So sure was he of his own capability that he preferred second-rate men, for he was convinced that the success of the earlier part of his reign was due to his own guidance, not to the efforts of the wonderful administrators he inherited from Mazarin. But he had the merit of clearly understanding the drift of European politics, or working ceaselessly for the object he had in view, and of nearly always foregoing minor success in order to gain the greater prize, Though not endowed with physical courage he possessed the great virtue of moral courage. All through his life he labored at "Le métier du Roi." With his graceful person, his dignified, calm, debonair manner, and the seriousness which clothed his ignorance or want of capacity, he appeared "every inch a king"; and, as Bolingbroke said of him, he was "if not the greatest king, the best actor of majesty at least, that ever filled a throne."

Louis' first work was to divide the government between those agents who, he determined, should serve him but not govern. Lionne, a capable diplomatist, was placed in charge of foreign affairs. Le Tellier, aided by his famous son Louvois, was made Secretary of War; and Fouquet, a man of low origin, but brilliant, immoral and cultivated, was allowed to remain Intendant of Finances. The cardinal had warned Louis that Fouquet was not to be trusted, so Colbert received secret instructions to keep a vigilant eye on the Intendant. Fouquet's fall came soon. Not only had he defrauded the government, but he had also the insolence to raise his eyes to the king's mistress, Mademoiselle de la Vallière. He was, therefore, suddenly arrested, and after a three years' trial was condemned to banishment. But Louis dreaded his knowledge, and changed the sentence to perpetual imprisonment. Colbert, a man after Louis' own heart, who arrived every morning at the Council Chamber with a little black bag like a commercial traveler, took his place though not his honors. Thanks to his strict methods of audit, his repudiation of Fouquet's extravagant loans, his superintendence of the tax farmers, his resistance to fraudulent claims to exemption, and his abolition of vexatious taxes, he completely restored the national finances. In 1661, the budget showed a deficit of twenty-three million livres, for out of eighty-four million raised only thirty-two million reached the treasury; but, by 1667, the expenditure had fallen from fifty-four millions to thirty-two and a half millions, and there was a surplus of thirty-one millions. Meanwhile, manufactures had been started under protection; roads and canals, like the great canal of Languedoc, commenced throughout the country; the internal tolls equalized; companies formed to trade with the East and the West Indies; colonists sent to Madagascar and New France (Canada); and the navy completely reorganized.

In 1661, the French navy had but few vessels; by 1667, it had fifty; by 1672, one hundred and ninety-six; and, by 1690, seven hundred and sixty ships of war. To provide for this growing fleet Vauban, the great engineer, was intrusted with the work of fortifying the ports of Calais, Dunkirk, Brest and Havre, while arsenals were also established at Rochefort and Toulon, and naval schools at Rochefort, Dieppe and St. Malo.

Louis threw himself heart and soul into the supervision of all these works, and in nearly everything saw eye to eye with Colbert. Laws were codified; the number of judges decreased; justice was made cheaper; the Institute of France, the Academy of Inscriptions and Medals, the Academy of Architecture and Music, and academies at Rouen, Arles, Nîmes and Soissons were founded; and literary men such as Molière, Racine and Boileau received the royal patronage. Colbert, in spite of his appreciation of the industry of the Huguenots, supported Louis' attempts at their conversion. In fact, the only point on which they had any real difference of opinion was on building. Colbert desired to beautify Paris: he built the colonnade of the Louvre, and planned boulevards and quays, but here he was checked by Louis' desire to concentrate his attention on Versailles and Marly.

By 1671, thanks to Colbert's ability, France had gained for herself a position hitherto unknown among the nations of the world. Her administration was careful and just; on the whole her people were prosperous, contented and obedient; her soil was fertile and well cultivated; her new industries were growing and prosperous; her army was the best equipped and most easily mobilized in Europe; her navy was quickly overtaking those of the great maritime states, England and Holland; her colonial empires in the East and West were rapidly expanding, opening fresh fields of wealth and industry; her frontiers, except in the

northeast, were clearly defined and strongly fortified; and her court was the most brilliant and most polished in Europe.

Louis' appetite for pleasure seemed to grow hand in hand with his love of work. Night after night at the palace there were fêtes, dances, and mythological or classic pageants, in which he delighted to display his fine person, tricked out as Apollo, the Sun God, vaunting the motto "Nec pluribus impar" round his famous device of the sun, as if like Alexander he longed for other worlds to dazzle with his light. But whether engaged with the details of the administration of France or with the organization of the pleasures of his court, his brain was always busy with the great problem of how he might play the rôle of Charlemagne in Europe.

Louis had never intended to allow his wife's renunciation of the Spanish crown to stand in the way of his ambitions. His correspondence with his Spanish agent, the Archbishop of Embrun, only too clearly discloses the fact. Nothing is more cynical than the archbishop's letter in which he declares his feelings while celebrating Mass at Madrid, and he explains that while praying openly for the royal family he did not forget "all the while to pray secretly, as I am bound, for the prosperity of your majesty, and hoping for the moment (that is, the death of Philip IV and his son Charles) when it may be permitted me to pray here for your majesty aloud."

In 1665, Philip IV died, leaving one son, Charles II, a sickly child. Louis as once seized the occasion to enlarge his boundaries. On the strength of an old local feudal custom of the province of Brabant called the "Jus Devolutionis," by which in the event of a second marriage a landed estate went to the issue, male or female, of the first marriage, he claimed for his wife Luxemburg and the Spanish Netherlands. He added as a further justifica-

tion that as descendants of Charlemagne "the kings of France were their natural lords before kings of Castile even existed at all." But it was not till August 1667, that his plans were ready; then, with a large army under Turenne, he seized Charleroi, Lille and Tournai: the whole of the Spanish Netherlands lay at his mercy. Later, in February 1668, during a short winter campaign Franche Comté was completely overrun by Condé.

Europe was astonished by this sudden display of strength on the part of France; it was clear to all that the center of power had changed. The maritime states of Holland, Sweden and England, lately so jealous of each other, could not allow the Netherlands to fall a prey to this new great power. A Triple Alliance was concluded, in January 1668, whereby each promised to help the others if attacked, and to endeavor to restore peace between France and Spain. Meanwhile, Louis, foreseeing this storm center, in the same month made a secret treaty with the emperor for the eventual partition of the Spanish empire. The result was that the war came to a speedy end. By the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in May 1668, in return for evacuating Franche Comté, Louis was granted twelve strongholds in the Netherlands. This treaty was a diplomatic victory for France, as the northeastern frontier was the only weak spot in her defenses. It procured for Louis a reputation for moderation; while the secret treaty with the emperor was one step gained on the way to the absorption of the Spanish empire. The War of Devolution is an important event in Louis' life. It sowed in his heart the seeds which were to lead to his undoing, for by teaching him the immense superiority of his arms and of his diplomacy, it fired his growing self-confidence and pride; while it left in his mind an undying grudge against the Dutch, who had deserted his alliance and raised up against him

the Triple Alliance. It was by his efforts to avenge himself on them that ultimately his plans miscarried.

The next two years were spent in scheming vengeance. By secret treaties with England, Sweden, and the emperor, the Dutch were gradually isolated. Meanwhile, at home, Vauban was busy reorganizing the defenses of the ceded fortresses, and the Huguenots were made to feel that in some way they were responsible for the insolence of the Protestant Republicans of Holland. All the time Louvois, the great war minister, was incessantly engaged in perfecting the French army.

The year 1672 was the turning-point in the reign. Two policies were open to Louis. For the one stood Colbert, for the other stood Louvois. Colbert offered him the possibility of building up a colonial empire such as the world had never before seen, and of making France the workshop of Europe. As part of such a scheme Leibnitz, the philosopher, pointed out to him the possibility of conquering Egypt and turning the Mediterranean into a French lake. On the other hand stood Louvois, "the most brutal of agents," the incarnation of the policy of aggrandizement, offering him an army which no power in Europe could resist, while the now politically disinherited nobles were clamoring for the chance of distinguishing themselves on the battlefield. Unfortunately for Louis he allowed personal ambition and the desire for vengeance to conquer, and he determined to crush the Dutch. "My father," he boasted, "built them up, but I will tear them down."

The die was cast. As Voltaire wrote, "All that the efforts of human ambition and prudence could prepare for the destruction of a nation he had done," and May 1672 found the king marching northwards with Turenne and 120,000 armed men at his back. The Dutch could offer practically no resistance, so pushing down the Meuse,

masking the important fortress of Maestricht, the French army, after successfully crossing the Rhine at Tolhuys, found itself, on June 13, on the Yssel with all the great fortresses safely passed and nothing between it and Amsterdam. Then Louis took upon himself to override the advice of Condé and Turenne, and instead of dashing straight forward began his favorite pastime of besieging towns. This gave the Dutch a few days' breathing space, in which they overthrew their oligarchical government, and summoned the young Prince of Orange to the stadtholdership. William lost not a moment; he at once ordered the sluices to be opened, and Amsterdam was soon safely surrounded by an inland sea. Thus it was that Louis was responsible for calling into the field the one man in Europe who was able to withstand him, and turned, what might have been one of the most brilliantly decisive campaigns known to history, into a stalemate. By September Holland's allies, the emperor and the dukes of Lorraine, Brunswick and Hesse, had their armies in the field; Montecuculi, the only soldier able to hold his own against Condé or Turenne, was on the Rhine, and the French lost the initiative. The war lasted six and a half years. It is remarkable for the great strategic campaigns fought on either side of the Rhine between Turenne and Montecuculi; for the famous display of military engineering in the Spanish Netherlands, where Vauban delighted Louis' heart by his skill in capturing and fortifying fortresses; for the brutal devastation of the Palatinate (in 1674); for the success of the French fleets against the Dutch in the Mediterranean; and for the fickleness of England, whose King Charles was in Louis' pay, while the nation at heart desired to save the Netherlands and Holland from the French.

The war came to an end, in August 1679, by the Treaty of Nimeguen, whereby France was confirmed in the

possession of Franche Comté and virtually also of Lorraine; for, as in 1659, the Duke of Lorraine refused to accept the terms offered him. The Dutch were secured in their possessions, and, as a barrier against France, were allowed to fortify and occupy certain fortresses on the French border of the Spanish Netherlands, known as the "barrier fortresses." Thus, in spite of the fact that Europe had really taught Louis there were limits to his ambition, to his contemporaries the peace seemed "as it were to establish the domination of France over all Europe: her king had risen to be the arbiter of all in this portion of our hemisphere."

But France had had to pay a great price for the triumphs of her king. The war had strained the revenues of the country; the people were overtaxed; the fields were lying uncultivated; the new industries were languishing; and murmurs were heard on all sides. Yet to the outward eye she still seemed magnificent. The great pompous palace of Versailles was approaching completion; the dauphin had just married a Bavarian princess, Maria Anne; a chain of armies three hundred thousand strong defended her frontiers or attacked her foes; Charles of England, the Swedes, Bavaria, Hanover, Cologne and Münster were all in French pay. Louis stood on the topmost pinnacle of his fame. In 1681, the city of Paris voted him the title of "le grand": Pellisson, the historian, called him a visible miracle; and when, in 1679, his statue was unveiled in Paris in the Place des Victoires, la Feuillade "then rode round at the head of his regiment of guards, with all those prostrations which in old times the pagans used before the statues of their emperors."

The year 1679 is another turning point in the reign of Louis. Naturally cold-hearted and selfish, as Saint-Simon said, "he cared for no one, and thought of no one but himself, and was all in all to himself." Up till now he had

thought but of the pleasures of this life, now he began to think of the future. His mistress, Madame de Montespan, to whom he had been more or less attached for almost twenty years, was haughty, imperious, and the terror of the court. As long back as 1666, she had taken as the governess for her children, Françoise d'Aubigné, widow of a comic poet called Scarron, granddaughter of d'Aubigné, the friend of Henry IV. At first Louis cordially disliked this woman, calling her a "Précieuse"; but with a cold temperament she "went quietly but carried far." Bit by bit the king's dislike gave way before her placid beauty, until at last she became his sole desire. So completely did he fall under her influence that on the death of his unfortunate queen, in 1683, he married Madame Scarron, or, as she was now called, Madame de Maintenon. For thirty-two years this lady ruled France, for Louis did nothing without consulting her. Madame de Maintenon was a sort of "female Jesuit." "She believed herself to be a universal abbess, especially in spiritual matters." A *dévote,* her great desire was first to win Louis to religion, and secondly to bring all Frenchmen within the bonds of the Catholic Church. It was the result of her influence working on Louis' well-known desire for uniformity and his dislike of the Huguenots as bad citizens—"a state within a state, guilty of disorder, revolt, warfare at home, disloyal alliances abroad"—which, in 1681, caused him to commence his attempt to stamp them out. Every means was tried to make them change their religion; they were offered rewards for their conversion; and, when these failed, soldiers were arbitrarily quartered on them at the advice of Louvois, in 1684 (the Dragonnades). At last, in 1685, came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The net result of Madame de Maintenon's interference in religious affairs was that France lost some quarter of a million of her most industrious citizens by emi-

gration, imprisonment, or confinement in the galleys.

Nothing perhaps illustrates better Louis' political ideals than the fact that, at the very moment he was putting into execution these repressive measures against the Huguenots, he was quarreling with the pope. The quarrel arose over the question of the "régale"; that is, the right of the crown to the enjoyment of the emoluments of a see during a vacancy. It developed into a question as to the constitutional position of the Church, and culminated in an attempt on the part of Louis, like Henry VIII, to set up a National Church. Four resolutions were passed, in 1680: (1), that sovereigns are not subject to the pope; (2), that a General Council is superior to the pope; (3), that the pope is bound by the regulations of the councils; (4), that the pope is not infallible. The quarrel lasted for ten years, and ended in the withdrawal of the resolutions on the recognition by the Papacy of royal nominations.

Meanwhile, Louis was gradually absorbing by chicanery those provinces which he had not yet gained by war. He hit on the ingenious device of establishing Chambres des Réunions, or courts, to declare that the remainder of Alsace and Lorraine actually had been ceded to France. There was, no doubt, some sufficient pretext for an inquiry, as many towns had been surrendered "with their dependencies." But as these tribunals were purely French there could be no doubt as to their decisions, and all Alsace, Zweibrücken and Saarbrück were adjudged to France. Thereon Louis at once entered into military occupation of all these districts, including the important fortress of Strassburg. Meanwhile, the emperor was busily engaged in defending Vienna from the Turks, so on the same day that he occupied Strassburg Louis also seized Casale in Piedmont. Spain tried to resist his pretensions in Luxemburg, but after a short war was glad to assent to the Truce of Ratisbon (1684), whereby Louis

was allowed to hold for twenty years all the possessions he had thus gained.

After the Truce of Ratisbon there followed four years of uneasy peace. The effect of revoking the Edict of Nantes was to disgust the Elector of Brandenburg and to irritate England. In Germany it began to be felt that the house of Bourbon was far more to be feared than the house of Hapsburg. When, in 1685, on the death, without heir, of the elector palatine, Louis claimed the lower Palatinate for the late elector's sister, wife of Philip of Orleans, the Germans formed the League of Augsburg. Catholics as well as Protestants joined the league, and even the pope himself secretly gave adhesion to it. The object of the league was to watch over the political independence of Europe. The strange sight was then seen of Austria and Spain leagued together to protect liberty of conscience, while Louis was designing to aid James II of England to establish a political and religious despotism such as he had himself set up in France. But James was never so faithful a henchman as his brother Charles had been. As early as 1677, at the time of the marriage of Mary to William of Orange, there had been friction between Louis and James. "Nephew," the grand monarch had said, "remember that love and war do not agree well together." Men said that Louis "received the news of this marriage as he would have done the loss of an army."

When James became king, though even more desirous than his brother of converting England to Catholicism, he determined to do so in his own manner. Louis took offense, and thought that by leaving him alone he would teach him a lesson. So, in 1688, by moving his troops to the Rhine to interfere in a disputed election to the archbishopric of Cologne, he brought on his head the League of Augsburg, and gave William the opportunity of invading England. He had never calculated that this would

mean that James would lose his throne, for he had not realized how English opinion had changed since the days of Monmouth's Rebellion. Nothing more clearly displays his want of true capacity and insight than his decision at this moment, against all advice, to neglect the real issue for the sake of mere personal pique. He could not gauge the real greatness of William, who, when he heard of his decision, exclaimed, "Aut nunc, aut nunquam."

The war of the League of Augsburg thus lightly entered upon lasted ten years, and in the end Louis had to acknowledge that his own want of foresight had allowed his greatest enemy to join to the stadtholdership of Holland the crown of England. The struggle was marked by the ultimate success of the English and Dutch fleets over the French, and by a war of sieges in the Netherlands. On land France held her own. Her armies, trained in the great camps of instruction during peace time, even though led by second-class men like Villeroi and Boufflers, were able to hold their own against the combined Dutch and English forces under William, one of the keenest but most unfortunate of amateur soldiers. As the war dragged on, both sides began to long for peace. William was hampered by the English parliament, and the ill health of Charles II of Spain made it certain that Europe would soon be faced with the question of the Spanish succession. Louis urgently desired a few years of quiet to make ready for the great struggle which he knew would follow on Charles' death. The Peace of Ryswick (1698) was therefore only a breathing space. France surrendered everything she had captured since the Treaty of Nimeguen except Strassburg, allowed the Dutch to regarrison the barrier fortresses, and acknowledged William as King of England and Anne as his heir.

During the war of the League of Augsburg the last of the great pupils of Mazarin disappeared from the field.

Colbert, the commercial genius; Louvois, the great military organizer; and Seignelay, the naval constructor, all died. But Louis did not at first appreciate their loss, so obsessed was he with the notion that he himself had done everything. His attitude is well illustrated when he selected Barbesieux, Louvois' son, to succeed to the War Office. Barbesieux pleaded his inexperience and youth, and told the king that the task was too great for him, but the Grand Monarch merely replied: "Do not distrust yourself; I formed your father and will form you." The infatuated king had really no conception of the state of his kingdom. The continual wars had ruined both rich and poor. As Villeroi wrote at the time of the victories of Fleurus and Neerwinden—"the people perish of want to the sound of the Te Deum." Again, in 1693, Fénelon said: "France is only a large hospital desolate and without food." Meanwhile, Louis continued to waste millions in erecting and keeping up his palaces at Versailles, Trianon and Marly, and to evolve plan after plan for adding to the glory of his house by seizing for one of his grandsons the crown of Spain.

Every statesman felt that the death of Charles II of Spain would open up issues which could only be decided by war. For the Spanish empire was still so great that every power was in some way interested in it. There were three fairly strong claimants. First, the Dauphin through his mother, Maria Theresa, sister of Philip IV.; but she had renounced her claim under conditions, one of which being that a certain dowry should be paid, but this had never been done. Secondly, the Emperor Leopold, whose mother was a sister of Philip IV and whose first wife was a younger daughter of that monarch. Neither his mother nor his wife had ever renounced her claim, and Leopold declared his second son Charles as his candidate. Thirdly, there was the young son of the Elector of Bavaria.

The elector had married Maria, daughter of the Emperor Leopold, but at her marriage she had renounced her claim. Still, the electoral prince was really the most suitable candidate from all points of view. In fact he was the only one whose accession would not disturb "the balance of power," and Charles II had caused a will to be made in his favor. Meanwhile, in 1698, Louis and William III agreed to a Partition Treaty, whereby the electoral prince was to succeed to Spain, the Spanish Netherlands and the Spanish possessions in the New World, but the Dauphin was to have the two Sicilies, the Tuscan Ports, and Guipuzcoa, while the archduke Charles was to have Milan. The Spanish king was furious at hearing of the proposed division, but before he could do anything the electoral prince died. Thereon Louis sent to Spain as his ambassador Harcourt, a master of intrigue, with the object of defeating the Austrian party who, relying on the queen, a Hapsburg, were striving to get the archduke Charles nominated as heir in place of the electoral prince. As a second string to his bow Louis opened fresh negotiations with William, and, in March 1700, concluded a second Partition Treaty, whereby the archduke was to have all that the former treaty had set aside for the electoral prince; while the Dauphin was, in addition to his former share, to have Milan, which he might exchange for Lorraine.

Harcourt, however, was successful in his efforts, and a month before he died Charles made a new will, leaving to the Duke of Anjou, Louis' younger grandson, the whole of the Spanish dominions. The news of Charles' death reached Versailles on November 9, 1700. For a week Louis went through the farce of considering whether he should abide by his treaty or accept the will. Then, on November 16, at a full levee, he pointed to the Duke of Anjou, saying, "Gentlemen, there is the King of Spain.

The Spanish crown is his by the right of birth, by the will of the late king, and by the unanimous wish of the entire nation. This is the will of God. I yield to it with pleasure."

For the moment it seemed as if Louis was going to be allowed peaceably to enjoy what he had schemed for all his life, and what was so aptly expressed by the Spaniard Castel de Rios in the words, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées: elles sont abîmées et nous ne sommes plus qu'un." Philip V set out for his new dominions, and, in spite of murmurings, war might have been avoided. But Louis, with strange rashness, seemed to desire to challenge the whole of Europe. First he formally declared that the right of the Duke of Anjou to the French crown was in no way impaired; next, in 1701, he expelled the Dutch from the barrier fortresses; and then, in September of the same year, on the death of James II, he acknowledged the Elder Pretender as the rightful king of England. The emperor had no longer any difficulty in finding the allies he had been seeking; and in the winter, 1701-1702, the Grand Alliance was formed of the emperor, England, the Dutch, the King of Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, with the object of breaking up the Franco-Spanish empire, and giving Italy to the emperor and the Indies to the "maritime powers."

William III died before the war broke out, but under the leadership of Marlborough and Eugène the allies gradually drove back the French armies. Blenheim, Ramillies and Oudenarde, for the moment, seemed to tame the spirit of the French. By 1709, Louis was glad to listen to terms of peace. But at the conference which met at The Hague, the allies, flushed with victory, demanded that he should aid them in turning his grandson out of Spain. This Louis proudly refused to do, and sympathy turned to his side. No one could help admiring

the old king, who exclaimed, "If I must fight I will fight my foes, not my children." The battle of Malplaquet showed that Frenchmen could still fight. Meanwhile, the death of his elder brother made the archduke Charles the heir of the Austrian dominions, and a revolution in politics in England brought the Tories into power. So, in 1712, England withdrew from the Alliance, and Villeroi successfully drove back the Dutch and Imperialists in the Netherlands. Peace was at last established, in 1713, by the Treaties of Utrecht, whereby France recognized the Protestant succession in England, ceded the barrier fortresses to the Dutch, while Naples, Milan, Sardinia, and the Netherlands fell to the emperor; and Philip, in return for renouncing all claims to the crown of France, was confirmed in the possession of Spain and the Spanish dominions in the New World.

The later years of the Wars of the Spanish Succession showed Louis at his best. With misfortunes thick around him he maintained a dignified and courageous attitude; neither the defeat of his armies nor his own personal sorrows could break down his dignity.

The general wretchedness throughout France was appalling. "France had been stripped of her shirt," before the War of the Spanish Succession began. As Vauban said: "The peasant did not wear a crown's worth of clothing." As the war proceeded houses fell down and there was nobody to rebuild them; cattle were so scarce that meat could not be procured; food riots broke out everywhere; and commerce disappeared. Nothing can describe the appalling state of the country, which we must remember was brought about by the purely dynastic policy of the crown. But what is a still graver indictment of Louis is the fact that, during these costly wars, in the midst of all the misery which surrounded him, the expenses of the court were in no way reduced. It seemed as

if he regarded any economy at court as a "kind of sacrilege against the monarchy."

Louis did not long survive the War of the Spanish Succession. He at last seemed to recognize the terrible burden he had enforced on his country. His remaining years were spent in peace, carefully watched over by his loving wife, Madame de Maintenon. On September 1, 1715, he breathed his last, leaving his crown to his great grandson, the Duke of Anjou, providing a regency for him under the presidency of the Duke of Orleans. In his last advice to his successor he seemed to have recognized his own shortcomings, "Never forget the obligations you owe to God. . . . Try to keep peace with your neighbors: I have been too fond of war: do not imitate me in that, nor in my too great expenditure." Then turning to his domestics, "Why weep? did you think me immortal?" To his courtiers he said, "I pass away, but the state remains forever. Continue faithful to it, and set an example to my other subjects."

In his memoirs the Grand Monarch has left behind him his conception of royalty. "Kings," he wrote, "are absolute lords, and have by nature the full and free disposition of the property of all, alike that of the Church and of the laity. . . . Nothing establishes so surely the happiness and welfare of the country as the perfect union of all authority in the power of the sovereign. The least division works great evils. . . . The prince cannot allow his authority to be shared by others, without making himself responsible for the infinite disorder which ensues. . . . To receive the law from his people is the worst calamity that can befall one of our rank. The will of God is, that he who is born a subject should obey and make no question," But, though Louis built up an imposing structure it had no foundation, for there was no strong healthy local self-government to reinforce the central

power. The different elements of national life instead of becoming welded together sprang further and further apart, so that when the strain came, and popular discontent at last made itself felt, the whole edifice fell with a crash.

We see then that Louis' reign was not of necessity the ruin of France. We turn now to discuss his character as a man, and here we must confess that, in spite of his dignity, his courtesy and his polished manners, he was as selfish in his private capacity as in his public. His courtiers and the leaders of his court might be dying of fatigue, but still the most minute ceremony must be performed, for he never could forget what he thought was due to his greatness. Yet even here we must remember that if he exacted the utmost farthing from those about him he never spared himself, "We are not private persons," he said, "we owe our duties to the public." As Michelet wrote: "His ministers might change or die; he, always the same, went through his duties, ceremonies, royal fêtes, and the like with the regularity of the sun which he had chosen as his emblem." With him as with Napoleon egotism had become a disease. He could not understand that a million of his subjects might refuse to change their religion at his command. His narrow, bigoted nature could not grasp the idea of toleration. His conception of his duty was self-aggrandizement. How strange it would have seemed to him if he had heard the exordium of his own funeral service preached by the famous orator Massillon: "This great king, the terror of his neighbors, the amazement of the universe, the father of kings: this king greater than his great ancestor, more magnificent than Solomon in all his glory, has also learnt that all is vanity."

Peter the Great

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

ONE day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woolen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adz in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular, his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck, his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy. His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time, his dis-

torted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The Duke inquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The Duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias,[10] a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

The empire of Russia, at this moment more than twice as large as Europe, having a considerable extent of seacoasts, with flourishing commercial havens both upon the Baltic and the Black seas, and a chain of internal communication, by canal and river, connecting them both with the Caspian and the Volga, was, at the accession of Peter the First, of quite sufficient dimensions for any reasonable monarch's ambition, but of most unfortunate geographical position. Shut off from civilized Western Europe by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains, having for neighbors only the sledded Polack, the Turk, the Persian, and the Chinese, and touching nowhere upon the ocean, that great highway of civilization,—the ancient empire of the Czars seemed always in a state of suffocation. Remote

from the sea, it was a mammoth without lungs, incapable of performing the functions belonging to its vast organization, and presenting to the world the appearance of a huge, incomplete, and inert mass, waiting the advent of some new Prometheus to inspire it with life and light.

Its capital, the *bizarre* and fantastic Moscow, with its vast, turreted, and venerable Kremlin,—its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple, and gold,—its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent,—its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population were immured and invisible,—was a true type of the empire, rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both.

The government, too, was far more Oriental than European in its character. The Normans had, to be sure, in the eleventh century, taken possession of the Russian government with the same gentlemanlike effrontery with which, at about the same time, they had seated themselves upon every throne in Europe; and the crown of Ruric had been transmitted like the other European crowns for many generations, till it descended through a female branch upon the head of the Romanoffs, the ancestors of Peter and the present imperial family. But though there might be said to be an established dynasty, the succession to the throne was controlled by the Strelitzes, the licentious and ungovernable soldiery of the capital, as much as the Turkish or Roman empire by the Janizaries or Pretorians; and the history of the government was but a series of palace-revolutions, in which the sovereign, the tool alternately of the priesthood and the bodyguard, was elevated, deposed, or strangled, according to the prevalence of different factions in the capital. The government was in fact, as it has been epigrammatically characterized, "a despotism tempered by assassination."

The father of Peter the First, Alexis Michaelovitz, had indeed projected reforms in various departments of the government. He seems to have been, to a certain extent, aware of the capacity of his empire, and to have had some faint glimmerings of the responsibility which weighed upon him, as the inheritor of this vast hereditary estate. He undertook certain revisions of the laws, if the mass of contradictory and capricious edicts which formed the code deserve that name; and his attention had particularly directed itself to the condition of the army and the church. Upon his death, in 1677, he left two sons, Theodore and John, and four daughters, by his first wife; besides one son, Peter, born in 1672, and one daughter, Natalia, by the second wife, of the house of Narischkin. The eldest son, Theodore, succeeded, whose administration was directed by his sister, the ambitious and intriguing princess Sophia, assisted by her paramour Galitzin. Theodore died in 1682, having named his half brother Peter as his successor, to the exclusion of his own brother John, who was almost an idiot. Sophia, who, in the fitful and perilous history of Peter's boyhood, seems like the wicked fairy in so many Eastern fables, whose mission is constantly to perplex, and, if possible, destroy, the virtuous young prince, who, however, struggles manfully against her enchantments and her hosts of allies, and comes out triumphant at last,— Sophia, assisted by Couvanski, general of the Strelitzes, excited a tumult in the capital. Artfully inflaming the passions of the soldiery, she directed their violence against all those who stood between her and the power she aimed at; many of the Narischkin family (the maternal relatives of Peter), with their adherents, were butchered with wholesale ferocity, many crown officers were put to death, and the princess at length succeeded in proclaiming the idiot John and the infant Peter as joint Czars, and herself as regent.

From this time forth, Sophia, having the reins of government securely in her hand, took particular care to surround the youthful Peter with the worst influences. She exposed him systematically to temptation, she placed about him the most depraved and licentious associates, and seems to have encouraged the germination of every vicious propensity with the most fostering care. In 1689, during the absence of Prince Galitzin upon his second unsuccessful invasion of the Crimea, Peter was married, at the age of seventeen, through the influence of a faction hostile to Sophia, to a young lady of the Lapouchin family. After the return of Galitzin, a desperate revolt of the Strelitzes was concerted between their general, and Sophia and Galitzin, whose object was to seize and murder Peter. He saved himself for the second time in the Convent of the Trinity,—the usual place of refuge when the court was beleaguered, as was not unusual, by the Janizaries,—assembled around him those of the boyards and the soldiers who were attached to him, and, with the personal bravery and promptness which have descended like an heirloom in his family, defeated the conspirators at a blow, banished Galitzin to Siberia, and locked up Sophia in a convent, where she remained till her death, fifteen years afterwards. His brother John remained nominally as joint Czar till his death in 1696.

Nothing indicated the true instinct of Peter's genius more decidedly than the constancy with which he cultivated a love for maritime affairs. He is said in infancy to have had an almost insane fear of water; but as there was never any special reason assigned for it, this was probably invented to make his naval progress appear more remarkable. At all events, he seems very soon to have conquered his hydrophobia, and in his boyhood appears to have found his chief amusement in paddling about the river, Yausa, which passes through Moscow, in a little skiff built by a

Dutchman, which had attracted his attention as being capable, unlike the flat-bottomed scows, which were the only boats with which he had been previously familiar, of sailing against the wind. Having solved the mystery of the keel, he became passionately fond of the sport, and, not satisfied with the navigation of the Yausa, nor of the lake Peipus, upon which he amused himself for a time, he could not rest till he had proceeded to Archangel, where he purchased and manned a vessel, in which he took a cruise or two upon the Frozen Ocean as far as Ponoi, upon the coast of Lapland.

Peter understood thoroughly the position of his empire, the moment he came to the throne. Previous Czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts, forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was, that they could not get out. Both the natural gates of his realm were locked upon him, and the keys were in the hands of his enemies. When we look at the map of Russia now, we do not sufficiently appreciate the difficulties of Peter's position at his accession. To do so is to appreciate his genius and the strength of his will. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa, he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. He saw, that, without seaports, it could never be redeemed from its barbarism, and he was resolved to exchange its mongrel Orientalism for European civilization. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water, he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron pertinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede, and the Euxine from the Turk. Fully to see and appreciate the necessity of this measure was, in the young, neglected barbarian prince, a great indication of genius; but the resolution to

set about and accomplish this mighty scheme in the face of ten thousand obstacles constituted him a hero. He was, in fact, one of those few characters whose existence has had a considerable influence upon history. If he had not lived, Russia would very probably have been at the present moment one great Wallachia or Moldavia,—a vast wilderness, peopled by the same uncouth barbarians who even now constitute the mass of its population, and governed by a struggling, brawling, confused mob of unlettered boyards, knavish priests, and cutthroat Janizaries.

It was not so trifling a task as it may now appear, for Russia to conquer Sweden and the Sublime Porte. On the contrary, Sweden was so vastly superior in the scale of civilization, and her disciplined troops, trained for a century upon the renowned battle fields of Europe, with a young monarch at their head who loved war as other youths love a mistress, gave her such a decided military preponderance, that she looked upon Russia with contempt. The Ottoman empire, too, was, at that time, not the rickety, decrepit state which it now is, holding itself up, like the cabman's horse, only by being kept in the shafts, and ready to drop the first moment its foreign master stops whipping; on the contrary, in the very year in which Peter inherited the empire from his brother Theodore, 200,000 Turks besieged Vienna, and drove the Emperor Leopold in dismay from his capital. Although the downfall of the Porte may be dated from the result of that memorable campaign, yet the Sultan was then a vastly more powerful potentate than the Czar, and the project to snatch from him the citadel of Azoff, the key of the Black Sea, was one of unparalleled audacity.

But Peter had already matured the project, and was determined to execute it. He required seaports, and, having none, he determined to seize those of his neighbors. Like the "king of Bohemia with his seven castles," he was the

"most unfortunate man in the world, because, having the greatest passion for navigation and all sorts of sea affairs, he had never a seaport in all his dominions." Without stopping however, like Corporal Trim, to argue the point in casuistry, whether—Russia, like Bohemia, being an inland country—it would be consistent with divine benevolence for the ocean to inundate his neighbor's territory in order to accommodate him, he took a more expeditious method. Preferring to go to the ocean, rather than wait for the ocean to come to him, in 1695 he sailed down the Don with his vessels, and struck his first blow at Azoff. His campaign was unsuccessful, through the treachery and desertion of an artillery officer, named Jacob; but as the Czar through life possessed the happy faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, he renewed his attack the next year, and carried the place with the most brilliant success. The key of the Palus Mæotis was thus in his hands, and he returned in triumph to Moscow, where he levied large sums upon the nobility and clergy, to build and sustain a fleet upon the waters he had conquered, to drive the Tartars from the Crimea, and to open and sustain a communication with Persia, through Circassia and Georgia.

Thus the first point was gained, and his foot at last touched the ocean. Moreover, the Tartars of the Crimea, who had been from time immemorial the pest of Russia,—a horde of savages, who "said their prayers but once a year, and then to a dead horse," and who had yet compelled the Muscovites to pay them an annual tribute, and had inserted in their last articles of peace the ignominious conditions, that "the Czar should hold the stirrup of their Khan, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet,"—these savages were humbled at a blow, and scourged into insignificance by the master hand of Peter.

A year or two before the capture of Azoff, Peter had repudiated his wife. Various pretexts, such as infidelity and jealousy, have been assigned for the step; among others, the enmity of Menzikoff, whom she had incensed by the accusation that he had taken her husband to visit lewd women, who had formerly been his customers for pies; but the real reason was, that, like every one else connected with the great reformer, she opposed herself with the most besotted bigotry to all his plans. She was under the influence of the priests, and the priests, of course, opposed him. Unfortunately, the Czar left his son Alexis in the charge of the mother, a mistake, which, as we shall see, occasioned infinite disaster.

Peter, having secured himself a seaport, sent a number of young Russians to study the arts of civilized life in Holland, Italy, and Germany; but being convinced that he must do everything for himself, and set the example to his subjects, he resolved to descend from his throne, and go to Holland to perfect himself in the arts, and particularly to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of maritime affairs.

Having been hitherto unrepresented in any European court, he fitted out a splendid embassy extraordinary to the States-General of Holland,—Lefort, Golownin, Voristzin, and Menzikoff being the plenipotentiaries, while the Czar accompanied them *incognito*, as *attaché* to the mission. The embassy proceeds through Esthonia and Livonia, visits Riga,—where the Swedish governor, D'Alberg, refuses permission to visit the fortifications, an indignity which Peter resolves to punish severely,—and, proceeding through Prussia, is received with great pomp by the king, at Königsberg. Here the Germans and Russians, "most potent at pottery," meet each other with exuberant demonstrations of friendship, and there is much carousing and hard drinking. At this place, Peter leaves the embassy,

travels privately and with great rapidity to Holland, and never rests till he has established himself as a journeyman in the dockyard of Mynheer Calf. From a seafaring man, named Kist, whom he had known in Archangel, he hires lodgings, consisting of a small room and kitchen, and a garret above them, and immediately commences a laborious and practical devotion to the trade which he had determined to acquire. The Czar soon became a most accomplished shipbuilder. His first essay was upon a small yacht, which he purchased and refitted upon his arrival, and in which he spent all his leisure moments, sailing about in the harbor, visiting the vessels in port, and astonishing the phlegmatic Dutchmen by the agility with which he flew about among the shipping. Before his departure, he laid down and built, from his own draft and model a sixty-gun ship, at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hands, and which was declared by many competent judges to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture.

But besides his proficiency so rapidly acquired in all maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics, and the science of fortification, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth drawing, blood letting, and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution—charitable, literary, or scientific in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn mills, sawmills, paper mills, oil factories, all of which he studied practically, with the view of immediately introducing these branches .of industry into his own dominions; and before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, solely for the purpose of examining the whale ships, and qualifying himself to instruct his subjects in this pursuit after his return. *"Wat is dat? Dat wil ik zien,"* was his eternal excla-

mation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous foreign prince, in carpenter's disguise, flying round like a harlequin, swinging his stick over the backs of those who stood in his way, making strange grimaces, and rushing from one object to another with a restless activity of body and mind which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity; but the sequel proved that his mind had an ostrich-like digestion as well as appetite. The seeds which he collected in Holland, Germany, and England bore a rich harvest in the Scythian wildernesses, where his hand planted them on his return.

The Czar, while he was in Holland, made a trip to England, where he engaged a large number of scientific persons, at the head of whom was Ferguson, the engineer, to accompany him to Russia, to be employed upon the various works of internal improvement already projected. To all these persons he promised liberal salaries, which were never paid, and perfect liberty to depart when they chose, "with crowns for convoy put into their purse"; although, in the sequel, the poor devils never got a ruble for their pains, and those who escaped assassination by some jealous Russian or other, and were able to find their way "bootless home, and weather beaten back," after a few profitless years spent upon the Czar's sluices and bridges, were to be considered fortunate.

One of the disadvantages, we suppose, of one man's owning a whole quarter of the globe and all its inhabitants, is a tendency to think lightly of human obligations. It is useless to occupy one's mind with engagements that no human power can enforce. The artificers, being there, might accomplish their part of the Czar's mission to civilize, or at least to Europeanize, Russia. This was matter of consequence to the world; their salaries were of no

importance to anybody but themselves. It is odd, that these persons were the first to introduce into Russia the science of reckoning by Arabic numerals, accounts having been formerly kept (and, indeed, being still kept by all shopkeepers and retail dealers) by means of balls upon a string, as billiards are marked in America. For the Czar to have introduced an improved method of account keeping by means of the very men with whom he intended to keep no account at all seems a superfluous piece of irony; but so it was. He had, however, a nicer notion of what was due from one potentate to another; for, upon taking his departure from England, he took from his breeches pocket a ruby wrapped in brown paper, worth about £10,000, and presented it to King William. He also, in return for the agreeable hours passed with Lord Caermarthen at the "Czar of Muscovy" upon Tower hill, presented that nobleman with the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia by an English company, who had paid him £15,000 for the monopoly, and to charge five shillings for each license.

Upon his return through Vienna, where he was entertained with great pomp, he received news of an insurrection which had broken out in Moscow, but which had already been suppressed by the energy of General Patrick Gordon. This news induced him to give up his intended visit to Italy, and to hasten back to his capital. He found, upon his arrival, that the Strelitzes, who, instigated of course by the Princess Sophia, were the authors of the revolt, had been defeated, and the ringleaders imprisoned. He immediately hung up three or four of them in front of Sophia's window, had half a dozen more hung and quartered, and a few more broken upon the wheel. Under the circumstances, this was quite as little as a Czar who who respected himself, and who proposed to remain Czar,

could have done by way of retaliation upon a body of men as dangerous as these Strelitzes.

It is not singular, however, that, at that day, when the Czar of Muscovy was looked upon by Western Europeans as an Ogre who habitually breakfasted upon his subjects, these examples of wholesome severity were magnified into the most improbable fables. Korb, the secretary of the Austrian legation at Moscow, entertained his sovereign with minute details of several banquets given by Peter to the nobility and diplomatic corps, at every one of which several dozen Strelitzes were decapitated in the dining room. He tells of one select dinner party in particular, in which the Czar chopped off the heads of twenty with his own hands, washing down each head with a bumper of brandy, and then obliging Lefort, and several of the judges, and some of the foreign ministers, to try their hand at the sport. In short, if we could believe contemporary memorialists, the Strelitzes were kept in preserves like pheasants, and a grand *battue* was given once a week by the Czar to his particular friends, in which he who bagged the most game was sure to recommend himself most to the autocrat. If we were to rely upon the general tone of contemporary history, or to place any credence in circumstantial and statistical details of persons having facts within their reach, we should believe that there never was so much fun in Moscow as while these Strelitzes lasted. Residents there stated, that two thousand of them were executed in all, including those made way with by the Czar and the *dilettanti*.

Perhaps our readers may think that we are exaggerating. We can assure them that the flippancy is not ours, but history's. We should have dwelt less upon the topic, had not our friend the Marquis de Custine reproduced some of these fables with such imperturbable gravity.

At all events, the Strelitzes were entirely crushed by

these vigorous measures; and from cutting off the heads of the Janizaries, the Czar now found leisure to cut off the petticoats and beards of his subjects. The great cause of complaint which De Custine makes against Peter is, that he sought to improve his country by importing the seeds of civilization from the older countries of Western Europe. He would have preferred to have had the Russians, being a Slavonic race, civilized as it were Slavonically. What this process is, and where it has been successfully put into operation, he does not inform us. As we read the history of the world, it seems to us that the arts have circled the earth, successively implanting themselves in different countries at different epochs, and producing different varieties of intellectual, moral, and physical fruit, corresponding to the myriad influences exercised upon the seed. At all events, if Peter made a mistake in importing the germs of ancient culture from more favored lands, it was a mistake he made in common with Cadmus, and Cecrops, and Theseus, and other semi-fabulous personages,—with Solon, and Lycurgus, and Pythagoras, in less crepuscular times.

Right or wrong, however, Peter was determined to *Occidentalize* his empire. The darling wish of his heart was to place himself upon the seashore, in order the more easily to Europeanize his country. In the meantime, and while awaiting a good opportunity for the "reannexation" of Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia, provinces which had several centuries before belonged to the Russian crown, but had been ceded to, and possessed by, Sweden for ages, he began to denationalize his subjects, by putting a tax upon their beards and their petticoats. Strange to say, his subjects were so much more patriotic than their master, that the tax became very productive. Peter increased his revenue, but could not diminish the beards or petticoats. He was obliged to resort to force, and by

"entertaining a score or two of tailors and barbers" at each gate of Moscow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and to "cut his petticoats all round about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing their costume;—a process highly offensive, and which caused the clergy, who naturally favored the Russian nationality upon which they were fattened, to denounce him as anti-Christ. At the same time, he altered the commencenment of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, much to the astonishment of his subjects, who wondered that the Czar could change the course of the sun. He also instituted assemblies for the encouragement of social intercourse between the sexes. But his most important undertakings were the building, under his immediate superintendence, assisted by the English officers whom he had brought with him, of a large fleet upon the Don, and the junction of that river with the Volga.

Both coasts of the gulf of Finland, together with both banks of the river Neva, up to the lake Ladoga, had been long, and were still, in possession of the Swedes. These frozen morasses were not a tempting site for a metropolis, certainly; particularly when they happened to be in the possession of the most warlike nation of Europe, governed by the most warlike monarch, as the sequel proved, that had ever sat upon its throne. Still, Peter had determined to take possession of that coast, and already in imagination had built his capital upon those dreary solitudes, peopled only by the elk, the wolf, and the bear. This man, more than any one perhaps that ever lived, was an illustration of the power of volition. He always settled in his own mind exactly what he wanted, and then put on his wishing cap. With him, to will was to have. Obstacles he took as a matter of course. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the accomplishment

of his purpose. For our own part, we do not admire the capital which he built, nor the place he selected; both are mistakes, in our humble opinion, as time will prove and is proving. But it is impossible not to admire such a masterly effort of human volition as the erection of Petersburg.

In the year 1700 was formed the alliance between Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony and king of Poland, the king of Denmark, and the Czar Peter, against Charles the Twelfth, king of Sweden, then a boy of eighteen, of whose character nothing was known, and who, it was thought probable, might be bullied. The Czar, as we know, desired Ingria and Carelia. Augustus wished to regain Esthonia and Livonia, ceded by Poland to Charles the Eleventh of Sweden; and Denmark wished to recover Holstein and Schleswig. It soon appeared, that the allied sovereigns had got hold of the wrong man. Charles the Twelfth, to the astonishment of his own court no less than of his enemies, in one instant blazed forth a hero. He "smote the sledded Polack," to begin with; then defeated the Danes; and, having thus dispatched his two most formidable enemies in appearance, he was at leisure to devote his whole attention to the Czar, whom, however, he treated with the contempt which a thoroughbred soldier, at the head of tried and disciplined troops, naturally felt for the barbarous autocrat of barbarous hordes.

Peter, however, who knew nothing of war but in theory, with the exception of his maiden campaign of Azoff, went manfully forward to the encounter. He invaded Ingria at the head of sixty thousand men; and wishing, like Andrew Aguecheek, to "keep on the windy side of the law," and to save appearances, he defended his invasion by the ludicrous pretext, that his ambassadors had been charged exorbitant prices for provisions on their tour through the Swedish provinces to Holland, and that he

himself had been denied a sight of the citadel at Riga. Not that he wanted Riga himself, or Ingria, or Livonia, —"O, no, not at all";—but the preposterous charges made by the butchers and bakers of Ingria were insults which could only be washed out in blood. On the 20th of September he laid siege to Narva, a strongly fortified town on the river Narowa. On the 19th of November, Charles the Twelfth fell upon Peter's army during a tremendous snowstorm, which blew directly in their teeth, and with nine thousand soldiers completely routed and cut to pieces or captured about sixty thousand Russians. Never was a more ignominious defeat. The Russians were slaughtered like sheep, and their long petticoats prevented the survivors from running away half as fast as they wished. The consequence was, that, according to the Swedish accounts, the prisoners four times outnumbered the whole Swedish army.

One would have thought that this would have settled the Czar for a little while, and kept him quiet and reasonable. It did so. He preserved the most imperturbable *sang-froid* after his return to Moscow, and devoted himself with more zeal than ever to the junction of the Baltic and the Euxine, just at the moment when the former seemed farthest from him, and when a common man would have been "qualmish at the name" of Baltic. At the same time, reversing the commonplace doctrine, he continues in war to prepare for peace,—with one hand importing sheep from Saxony, erecting linen and paper factories, building hospitals and founding schools, while with the other he melts all the church and convent bells in Moscow into cannon, and makes every preparation for a vigorous campaign the ensuing season. He had not the slightest suspicion that he was beaten. He was, in fact, one of those intellectual Titans, who never feel their strength till they have been fairly struck to the earth. "I

know very well," he says in his journal, "that the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a considerable time; but they will teach us at length to beat them." And at a later period he says:—"If we had obtained a victory over the Swedes at Narva, being, as we were, so little instructed in the arts of war and policy, into what an abyss might not this good fortune have sunk us! On the contrary, the success of the Swedes cost them very dear afterwards at Pultowa."

In the following spring, his troops obtained some trifling successes, and General Scherematoff made the memorable capture of Marienburg, in Livonia,—memorable not so much in a military point of view, as on account of a young and pretty Livonian girl, who was captured with the town. This young woman, whose Christian name was Martha, without any patronymic, or any at least that has been preserved, was born near Dorpt, and had been educated by one Dr. Gluck, a Lutheran minister at Marienburg, who pronounced her a "pattern of virtue, intelligence, and good conduct"; she had been married the day before the battle of Marienburg to a Swedish sergeant, who fell in the action, and she now found herself alone, a friendless, helpless widow and orphan of sixteen, exposed without any protector to all the horrors of a besieged and captured town.

If a writer of fiction, with a brain fertile in extravagant and incredible romance, had chosen to describe to us this young peasant girl, weeping half distracted among the smoking ruins of an obscure provincial town, and then, after rapidly shifting a few brilliant and tumultuous scenes in his phantasmagoria, had presented to us the same orphan girl as a crowned empress, throned upon a quarter of the world, and the sole arbitress and autocrat of thirty millions of human beings, and all this without any discovery of a concealed origin, without crime and without

witchcraft, with nothing supernatural in the machinery, and nothing intricate in the plot,—should we not all have smiled at his absurdity? And yet, this captive girl became the consort of the Czar Peter, and upon his death the empress of all the Russians. The Russian General Bauer saw her, and rescued her from the dangers of the siege. She afterwards became the mistress of Menzikoff, with whom she lived till 1704, when, in the seventeenth year of her age, the Czar saw her, was captivated by her beauty, and took her for his mistress, and afterwards privately, and then publicly, married her.

It is to this epoch that belongs the abolition of the patriarchal dignity in Russia. Peter, having at a blow destroyed the Strelitzes, had long intended to annihilate the ecclesiastical power, the only balance which existed in the country to the autocracy of the sovereign. The superstition of the Russians was, and is, unbounded. Their principal saint was Saint Anthony, who, says a quaint old author, "came all the way from Rome to Novogorod by water on a millstone, sailing down the Tiber to Civita Vecchia, from thence passing through several seas to the mouth of the Neva, then went up that, and, crossing the lake Ladoga into the Volkhoff, arrived at the city before named. Besides this extraordinary voyage, he wrought several other miracles as soon as he landed where the monastery now stands that is dedicated to him; one was, to order a company of fishermen to cast their nets into the sea; which having done, they immediately drew up, with a great quantity of fish, a large trunk containing several church ornaments, sacred utensils, and priestly vestments for celebrating the liturgy, which the Russians, as well as the Eastern Greeks, believe was first performed at Rome in the same manner and with the same ceremonies as they themselves use at this time. The people tell you farther, that he built himself a little cell, in which he ended his

days. In this place there now stands a chapel, in which they say he was buried, and that his body remains as uncorrupted as at the instant of his death. Over the door of the cell, the monks show a millstone, which they endeavor to make the ignorant people believe is the very same that the saint sailed upon from Rome, and to which great devotions were once paid, and many offerings made, till the time Peter the Great made himself sovereign pontiff."

To this saint, or to Saint Nicholas, we forget which, letters of introduction were always addressed by the priests, and placed in the hands of the dead when laid in their coffins. The superstition of the Russians is grosser and more puerile than that of any people purporting to be Christians. They would rather starve than eat pigeons, because the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove; they dip their newborn children into the Neva in January, through holes cut in the ice, directly after the ceremony of blessing the water has been concluded by the Patriarch; and it would be an easy but endless task to enumerate other similar absurdities. It may be supposed, that the patriarchal dignity, founded upon superstition as solid as this, would be a difficult power to contend with. It was so. The Patriarch's power was enormous. He pronounced sentence of life, and death, and torture, without intervention of any tribunal. On Palm Sunday, he rode to church upon an ass "caparisoned in white linen," at the head of a long procession of ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, with a miter upon his head, and "skirts of many colors, three or four ells long," borne by a band of young men; while the Czar walked uncovered by his side, holding the bridle of the beast upon his arm.

This dignity, which had been established by a sort of accident in the year 1588, up to which time the Russian church acknowledged the supremacy of the Patriarch of

Constantinople, had grown to be very distasteful to Peter. The church was the greatest possible enemy to his plans of reformation. The bigotry of its opposition to all his projects was insurmountable. Besides, it was very inconvenient that any one should have any power, or any rights, except himself. He determined to annihilate the office of Patriarch, and to place himself at the head of the church. We do not find, however, that he thought it necessary to go through an apprenticeship in this profession, as he had done in others; but on the contrary, upon the death of the Patriarch Adrian, which happened about this time, he simply appointed himself *pontifex maximus,* and declined nominating any other Patriarch. The man who had destroyed the Janizaries, cut off the beards of his subjects, and changed the course of the sun, was also strong enough to trample the prelate's miter in the dust. He was entirely successful in his contest with the church. The clergy made but a feeble resistance. The printing press, to be sure, which he had first introduced into Russia, swarmed with libels upon him, and denounced him as an anti-Christ; but he was defended by others of the clergy, "because the number six hundred and sixty-six was not found in his name, and he had not the sign of the beast."

Before the close of the year 1702, the troops of the Czar had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had taken possession of all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. On the 16th of May, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are consumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But *"il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette";* in one year's time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia,

and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition,—a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one,—but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva,—upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind,—having behind it the outlet of the lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it with all the waters of the Baltic, whenever the south-west wind should blow a gale eight-and-forty hours,—with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg,—was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu?* We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium:—

> "Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
> Rose like an exhalation . . . .
> Built like a temple, where pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With golden architrave; nor did there want
> Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
> The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
> Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
> Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
> Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
> Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
> In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
> Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors
> Opening their brazen folds discover, wide
> Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
> And level pavement."

Within a few months after the foundation of Petersburg and Cronstadt, Peter had the pleasure of piloting into his new seaport with his own hands a vessel belonging to his old friend, Cornelius Calf, of Saardam. The transfer of the seat of government, by the removal of the senate from Moscow to Petersburg, was effected a few years afterwards. Since that time, the repudiated Oriental capital of the ancient Czars, the magnificent Moscow, with her golden tiara and her Eastern robe, has sat, like Hagar in the wilderness, deserted and lonely in all her barbarian beauty. Yet even now, in many a backward look and longing sigh she reads plainly enough that she is not forgotten by her sovereign, that she is still at heart preferred, and that she will eventually triumph over her usurping and artificial rival.

The building of Petersburg in a year was, however, a mere *aside* in the great military drama that was going on. Peter founded this city as soon as he had won a place for it; but the war still went on. While the Czar was erecting his capital, establishing woolen manufactures, and importing sheep from Saxony, Charles the Twelfth was knocking the Elector of Saxony off the Polish throne, putting Stanislaus Leckzinsky in his place, and ravaging all Poland and Saxony. The scenes of the great drama which occupied the next few years, but which we have no intention of sketching, opened in Poland, and closed on the confines of Turkey. It is a magnificent, eventful, important drama, a chapter of history which has been often written and is familiar to almost every one, and yet which would well bear handling again. There is no life of Peter which is in all respects satisfactory, which does not partake too much of eulogium or censure in its estimation of his character; and there is none which developes with sufficient accuracy and impartiality, and in a suf-

ficiently striking manner, the stirring events of the great Northern war. The brilliant drama enacted in the first fifteen years of the present century—forming probably the most splendid chapter in the military history of the world, and which is still so fresh in the minds of men—has thrown into comparative oblivion the very picturesque and imposing scenes which were displayed in the first fifteen years of the eighteenth. And yet what a magnificent subject for the historical painter, what imposing personages, what dramatic catastrophes, what sudden and bewildering reverses, what wild scenery, what Salvator-like *chiaroscuro,*—dark Sarmatian forests enveloping the actors in mystery and obscurity, with flashes of light breaking upon the anxious suspense of Europe, and revealing portentious battles, sieges, and hairbreadth escapes,—what "dreadful marches" through the wilderness, what pitched combats, upon whose doubtful result hinged, as almost never before or since, the weal or woe of millions, and in which kings fought sword in hand in the hottest of the fight, with their crowns staked upon the issue!

It was hardly to be expected, to be sure, that this tremendous despot, who had recoiled before no obstacle in the path of his settled purpose, who had strode over everything with the step of a giant, who had given two seas to an inland empire, who had conquered the most warlike nation and sovereign of Europe with barbarians in petticoats, who had crushed the nobility, annihilated the Janizaries, trampled the Patriarch in the dust,—who had repudiated his wife, because she was attached to the old customs of Muscovy, and had married and crowned a pastry-cook's mistress, because it was his sovereign will and pleasure,—it was hardly to be expected that such a man would hesitate about disinheriting his own son, if he thought proper to do so. But it might have been hoped,

that he would content himself with disinheriting him, and that the *"Pater Patriæ,"* as by solemn decree he was shortly afterwards entitled, would remember that he was also father of Alexis.

This unhappy young man, the son of the repudiated wife of the Czar, seems to have been a very miserable creature. We have the fullest sympathy with the natural disappointment of Peter at the incorrigible, hopeless stupidity and profligacy of his son. Still, he had himself to blame, in a great measure, for many of his son's defects. His education had been neglected, or, rather, worse than neglected; it had been left to the care of monks, to the care of the very order of people most wedded to the ancient state of things, and most desirous of restoring it, if possible. The necessary result of such training upon a dull boy might easily have been foreseen. There was, however, not the slightest objection to disinheriting him; he had no claim to the throne, and he was totally unworthy of it. There was no law of Russia designating the eldest son as successor. On the contrary, the genius of the Russian autocracy seems to vest the fee simple of all the Russias and all the Russians in the actual autocrat, to be disposed of as he sees fit, and devised to whomsoever he deems most eligible. This had been, and was then, the law, if it be worth while to talk about law, when the will of the sovereign makes and alters the law at any moment. Alexis seems to have been weak, dissolute, and intriguing, —a sot, a bigot, a liar, and a coward,—the tool of "bushy-bearded" priests and designing women, whose control of the empire had been terminated by Peter's energetic measures. The Czar's predominating fear was, that, at his death, the empire would relapse into the quagmire of barbarism from which he had reclaimed it. Alexis, priest ridden and ignorant, was sure to become a tool in the hands of priests as soon as he should ascend the

throne, and the old order of things would as surely be reinstated. But, after many unhappy affairs and distasteful episodes which caused Peter's anger, Alexis was finally condemned to death at a trial. However, he died before the time for the execution—probably of an apoplectic fit upon hearing the verdict.

Dismissing this painful subject, we hasten to conclude this imperfect sketch of the principal events in the Czar's history. We will not dwell upon the extraordinary, but abortive, intrigues of the two arch plotters of Europe, Cardinal Alberoni and Baron Goertz, by which the Czar and the Swedish monarch were to be reconciled, and combined in a plot against George the First of England, and in favor of the Pretender. A chance bullet, from "a petty fortress and a dubious hand," at Friedrichsthal in Norway, terminates at once the life of Charles and the intrigues of Goertz. The baron, instead of taking the crown from George's head, loses his own head at Stockholm; Alberoni is turned out of Spain; and the Czar remains in *statu quo,* having been careful, throughout the whole intrigue, which was perfectly well known in England, to make the most barefaced promises of eternal friendship to the House of Hanover; and "to reiterate," as the diplomatists say, "the assurances of his distinguished consideration" for the English king, all the time that he was plotting against his throne.

The death of Charles alters the complexion of Europe. Peace, which was hardly possible during his lifetime, becomes the immediate object of all parties. The prince of Hesse, husband of Queen Ulrica, and, by cession of his wife, king of Sweden, is desirous of peace upon almost any terms which will allow of an honorable repose to his exhausted and impoverished country. Peter, having obtained possession of all the provinces he required, is ready to sheathe the sword, on receiving proper recognition

of his title to the property thus acquired; and accordingly, after a good deal of bravado upon the Baltic between the English and Russian fleets, and the burning of some fifty or sixty Swedish villages, innumerable *châteaux,* and fifteen or twenty thousand houses, in a descent made by the Russians upon the coasts of Sweden, the war, which continues with ferocity during all the negotiations for peace, is at last brought to a conclusion by the signing of the treaty of Neustadt, on the 10th of September, 1721. By this treaty of peace, the Czar is guaranteed in the possession of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Carelia, Wiborg, and the many adjacent islands, and thus reaps the reward of twenty years' hard labor; receiving, moreover, from the senate and synod, by solemn decree,—what seems insipid homage for an autocrat,—the titles of Great, Emperor, and *Pater Patriæ.*

After an interval of two years, passed in establishing woolen, paper, and glass manufacturies, embellishing his capital, and regulating the internal and foreign commerce of Russia, we suddenly find him, accompanied by the faithful Catherine, descending the Volga at the head of a large army. A revolution which had broken out in Persia, in the course of which the reigning sovereign, the imbecile Hussein, finds himself hard pressed by the Affghan prince, Meer Mahmoud, offers an opportunity to Peter to possess himself of a few maritime provinces on the Caspian, to console him for the loss of Azoff consequent upon the disaster of the Pruth. A few hundred Russians, engaged in commerce at the town of Shamakia, having been cut to pieces during some of the hostile movements, he finds therein a pretext for invading Persia, and requiring satisfaction from both sovereign and rebel. Failing in this, of course, he sails from Astracan to Derbent, which town he takes possession of, and soon afterwards, being applied to by the unhappy Sophia for protec-

tion against the Affghans, he consents to afford it, in consideration of receiving the towns of Bachu and Derbent, together with the provinces of Guilan, Mazanderan, and Asterabad. "It is not land I want, but water," exclaims the Czar, as he snatches these sunny provinces, the whole southern coast of the Caspian, the original kingdom of Cyrus, from the languid hand of the Persian, without the expenditure of the blood, time, and treasure which it had cost him to wrest the frozen swamps of Finland from the iron grasp of Charles.

Peter's conquests are now concluded. The Russian colossus now stands astride, from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" on the Baltic, to the "fragrant bowers of Asterabad" on the Caspian, with a foot upon either sea. The man who had begun to gratify his passion for maritime affairs by paddling a little skiff on the Yausa, and who became, on his accession, only the barbaric sovereign of an inland and unknown country, now finds himself the lord of two seas, with a considerable navy, built almost by his own hand. It was upon his return to Petersburg from his Persian expedition, that he ordered the very skiff in which he commenced navigation to be brought from Moscow, and took occasion to give to his court an entertainment, which was called the "consecration of the Little Grandsire," that being the name he had given to the skiff. At the time of this ceremony of the consecration, the progeny of the Little Grandsire numbered already, according to the returns of the admiralty, "forty-one ships of the line, in a condition for service at sea, carrying two thousand one hundred and six guns, manned with fourteen thousand nine hundred seamen, besides a proportionate number of frigates, galleys, and other smaller craft." The little cabin, which was Peter's house while building Petersburg, still stands upon what is now called the Citadel; it is consecrated as a chapel, filled with

votive offerings, and inclosed with a brick wall, and the Little Grandsire is religiously preserved within the building.

The only other interesting incident in Peter's life, which now draws rapidly to its close, was the coronation of Catharine as empress consort. This event was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and particular stress is laid in the emperor's proclamation upon her conduct in the affair of the Pruth, and the salvation of himself and his army is attributed to her heroism and presence of mind. There seems to be little doubt, that Peter intended this solemn coronation of the empress during his lifetime—a ceremony which was not usual in Russia—to be an indication of his intention that she should succeed to the throne upon his death.

It is difficult to judge him justly. Perhaps it would have been impossible to have planted even the germ of civil, or even social, liberty in such a wilderness as Russia was at his accession. It was something to lift her ever so little above the waves of barbarism, where he found her "many fathoms deep." He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would, for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

Notes on These Splendid Rulers

NOTE 1.—PERICLES was born in Athens in 500 B.C. and died in 429 B.C. He was perhaps the greatest constitutional statesman the world has known. In spite of the fact that he was a descendant of some of the noblest families of Athens (his mother was a niece of Cleisthenes, the legislator), he came forth at the very beginning of his public career (469 B.C.) as a democrat. He was partially influenced by Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, the philosopher. In domestic politics, he introduced the system of payment for the performance of public duties, such as the archonship, and serving in the Law courts on juries or in the State council. This is somewhat similar to our present system in the United States. In foreign politics, his aim was imperial; at one time he seems to have hoped to make Athens the head of a confederacy of all Greeks. He adorned Athens with magnificent buildings, of which the Parthenon and the Propylæa were the finest. The great factor in his success was his power of oratory. The following are some important dates in the history of Pericles: 461, he deprived the court of the Areopagus of its political powers; 454, he led an army to Delphi; 445, he recovered Eubœa; 440, he put down the revolt of Samos. After his divorce from his wife, he lived with the famous Aspasia. Pericles was a man of the highest principles, integrity, nobility and dignity. No one is a greater authority on Pericles—the man and statesman—than Plutarch, whose "Lives" is famous.

NOTE 2.—AUGUSTUS CÆSAR was born in 63 B.C. and died in 14 A.D. He was the first and the greatest—unless Julius Cæsar is reckoned—of the emperors of Europe. He was the son of C. Octavius, by Atia, daughter of Julia, the sister of Julius Cæsar, who adopted him. When the news of the murder of Cæsar reached him, in 44 B.C., he was studying at Apollonia. Proceeding to Rome, at first he professed adherence to the Republican party and fought against Antony at Mutina, along with the consuls Hirtius and Pansa. In 42 B.C. Augustus and Antony defeated Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, thus destroying the hopes of the Republican party. In 29 B.C. he returned to Rome and had a triple triumph.

He proposed, in 27 B.C., to lay down his extraordinary powers; but the Senate prevailed on him to accept them for ten years longer, and this plan was repeated more than once. His last years were clouded by the defeat of Varus in Germany in 9 A.D. Though Augustus was really an absolute monarch, he appeared to preserve the Republican constitution. His reform of provincial government was his best title to fame. He regulated taxation, restored justice and gave peace and order to the Roman world. Literature was much encouraged by his patronage: Horace, Virgil, Livy and other writers of the Augustan age, were assisted by the Emperor's advice and reward.

NOTE 3.—CHARLEMAGNE—Charles the Great, the grandson of Charles Martel, was born in 743 and died in February, 814. Jointly with his brother, Carloman, he was made King of the Franks in 768. After the latter's death, in 771, he ruled alone. His long reign of forty-six years was occupied in consolidating and extending his power, waging war against every race that seemed to threaten the empire. He conducted or directed fifty-three expeditions, and warred against twelve nations. His forces were so overwhelming and so well organized, and his military and political genius so great, that the enemy rarely faced him. In his eighteen campaigns against the Saxons (772–804) whom he forcibly converted to Christianity, only two battles of importance were fought. In 773 Pope Adrian I summoned Charles to Italy, to assist him against Desiderius, King of Lombardy. Charles crossed the Alps, and was soon master of Italy, the greater part of which he added to his Frankish Empire. After an unsuccessful revolt by the Lombards, he created for Italy a kingdom, in 776. This he conferred on his son Pepin, who was crowned king of Italy by the Pope in 781. The next twenty years were spent in the border wars against Lombards, Bavarians (788), Avars (795–796), Saxons, Arabs and Bretons. Charlemagne was fond of sport and hunting. He died in 814 at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was buried. Eginhard, whose life of Charlemagne you have just read, was a contemporary of the King, and is considered his best and most exact biographer.

NOTE 4.—LORENZO DE' MEDICI, surnamed "the Magnificent," was born in 1448 and died in 1492. He was one of the most distinguished scholars of the age. For nearly twenty-three years he ruled Florence with consummate skill, his policy being to work against Venice, in alliance with Milan. His

collection of manuscripts and books (he was an early patron of printing), of pictures and *objets d'arts,* was one of the finest in Europe. He was succeeded by his eldest son, known as "Pietro the Younger," who held the power for two years only. He was a weak, vicious youth who, when Charles VIII of France invaded Italy in 1494, basely surrendered all the advantages his predecessors had won. In consequence, the Medicis were expelled from Florence. When they were reinstated by Leo X, they were represented by Lorenzo, son of Pietro the Younger, in whom the direct line of the Medici came to an end.

NOTE 5.—FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. Ferdinand V was born in 1452 and died in 1516. He was the son of John II of Aragon. He was married, in 1469, to Isabella of Castile, who succeeded her brother, Henry IV, in 1474. Ferdinand succeeded to the throne of Aragon on the death of his father, in 1479, and Spain for the first time became a united realm in 1512. With immense energy, Isabella called the towns and trading classes to unite and aid her in disarming the turbulent nobles who had almost destroyed the royal power. Spain was still not a nation, but a bundle of small states with separate political systems and racial traditions. For lack of any other bond of union, that of religious exclusiveness was adopted deliberately by Ferdinand and Isabella, with their great minister, Cardinal Ximenes. The establishment of the new form of inquisition by the "Catholics Kings," in 1478, and the violation by them of their pledge of toleration to the conquered Moors were popular in Spain, because they promoted the spiritual pride of orthodox Spaniards. Ferdinand aimed at the formation of a great European coalition, and in pursuance of his idea he besieged Naples, and outwitted or defrauded most contemporary potentates, including Henry VII of England.

NOTE 6.—CHARLES V was born in 1500 and died in 1558. He was the son of Philip, Archduke of Austria, and of Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. He became, in 1516, by right of birth, ruler of Spain, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples and the New World; and on the death of his grandfather in 1519, Austria was added to his dominions, and he thus became Charles V of Austria. He was crowned Emperor of Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle on October 20, 1520; and thus began that rivalry between Charles and Francis which was one of the determining factors of European history. The war was waged in all quarters, but in Italy alone

it was decisive. The French were driven from the Duchy of Milan in 1521, and out of Italy altogether in 1522. Up to 1529, Spain had been his residence and headquarters, but Germany now demanded his presence. The Diet of Worms, in 1521, had settled nothing, save to show Charles a faithful supporter of the Papacy. The death of his rival, Francis I, in 1547, at last left him free, and the chief interest of the remaining years of his reign lies in his German dominions. Here he was involved in continuous religious and political wars and disturbances. He was forced to agree to the treaty of Passau, in 1552, and to the Peace of Augsburg, in 1555. The peace of Augsburg was the culmination of his reign. In 1556, disappointed in his ambitions and broken in health, he abdicated in favor of his son Philip and retired to the monastery of San Yuste, in Spain, where he died, having continued from his retirement to direct the policy of his son.

NOTE 7.—SOLYMAN, or Suleiman, I, was born in 1496 and died in 1566. He was surnamed "the Great" or "the Magnificent." In 1520 he ascended the throne. His reign marks the highest point in power reached by the Ottoman empire. He conquered most of Hungary and all of Transylvania, and seven times invaded West Europe. In 1523 he captured the Island of Rhodes; in 1526 he won the battle of Mohács, in which Lewis, the King of Hungary, and an immense number of Hungarians perished; and in 1529 he took Buda and attacked Vienna. His failure to take the latter city marks an epoch in European history. He entered upon a series of wars with Persia, in 1533, and these continued until 1554. In 1547, by agreement with the Hapsburgs, he was left in possession of the greater part of Hungary and Transylvania. During these years, Francis I, of France, found the Turkish corsairs valuable allies during his wars with Charles V. Of these corsairs, whose battles form an individual history and are not included in the history of Solyman given in this book, Barbarossa was the most celebrated. In 1565, Malta was unsuccessfully attacked by Solyman's forces. In the following years, Solyman again invaded Hungary, but died while besieging the town of Szigeth.

NOTE 8.—ELIZABETH, Queen of England, was born in 1533 and died in 1603. She was the only child of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. She ascended the throne in 1558. With the aid of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen first endeavored to find a middle course between the Roman Catholics and the Calvinists. In 1559, she refused the hand

of Philip II of Spain. In 1560, she aided the Scottish Reformers to make the Treaty of Edinburgh, providing for the withdrawal of the French troops. Pope Pius V, in 1570, issued a bull excommunicating the English Queen, and the act was immediately answered by the enactment of penal statutes against the Roman Catholics. In 1571, the discovery of the Ridolfi plot led to the execution of the Duke of Norfolk and to the alliance of Elizabeth with France (1572). It was in the interests of both France and England that the immense power of Philip II should be checked. Elizabeth, accordingly, continued negotiations for her marriage with a French prince and secretly encouraged attacks upon Spanish commerce. In 1583, the Throgmorton plot for the murder of Elizabeth and the accession of Mary Queen of Scots, was discovered; and in 1584 Elizabeth allied herself with the Dutch and sent an army into Leicester to their aid. In 1587, Mary Queen of Scots, who was proved to have been privy to a plot against Elizabeth, hatched by one Babbington, was executed. During Elizabeth's reign, serious attempts were made to colonize portions of Ireland. That island was in a far from settled condition, and Jesuit and Spanish influences led, in 1598, to a serious rebellion, headed by the Earl of Tyrone. Lord Essex was sent to Ireland, made an unsatisfactory treaty, was recalled and, in 1601, executed for treason. The reign of the great Queen Elizabeth was remarkable for an outburst of intellectual energy, which equaled in intensity that exhibited by the Elizabethan sailors and explorers, and embraces the names of Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Sidney, Gilbert and Bacon.

NOTE 9.—LOUIS XIV, King of France, known as the "Grand Monarch," was born in 1638 and died in 1715. He was the son of Louis XIII. His reign, which saw the French monarchy reach and pass its zenith, falls into three periods: (1) 1643–1661. During this period he reigned, but did not rule. (2) 1661–1684. In 1661, Louis took up the reins of government, and Colbert began his great efforts at reform, which were thwarted by Louis' ambitions. Then France became involved in a long series of wars. The War of Revolution, 1667 to 1668, in which France fought Spain for the Low countries and was thwarted by the intervention of the Maritime powers in the Triple Alliance in 1668, ended in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. (3) 1684–1715. The period of decline, when Louis, though wonderfully successful in Europe, in spite of reverses, lost the chance of Colonial Empire. The king mar-

ried Mme. de Maintenon, and under her influence revoked the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. This attempt to "dragoon" the nation into uniformity was the greatest blunder of his reign. In 1688, began the "War of the League of Augsburg," in which Louis was confronted with the Triple Alliance, i.e., with practically all Europe, including the Baltic powers. It ended in the peace of Ryswick, in 1697.

NOTE 10.—PETER THE GREAT, son of Czar Alexis, was born in 1672 and died in 1725. He and his brother Ivan ruled over Russia jointly during 1682–1689, but on September 17, 1689, Peter took the reins of government into his own hands. In 1698, Russia went to war with Turkey; and in 1696, the year in which Ivan died, Peter conquered Asor. After traveling in Europe for two years, during which time he learned to build ships in Holland and England, Peter realized the advantages of European civilization. The building of St. Petersburg, to take the place of Moscow as the capital of Russia, testified to his determination to make his country a Western and not an Eastern nation. In the meantime, Russia, Denmark and Poland formed, in 1699, a coalition against Charles XII of Sweden. In 1700, Charles attacked and defeated the Russians, but was overthrown by Peter in the decisive battle of Petovia, in 1709. The savage side of Peter's nature was exemplified in the execution of his son, Alexis, and in his frequent acts of cruelty. Nevertheless, owing to his capacity, Russia made enormous strides during his reign.

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